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GEORGE JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.L.

President of the Mariners Friend Society

55 ms

SHIP'S CAREER

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

GEORGE JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.L.,

President of the "Mariners' Friend Society."

SEVENTH EDITION OF TWO THOUSANDS.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

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SHIP'S CAREER

AND OTHER POEMS

ORONGE JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, PERSE.

BEVENTH SOLTION OF TWO THOUSANDS.

RECENT PIPE CHILDINGS.

FROOMING

ATTIMES AND STORES OF A STATE OF

THE FRIENDS OF SEAMEN AND FISHERMEN

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

The Author.

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THE profits derived from the sale of this work will be devoted exclusively to aid the funds of the "Mariners' Friend Society."





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Presage of the Seventh Kaition.

HIS little vessel is now launched for the seventh time on the ocean of publicity, and I trust its cargo will prove useful in helping to sustain spiritual life. The encouragement I have already received has induced me to add several new pieces.

I avail myself of this opportunity to tender my thanks to my friends and the public for the favour with which they have received previous editions; and I beg to say distinctly that I do not desire pecuniary recompense, except so far as it will aid the object for which this edition is more especially published, namely, the dissemination of Christian principles among seamen and fishermen, and their families, in connection with the "Mariners' Friend Society."

This little craft has weathered the storm for six successive voyages; and as it has now become a missionary ship, enlarged and beautified, I do not entertain the slightest apprehension of its becoming a wreck. I trust it will give the rocks of criticism a very wide berth. I feel assured no pirates will attempt to stop it on its errand of mercy. It will have to encounter storms and tempests; but its owner's confidence is in Him who "holds the winds in His fists and the seas in the hollow of His hand."

If this little barque should be the means of rescuing any who are perishing; of supplying to any "An Anchor for the Soul," "A Spy-glass of Faith," or "A Chart to Glory;" or of conveying information about "The Port

of Bliss," the builder's labours will be more than repaid, for his object will be answered, which is the glory of God and the salvation of men.

In conclusion I would add that, having in the earlier part of my life ploughed the ocean, I feel deeply interested in the men of the sea; and being perfectly satisfied with the integrity and genuineness of the institution with which my name and this book is associated, I lay it down as a sincere sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to God on its behalf. I trust that many seamen may be benefited by this book; and that all who read it may meet me on the shores of immortality and bliss, is the fervent prayer of

GEORGE JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.

^{124,} Lower Thames Street, Christmas, 1874.





Antobiography.

WAS born of poor parents, on the 26th of February, 1816, in the city of Rochester, in the county of Kent. My father was a fisherman; hence it became a necessity for my mother to assist in providing for the wants of the family.

My earliest days were spent at an infant school, and the elderly female whom we called "governess" was very fond of discipline, which she constantly maintained by the free use of a piece of whalebone.

When seven years old I was sent to visit my uncle for a time, who was then boatswain on board the "Phæton." Soon after this I was sent to a commercial school; but from here I was transferred to a charity school, where the charge was only a penny per week, my parents not having the means to pay more. Here I made but little progress in learning, the chief thing impressed on my memory being the victories or defeats sustained in our

numerous skirmishes with the boys of other schools in the neighbourhood, invariably culminating in a pitched battle, in which the whole forces of both sides were engaged.

At the early age of nine years I was taken from this school, and placed out as errand boy to a milliner, the worst position in which I could have been put; for oftentimes, in taking the work home my foes would lie in ambush, and by a sudden and furious onslaught, succeed in destroying my box and spoiling its contents. At last in one of these recontres two bonnets were spoiled, which had to be paid for by the father of my antagonist, while I received my discharge. My parents now deeming me incorrigible, and not being able to support me in idleness at home, sent me on board a notorious smuggler, the owner of which had already lost four vessels in his nefarious trade; but I did not stay long with him, as my father required my services in a vessel of his own. One morning in November, as we were sailing down the Medway before daylight, we saw a boat capsize with five men in her. She proved to belong to H. M. ship "Prince Regent." We rescued the poor men, who were almost perished with cold, and the next moment their little vessel sank to the bottom.

It was during the period of my service on board the smuggler that a large wen grew over my right eye, so large that fears were entertained I should lose my sight. I went to St. Thomas's Hospital, where an elderly gentlemen successfully operated upon me and extracted the roots, which caused me such intense suffering that I fainted away. What grand and useful institutions are these hospitals for providing an asylum for suffering humanity, who without them would be denied the benefits of medical treatment and many comforts through poverty.

My father's little vessel was nicknamed the "Paint-pot," having originally belonged to a painter; and such was her bad condition, that one morning we rose thoroughly saturated, from a heavy rain which during the night had soaked through the deck and swamped our berths. My father obtaining an appointment from the Rochester Oyster Company to sell their oysters in London, the "Paint-pot" was left in charge of my grandfather, a choleric old man, who would often threaten to pitch me overboard or "ropes-end" me, but gave me sixpence per week instead, not because I deserved it, but, as he said, to encourage me to do better. About this time I had a miraculous escape from drowning; for while in the

act of throwing the dredge overboard it caught my shirt and I was for some time under water before I could extricate myself; and when at last I emerged, it was on the other side of the vessel, having in my struggles passed clean under her keel.

When about thirteen years of age my grandfather died, leaving me in charge of the vessel. She was now often half full of water, and one day an easterly wind springing up, she sprung a leak, which gained so fast we were compelled to put ashore, where she soon fell to pieces. I then obtained employment during the mackerel season, on board the "Diamond," and the money I earned I carried home to assist my father in purchasing another vessel. He bought a very old one, but nevertheless it proved to be the best he ever possessed. I was appointed master, and took with me two of my brothers to work the ship; and by perseverence we managed in one season to clear off the whole expense of fitting her up, amounting to seventy pounds. And now a sad misfortune befell us; for during a heavy gale she was blown from her anchors, and in spite of all our efforts, she went on shore and sank. By scrambling to the highest part of the marsh and piling the hatches one upon the other, we managed to keep out of reach of

the tide; but it was bitterly cold, and had we not been speedily rescued by a small vessel which came to our assistance, we must have perished, as the tide rose so high that the fields and gardens of Rochester were overflowed; and in one house a person named Leader was drowned in her bed.

The next day we found our vessel deep in the marsh, but not much injured; so having placed her in a shipwright's hands, I went to sea again to earn money, to assist in paying for her repairs.

At the end of my term of apprenticeship, being too young to take up my freedom, I went on board a new vessel, named the "Gazelle," renowned for having won the prize of the Thames Yacht Club by a considerable distance, the Saturday after she was launched. A deep impression was made upon my mind about this time, by reading some stray leaves from a book entitled "The Whole Duty of Man;" but like the morning cloud and early dew, it soon passed away. While on board this vessel I improved my handwriting by practice very considerably. My next appointment was to be mate, on board the brig "Aboyne," and considering this a step in advance, I married. It was on board this vessel I had another providential escape from drowning; for being one day

in the rigging in company with the rest of the crew, a huge wave swept across the deck, carrying everything before it. My wife having had some property left her, I purchased a vessel, and being successful, I was soon enabled to purchase others, and so increased my stock of vessels, God prospering me, to whose divine mercy and protection I thankfully attribute all my success.

My wife being a constant attendant at the house of God, I accompanied her, but deriving little benefit therefrom, until at last the light burst upon my soul, and I felt myself a sinner. I prayed to be forgiven, but was most miserable. A coastguardsman seeing my distress, enquired the cause, and knowing him to be a good man, I unburdened my heart. He praved for me, but still the load remained. I knelt down in the boat and prayed, "Our Father," when O, rapture! God spake peace to my soul,-I rose from my knees and shouted, "My Father!" This was the happiest moment of my life: I felt my sins forgiven, and my soul was full of joy. I connected myself with the people of God, became a Sunday-school teacher and tract distributor, and took the Bethel Flag on board my little vessel, where I held prayer meetings and services. I used to collect as many men as possible

from the other vessels, and I shall never forget the first time I conducted the service. We mustered about sixty. My pulpit was an inverted oyster tub, covered with a clean sail; my gown was a guernsey frock; the congregation were accommodated with baskets and boards for seats. I prayed and expounded the Scriptures, and we sang together much to our own satisfaction, accompanied by a young man who played the clarionet. Of that congregation, one died clinging to Christ, another is a fisherman preacher at Colchester, while others are still members of Christian churches.

Out of twelve acquaintances during my apprenticeship, six were drowned, three met with sad ends, one was crushed between two ships, and another died covered with vermin. What a debtor I am to God not only for my prosperity, but for keeping me out of the paths of vice! I am prepared, in my humble way, to consecrate my property and my talents to his service. I am President of the Mariners' Friend Society; to which position I dedicate as much of my time as is required of me. The circumstances which led to the production of this work were the following:—

A young lady solicited her friends to send her an original poem as a birthday present. I declined at first, never having attempted such a thing; but she

persisted, and so I complied and sent her a composition, believing it would cure her of asking any more. Judge, then, my surprise, when assured that my piece was the best! This encouraged me; and my wife expressing a wish for a piece to commemorate our twentieth wedding day, she became the possessor of my second production. Since then I have occasionally written pieces, sometimes on board ship, sometimes in the counting house, and also when travelling. I now for the seventh time, present the productions of my pen to the Christian public; and if it shall in any way enhance the glory of God, the good of mankind, or assist the institution for whose particular benefit it is now published, I shall feel that my object has been fully accomplished.

GEORGE JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.





The Ship's Capeer.

OW noble and grand the structure I view!

How fair the proportion and form!

That beautiful vessel—so graceful and new—

She's erected to weather each storm.

What tongue can foretell her a destiny bright,
When she floats on the boisterous main?
Though she flies o'er the waves like a sea bird so light,
Who can say she'll return home again?

It seems as if Art had exhausted its store
In a form so enchantingly grand;
How proudly she looks as she rests on the shore,
And waits to be launched from the strand!

Old England's fair ensign waves over her stern,
And the Union Jack o'er her bow;
The standard of Royalty, hoisted in turn,
Shows all is in readiness now.

"Knock the dog shores away!" the builder hath cried And lo! now the mighty mass moves,— Sliding downward majestically into the tide, Like a swan to the water she loves.

Soon through her own element nobly she'll ride—See! her masts are all ready to rear;
The rigging is also brought alongside,
And her large heavy cannons are near.

The masts are put up, the caps fitted strong, The rigging goes forward with speed; The yards are all strung, so tapering and long, All must be a-taut, they're agreed.

The seamen the sails are beginning to bend,
The riggers heave all taut in place;
And to sea the great vessel is soon fit to send,
As a bulwark of Albion's race.

The ship is in trim, and the stores are on board,
And now she is ready for sea;
The sails are all up, and the anchor is stored,
And the land is far under the lee.

The glorious old colour that flies at the peak
With dishonour shall never be stained;
While freedom to all! is the voice it shall speak—
Man's freedom it ever maintained.

The poor negro slaves who are stolen from home, And sold like the cattle on shore, How dreadful their fate, should a ship never come To give them their freedom once more! "A sail, ho! to leeward!" the look-out now cries, From the topmast, the place of the tar;
A large slaver schooner from thence he descries,
With its Yankee flag looming afar.

"Bear down, now, my boys! bear down on that craft!

Hoist aloft the true colours we wear! [aft,
Show that England's brave sons are prepared, fore and
To free slaves, wherever they are!"

But the schooner flies fast o'er the white foaming main,
While the groans from on board are distressing;
The slaves are shut up in the hold once again,
And more sail on the ship they are pressing.

Hark! hark! to that gun, as it sounds o'er the sea—
See the shot as it bounds o'er the wave;
'Tis a voice to the slave, to bid him be free,
And tell him they're coming to save!

And now the shot strikes the mast with a crash,
Which overboard goes with the sails;
The vessel in chase comes on with a dash,
And her captain the slaver ship hails.

"Ship ahoy!" hear him cry with the trumpet in hand,
"Don't you mark the signal to back
Your sails to the mast, before reaching the land,
And your speed on the ocean to slack?"

"Now lower our boat!" the captain cries out;

"This trim-looking vessel now board;

His papers examine, and look well about—
See what in his hold he has stored."

He lowers his flag; they step upon deck,
And search all his papers with care,
From South Carolina, with rice loaded, back;
And all seems straightforward and fair.

But a sickening stench from the hold doth arise,
When the hatches are moved from their place;
O God! what a horrible sight meets their eyes,
Which ages can never efface!

There, chained fast together, the helpless slaves lie,
Death marking them off for his prey;
How shocking the scene as for water they cry,
While they one by one wither away!

Alas! that mankind should e'er be so base
As to trade in the blood of a brother!
That mammon should bring so vile a disgrace,
And God's creatures torture each other!

The Redeemer hath died to purchase us all,
No matter what color of face;
And the Gospel of love has bidden us call
All brethren—of every race.

O when shall this horrible trafficking cease— The blood of the slave washed away? When America lives out the Gospel of peace, There will come then a happier day.

Come, America's sons, wipe away this disgrace*—
From you let it ever be hurled;
'Neath the sway of old England no slave can ye trace,
When the banner of Freedom's unfurled.

* Since this poem was written, America has abolished the Slave Trade,

See! the slaver is now being towed to the strand, And hark to the groans on the way; While many have died, and gone to that land Where oppressors can never hold sway.

What wonderful sights will meet their eyes there,
As heaven's gates open to view—
Those poor wretched captives, despised so much here,
With glorified bodies made new.

Where go the oppressors when they leave the world, And their souls are removed from the strife? Like Dives, alas! into hell they are hurled, For the woes of an impious life.

Now the ship's work is done for which she did sail,
And the slaver is sold or destroyed;
And again she starts on with a favouring gale,
All hands to make sail are employed.

The joke is passed round, as she skims o'er the sea,
The tars think of loved ones at home;
The land is left far under the lee,
As on she flies through the white foam.

But see that small cloud rising far in the sky, Coming on like a treacherous friend; In the deepest repose does the azure sea lie, Hushed and silent the terrible wind.

But list! how the thunder booms over the main,
And the winds waken up with dread moan;
The lightning darts over the watery plain,
Flashing round as the ship saileth on.

And see! the red lightning has struck the lone ship,
As she ploughs through the merciless waves;
The gale in rude gusts driving her through the deep,
While a foaming broad furrow she leaves.

The topmast is shivered and split by the flash, And the wild waves break over the deck; While all, apprehending the finishing crash, Prepare to abandon the wreck.

The waters are raging and swelling around
With a terrible threatening roar,
While the poor cabin boy sadly kneeling is found,
He bewails that he ever left shore.

He thinks of his home with its peace-giving scenes, Of a mother who pillowed his head, Of a father so good, who laboured for means Of daily supplying their bread.

How he offers to God the long-forgot prayer,

Taught him in earlier days—
"Our Father in heaven," he cries, "O me spare!

And my life I'll devote to thy praise."

And the sailor ofttimes at the coming of death,
With a swelling and penitent heart, [breath,
Breathes the prayer of his childhood with soft sadden'd
When about from this world called to part.

He thinks of the Bible that lies in his chest— That Bible his mother has given; Though often neglected, he now will protest, It shall hence be his guide unto heaven. But the storm has increased as the sun has gone down, With darkness of dreariest night;

While the skies are portending with threat'ning frown— They're lit with a deep lurid light.

O could we have seen that morning so fair,
With a breeze scarcely rippling the sea,
We could not have thought such a danger was near,
As the sun rose in bright majesty.

How fair has life's morning too often began,
And our path seemed all smiling with peace,
With youth's fondest ardour we laid out our plan,
Nor dreamt that our pleasures would cease.

The castle illusive was built in the air,
Fancy tinged with a gorgeous glow;
Till life's sterner lessons that came to our share
Taught us happiness was not below.

And the brightening hopes of childhood's first years, Like bubbles with dazzling hue, We blew from our pipes, with hopes and with fears, Saw them rising, then vanish from view!

And as years have rolled on in life's rugged ways,
And storms have o'ershadowed our course,
Fond mem'ry brings back our childhood's bright days,
Rushing on with its fresh vivid force.

Our lives are but spans and our memories die, Oblivion covers our fame; Our deeds on the marble attract not an eye, Forgotten as 'twere but a dream. I covet no monument, marble, or shrine,
That time shall soon crumble to dust;
The sculptor's fine emblem, the poet's chaste line—
Or the praise—that on earth I was just.

Much rather in heaven's bless'd book be enrolled,
Having souls to the Good Shepherd led;
Rejoicing redemptions's grand tale to unfold—
How his life's blood for them He shed.

To be but a vessel in the bless'd place
Of God's precious grace to us all,
And the means of redeeming our poor fallen race,
Are monuments never to fall.

The crash of all ages, the wreckage of years,
Cannot crumble the working divine;
Each soul that the image of Jesus Christ bears,
In his kingdom for ever shall shine.

On monuments ever undying—on these Would I humbly decipher my name; Religion upholding with all its decrees, Which elevates nations to fame.

But here I have wandered away from my plan
Of writing the vessel's career;
Your pardon I crave, and return once again
To mark life as its quicksands appear.

O how our life's voyage with storms is beset, Ever tossing mankind to and fro, While trials and cares often caused him to fret, How to steer oft he scarcely doth know. And thus the fine vessel she lurched and she rolled,
While the waves mounted over her side,
And tinged by the lightning, like bright shining gold,
As its radiance shope on the tide.

But the gale it still strengthens, the ship rushes on,
The storm sails are all needed now;
Each moment more dang'rous it grows thus to run,
All hands must be heaving her to.

The trysail is set—it has weathered the gale,
All headsail is stowed and secure;
To the winds point the yards with tightly-furled sail,
The helm's hard-a-lee to make sure.

The captain now watches the waves as they spend Their strength on the barque as they break; And the mariners all are at their wits' end— For the ship, to make worse, springs a leak.

The pumps are all manned, but the leak does increase,
Their lives they work hard now to save;
They think of the loved ones they last saw in peace,
All expecting a watery grave.

Hark! hark to that cry, causing hope to expire,
Death seems now awaiting his prey;
An alarm is now given, "The ship is on fire!"
As they lay-to in Biscay's rough bay.

How many brave hearts in those waters now sleep!
Biscay's bay their last sorrows could tell,—
Of loved ones that rest in its bosom so deep,
Who of home and of life took farewell!

Peace, peace to their bones, where'er they are laid!

Some coral cave hides them from sight;

'Twas for them the widows and fatherless prayed,—

To meet them in heaven's bright light.

Some upon Christ with their last ebbing breath,
Like the self-abased publican, cried
For mercy, free mercy to save them from death,
And Jesus spake peace as they died.

They have gone to that home where storms cannot come
On angelic wings soared on high,
To live with King Jesus in that blessed home
Of glory beyond the blue sky.

But my muse seems determined to wander away
From earth to things holy above;
Leaving all things below, in fancy to stray
Where angels and saints sing and love.

Say, who can describe the horrors of fire
On board with deep water around?
All hope from frail men seems there to expire,
And help from God only be found.

But "Nil desperandum" the motto should be
Of the sailor such scenes passing through;
How often in life he deliv'rance may see,
When nought but death seemed in full view.

The captain cries "Courage!" and bravely the crew With redoubled energy try

To quench the fierce flames, with hopes rising new

That the storm may give place to bright sky.

Together they labour and soon heave to shore;
And the fire that once threatened to be
Their speedy destruction, is burning no more,
And now their deliv'rance they see.

The winds are all hushed and sunk into rest,
The ship safely holds on her way;
Again is relieved the terrified breast,
And they shout their Deliverer's praise.

Ye sailors so brave, the wonders all see
Of that God whom all nature controls;
But how strange it appears that many should be
So careless concerning their souls!

How mad a thing surely they ever should dare, With a plank only between them and death, To break holy laws, without the least fear God should stop their presumptuous breath!

The Psalmist declares they should all praise the Lord That oft see his works in the deep, And the power and the goodness exalt which afford Sweet protection awake or asleep.

O may the time quickly come that's foretold, When the fruits of the sea shall be given— When God shall have saved our sailors so bold, And each ship be a Bethel—a heaven.

Then wherever they go they will loudly proclaim God's mercy to poor fallen man,

And sound with glad singing their Jesus's name

To accomplish salvation's great plan.

But see how the land now bursts on their sight!

The white cliffs of England they view;

And home-joys to them that do so invite

They think of with sympathy true.

And when they're all safe to their children they'll tell How oft they deliv'rance have found—
How God in his love hath done ev'rything well,
For they're back on old England's ground.



A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

N a seaport town, some twenty summers past,
My lot in life for some few months was cast;
Where scenes I saw that filled my heart with pain:
Vice raged around, and following in its train
Were drunken brawls, 'midst loud and fearful oaths,
Made sad each day, and broke each night's repose,
One home I saw destroyed by drunken strife,
Where sat a cheerless, poor, heart-broken wife;

One pale affrighted boy in terror shrank
To hear his father's tread along the bank,
Whose reeling steps too plainly told the tale
What made both wife and child look deadly pale.

They listening sat one night—no father come;
"Go child," she said, "persuade your father home."
For sad experience still had left the trace
Of the drunkard's blows upon her pallid face.
Too well his violence she had often known,
That made her fear to meet his angry frown.
'Twas near midnight, the waves broke o'er the pier,
The darkening sky forbode a storm was near;
From out the western sky the lightning flashed,
As the sea waves's foam against the breakers dashed.
Large drops of rain fell pattering on the shore,
As the child departed from his mother's door.

The rays were shining from the pier-head light,
That darted flickering through the darkening night.
Forth ran the boy with looks of deep concern,
While his fond mother prayed his quick return;
His little feet went bounding o'er the sand,
As fast he hastened o'er the shingly strand,
Until at length his drunken father spied
Along the pier, just by the water side.
High words and cursing met his trembling ear,
That filled his mind with dark foreboding fear;
He found his father staggering to and fro,
His eyes all fire, and dark his angry brow,

"Come home, dear father," said the anxious child, He spoke in gentle accents, calm and mild, That would have brought the hardest heart remorse, Had not strong drink polluted reason's course, Foul imprecations left the father's tongue, As the poor boy persuasive round him clung; He crying pleaded—fierce was each reply, Until there rose a sharp heart-rending cry, For with one kick the drunkard spurned his child Into the raging sea and billows wild; Remorseless then he turned upon his heel, And left the spot—he long had ceased to feel.

At length he sobered, thought of what he had done, How 'neath the waves he'd kicked his only son, Then wildly raved, and like a madman swore, His hands he wrung, his matted locks he tore; The wind blew bitter, drenching fell the rain, The darkness made all hope of searching vain. He then the alehouse sought his cares to chase, But oh! at every turn the pleading face Of his poor boy now terrified his heart, He swooning falls with fierce convulsive start; And thus for hours unconsciously lay—They bore him home a drunken lump of clay.

But gracious God! thy saving help was near,
The drowning cry, the helpless shriek to hear!
A ship of war was anchored in the bay,
And from the shore a boat's crew made their way,
Saw the poor boy fall helpless from the pier,
And rowing to him, raised a hearty cheer.

They picked him up—though weak and almost dead—With tender care heaped kindness on his head;
They reach the ship—he tells his artless tale—
The vessel spreads her canvas to the gale.
"Poor Jack" they name him from his helpless state—A tender reed tossed by the storms of fate.

And soon the broad Atlantic meets their view,
Our hero grows beloved by all the crew;
Though weak and sick, in sweet content he lay;
His now lost mother taught his lips to pray,
And now her words sink deeply in his mind,
He turns to God in Him his peace to find,
And soon he feels his sins all cleansed away,
Through Christ the Blest Redeemer, Light and way.
Smart, faithful and obedient, soon he found
Himself in ties of strong affection bound
With pious men, brave sailors of the fleet,
Who feared no danger, England's foes to meet.

These sailors brave would o'er their Bibles bend,
And love to talk of Christ, the sinner's friend,
They joined each day in humble, earnest prayer
To God to keep them in his holy care,
Such men as these are ever firm and brave—
They know he died their deathless souls to save.
And they are calm in every danger found,
Because God's love doth in their souls abound.
And thus they pass their useful lives away,
And seek a harbour where there's no decay.
With Christ our pilot, constantly they try
To gain the port of heaven, and dwell on high.

But soon again resounds from shore to shore All nation's curse. The strife of awful war Spreads pain and woe, and desolation wide, And dyes with blood both land and ocean's tide. The conflict rages—death stalks o'er the deep—And many a soul is sent to his last sleep. The cannons roar amidst the dreadful fray, And decks are crowded where the wounded lay 'Midst groans of pain distressing to the ear; When lo! the signals for a truce appear. Oh! 'tis a frightful thing at war to be, When crowds of dead are thrown into the sea.

The battle past, the wounded claim all care,
In which our hero takes a lively share,
For by God's grace Poor Jack from first to last,
Through all the conflict almost scatheless passed.
With gentle hand and kindly words he strove
Their pains to ease, their comfort to improve;
He told of Jesus' love the lost to save—
Faith's balm of consolation freely gave.
All gladly listened to his words of cheer,
Which had the power to dry each bitter tear;
A good Samaritan he proved to all,
And taught them on their Saviour's name to call.

One poor old sailor, seeming dying fast, Upon "Poor Jack" a strange expression cast While praying on his knees beside his bed For Christ on him his boundless grace to shed, The old man breathed in heavy choking sighs,
While sorrow's tears were streaming from his eyes.
"Can sinners black be saved?" he feebly cried,
"My bygone life in crime is deeply dyed."
"Be calm," said Jack, "though thou art lost in shame,
Just seek for pardon through thy Saviour's name,
Who suffered on the cross and passed the grave,
The blackest sinner's fallen soul to save.

He said that Jesu's blood could cleanse from sin,
That Christ was waiting souls like his to win.
As he drew near and grasped his feeble hand,
Emotions felt he could not understand.
A link there seemed of sympathy that bound
Their hearts in one—a latent chord seemed found;
He was consoled; he closed his eyes awhile—
Some inward thoughts his senses did beguile;
By pangs of bitter conscience sorely torn,
In mind and body crushed he lay forlorn;
At last he raised himself upon his bed,
His features racked with horror, pain and dread.

And then he shrieked, "No murderer can be saved!
No, no!" he cried, and incoherent raved:
"My child! my child! my own, my darling boy!
O save him! a boat! a rope! ship ahoy!
Hark! he cries for help! I hear him say,
'O father, save me—cast me not away!'
He sinks—he dies—a murderer now am I!
Reproach me, wife, and wring your hands and cry!
'Give me my child,' she says, 'my only joy;
Husband, bring back, O, bring me back my boy.'

But she forgave me with her parting breath, And long ago her voice was hushed in death.

Now vengeance comes; O, see his dripping hair, O, God of mercy, this I cannot bear; Those clammy eyeballs stare at me again."
And so raved he in incoherent strain, From sheer exhaustion till he sunk and swooned; "My son, my son," in anguish then he groaned. Poor Jack fell weeping on the sailor's breast—His prostrate form he tenderly caressed. "My father! father, here behold your son! I did not sink, for the all-seeing One Was near, and saved me from a watery grave—I was picked up when sinking 'neath the wave.

And there is mercy for you, father dear,
Your Lord your Saviour He is ever near;
To Him for succour now, for mercy fly,
For Him to save you ere you come to die."
"What?" cried the trembling man, "my poor boy here?
The same I dashed in madness from the pier?
Art thou my boy—my own dear flesh and blood?
A wretch I've been—to you a murderer stood!
Yes, 'tis he; my Mary's eyes; O, grief!
My poor, poor boy shall bring my heart relief;
And though through life I've played a wicked part,
O, God of mercy, purify my heart."

His prayer was heard, and grace came from above, He cast himself upon the Saviour's love; With humble soul he pleaded meek and mild, Shed tears of joy beside his long-lost child, Father and son each day engaged in prayer—God's saving grace shone forth resplendent there. Before the father was removed from earth His hopes were centred in the brighter birth; A pardoned sinner, soon his hour was come To pass from earth and reach his heavenly home, Where thousands once poor sinners here below With Jesus dwell, where endless mercies flow.

Poor Jack still lives, a monument of grace;
To faith's great rock he loving turns his face;
He labours in the vineyard of his Lord,
And points the way where love and grace are stored;
A pious humble saint, he grasps faith's spear,
Drives sin away, and dries the sinner's tear.
Champion of his Master, firm he stands,
To pilot sailors free from vice's sands;
The gospel teaching, zealous in Christ's cause,
Regardless of this sinful world's applause;
Living hourly in Christ's precepts given,
'Neath Calvary's cross advancing towards heaven.





The Dying Christian.

HE sun that sinks in the far distant west,

Tinting the sky with golden radiance fired—
Fit emblem of the dying Christian blest,

Who worked for Christ, and in his çause expired.

Go visit now his room, see life fast ebbing out,
With sickness enfeebled his powers decay;
While strong in faith, I think I hear him shout,
"The victory's won, to heaven I soar away!"

Come, infidels, and see a Christian die:

What safety could he now find in your creed?

If now he was from his loved Lord to fly,

What would support him in death's hour of need?

I've heard of infidels, when in death's grasp, Crying to Christ with despair in their sight; But ne'er of a Christian returning to clasp Infidelity in his life's latest flight, The Christian seeks truth in God's blessed book,
And searches for treasures in that glorious mine;
The Holy Spirit's light for guidance he took
To unveil the gems hid in the book divine.

Soon he found pearls of the greatest price,
Which made him rejoice in that glorious plan;
Salvation he found through the blood of Christ,
Given to fallen, degenerate man.

The miner digs deep in the bowels of the earth,

Hard he labours to find the precious gem;

Others for gold dig, as though nothing was worth

A thought beside it—it is all things to them.

There is joy that fills the Christian's breast
Gold could not purchase with its mighty power—
An undying peace, a sweet hallowed rest;
Gold is as nought to the true Christian's dower.

Though oft the good man in the fire is tried,

The tempter's darts oft at him are thrown;

The foe had him down; but the Christian cried,

"Rejoice not, Satan! Christ hath mercy shown."

And in powerful prayer he his Saviour sought—
The blood that still cleanses from every sin—
That wondrous fountain which Christ the Lamb brought
From heaven, to pardon and make pure within.

There was once a time he ran the giddy round,
And pleasure he sought in this sinful earth;
In this broken vase no joys hath he found,
But in repentance found his second birth.

When the love of the Saviour thus filleth the heart,
How earnest to fill the Shepherd's pure fold,
As a good faithful preacher performing his part,
In saving poor souls not purchased by gold.

And after his living threescore years and ten,
And his hoary locks hath whitened his brow,
Both in season and out still labouring then,
Anxious poor sinners his Saviour should know.

O, glorious believer! who hath borne the cross,
The fight of faith fought to serve thy great King,
And counted all earthly things else as but dross,
That thou mightest souls to thy Saviour bring.

There's a heavenly voice that beckons thee higher, "Come, and receive the reward for thy toil!"

He heareth thee call, and his heart is on fire—

He longs to behold his Saviour's loving smile.

Look upward then now, the land is just in view,
That happy realm, the Christian's glorious home,
The mansion the Lord hath purchased for you,
And calls you to his rest—" My beloved one, come!"

What a holy influence filleth the place!

It seemeth none other than the gate of heaven,
Where a standard-bearer thus ends his race,
Conquering grim death, by grace freely given.

The pearl-gates of heaven are all opened wide,
To welcome this true heir of glory there:
See! angels now are waiting at his bedside,
To waft him away, this pilgrim man of prayer.

All heaven is moved to see the victor come,
And saints and seraphs welcome him to bliss;
Angels convey him to that heavenly home—
O wondrous glory! toils to end like this!

But what form is that which meets his view,
On which he gazes now with joyous glee?
"I know! 'tis Jesus, He who died for you,
And shows the scars He then received for me.

I see the mark upon that honoured brow,

Where thorns were placed, to purchase me a crown;

The side they pierced, the hands and feet also—

In rapture lost, I at his feet fall down."

And now we will think of him walking there,
In streets of pure gold, transparent as glass;
And hear him exclaim, "There's enough of bliss here
To make me amends for all I'd to pass."

Then he sees some there who passed on before,
Sharing the joy in that blest world so bright,
To whom once he preached, and loved much more
Than all earthly pleasure that allures the sight.

He looks upon himself and then he says,
"Can this be me with harp and crown of gold,—
Me with this robe of white that ne'er decays?
What wondrous glory now my eyes behold!"

And as he gazes on his Saviour King,
He joins with spirits in the song above:
There with the Redeemer he will ever sing
Loud hallelujahs for redeeming love.



Christ Erneisied.

OFTEN gaze upwards in stillness of night,
Beholding the planets, so glorious and bright,
And think of their grandeur and size:
And my spirit is filled with wonder and fear,
As I think of Him who created the sphere,
And to Him my affections would rise.

And I ask, "Can it be, that He who all made, Calling things into being by a single word said, Can e'er look with kindness on me—
Weak, simple, and low, rebellious and wild,
Oft spurning his love and mercy so mild,
Nor wishing his glory to see?"

I think of the wonders attending His birth,
When angels sang peace and goodwill upon earth,
And how hard He laboured for all;
I think of redemption—the glorious plan,
Stamping God's own image again upon man,
To raise him from sin's dreadful fall.

I think of the wondrous and great name of old,
By saints and by prophets so often foretold,—
O, Wonderful Counsellor, He!
The omnipotent God, the eternal Sire,
The great Prince of Peace, the foretold Messiah—
In Jesus the man we all see.

I think of the wonders which He did perform,
Stilling the waves, and calming the storm;
While the devils away from Him fled;
Of the lepers He cleansed, and the myriads healed.
Giving sight to the blind, the gospel revealed,
And Lazarus raised from the dead!

I think of the prophecies now all revealed,
And how that in Christ they all are fulfilled,
And astonished I look at the plan;
That He who created the earth and the skies—
O, wonder of wonders, He suffers and dies
For the souls of poor lost guilty man!

I think of the sun that in darkness was veiled,
Of the cross upon which He was cruelly nailed,
When in death He bowed His head;
I think of the temple's veil rent in twain,
Of the dear Son of Man then dying in pain,
And of some rising up from the dead.

I think of His love to the rabble and rout,
Who repaid it again with their impious shout—
"Away with Him, let Him not live!"

But amidst all their scorn and hellish disdain, He uttered no sound of reproach or complain, But prayed, "O, Father, forgive!"

I think of the Roman centurion's fear,
As he gazed on the wonders exhibited there,
Exclaiming, "This must be God's Son!"
I think of the power divine there displayed,
Enough to make sin-loving men all afraid;
And of the great victory won.

With stern indignation my heart ever burns,
That His goodness should meet with such cruel returns—
O, could I have e'er done the same?
But, alas! still, for me, againt Him I sin,
Opposed to His Spirit the working within,
And this ever fills me with shame.

I think of myself through sin all undone,
And how utterly helpless I am to atone,
As the law now demands that I die;
But looking to Calvary, joyful I see
God's only Son died and suffered for me,
And by faith now for pardon I fly.

Humble, and yet by faith I'm made bold,
On the Saviour's dear cross I fix my firm hold,—
If I die it still shall be there;
And as there I gaze, and my Saviour I view,
Saying, "Poor sinner, this is all for you!"
Faith banishes all of my fear.

I think of those mansions oft promised above,
Purchased by His beneficient love,
And my life seemeth nobly grand;
His friendship I have while dwelling on earth,
And that makes my life of far greater worth,—
As in Himself perfect I stand.

O, Jesus, dear Saviour, now reigning above,
Draw me to Thyself by Thy merciful love,
In an endless communion divine;
In all my poor works may I lean upon Thee,
A humble and penitent sinner to be,
And pure in Thy righteousness shine.

And when I have done Thy work here below,
O, call me to Thee, Thy treasures to know,
And in Thy bright kingdom to rest
With all the host ransomed who love and adore,
Ever praising Thy name on the heavenly shore,
For ever to dwell with the blest.





Hy the Palue of the Soul.

F every blade of grass which is displayed
In the green fields, in every nook and glade—
If every leaf in nature's lovely scene
Decking each tree and flower in hue of green—
Were into emeralds turned, even then the whole
Would be as nothing to a deathless soul!

If every sparkling dewdrop seen at morn
Glittering in hedge, on flower, or spreading thorn
Like pendant brilliants—on each leaf or bough,
Or purest crystal lit with sunlight glow—
Were to bright diamonds turned, even then the whole
Would be as nothing to a deathless soul!

If every grain of sand around each shore,
Washed by the ocean, vast as is the store—
Though infinite in number round each isle,
Could all be gathered up in one vast pile,
As to gold ingots turned—even then the whole
Would be as nothing to the deathless soul!

If every drop of every genial shower
That falls on hills or plains or lovely bower—
Which with its rich fertility doth bring,
Till plenteous harvests from its blessings spring—
Were into rich pearls turned, even then the whole
Would be in value nothing to the soul!

If every star or planet seen by night,
Studding the skies above with beams so bright—
Or all we ever heard of—great and grand,
From pole to pole, from skies of every land,
Were altogether placed, even then the whole
Would fail to purchase one immortal soul!

The soul will live when all has passed away,
And time o'er worlds has ceased its mighty sway;
Scripture declares these orbs shall all expire,
And earth dissolve in elements of fire.
As long as ages ceaselessly shall roll,
God's breath in man shall live—his deathless soul.

Then let us aim and do the best we can To save the immortal soul of every man. If others mock and God's great boon despise, And will not try to gain the glorious prize, But will be fools—rejecting God's control, We will His favour seek—and save our soul.



The Bright Light in the Glouds.*

OW numerous the clouds that darken our course, As we journey through life on our care-bestrewn way,

That will threaten at times to shade with remorse,
And o'erwhelm our existence in gloomy array.
But although they may threaten we will not despair,
And cheerfully through all their terrors will roam,
For each cloud has a lining of silver so fair,
That will guide every Christian on safe to his home.

The clouds of our childhood, when parents' hopes waver

In fear lest the beautiful bud should decay;
While appealing to heaven for merciful favour,
To remove the dark cloud that endangers our way.
'Midst paternal affection, and hearts filled with gladness
They watch the last shade of the cloud that departs;
Now the bright lining glistens and chases their sadness,
Bringing rays of sweet peace and delight to their
hearts.

* Written on hearing the Rev. JOHN S. WORKMAN preach from Job xxxvii., part of the 21st verse:—"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds,"

The clouds of our youth, when the storms of temptation Encircle our footsteps, our souls to enthrall;

That darken the road to eternal salvation,

'Midst scenes and transactions enough to appal.

But through the dark shadows a kind hand extended, Disclosed the beams of brightness and love;

By pastors' kind teaching our lives are amended,
And cloudless we view the bright mansions above.

When faltering in manhood, in worldliness waging,
The clouds of backsliding embitter our path;
While mammon and pride all our thoughts are engaging,

Thinking nought of God's mercy, his justice, or wrath.

At length comes an hour when sickness and sorrow

The latent spark kindles and fans to a flame;

The cloud flies away, and we're brought ere the morrow

To supplicate mercy, and call on His name.

What clouds will come o'er us when friends prove

What temptations of evil encircle our mind!

unfaithful!

When our bounty relieved them in the times most needful,

They've proved most ungrateful and vilely unkind.
But, O, when a true friend once gladdens our dwelling,
Who proves in his heart and his dealing sincere,
How soon the clouds vanish—our pain all dispelling,
And our heart's best emotions in fullness appear.

The clouds of calamity gather around us,
When grieving to part with a dear treasured friend,

To whom the sweet ties of affection have bound us, As over their last parting moments we bend. But, O, what a halo of brightness surprises, And chases for ever the dark clouds of gloom, When we feel that the glorious spirit arises—

That the earthly alone is consigned to the tomb.

Dark clouds chill the frame as the aged decayeth,
When affliction with tottering steps may be seen,
As the brink of death's river the spirit approacheth,
With a slight single thread of existence between.
But how the cloud changes from shadow to sunshine,
When memory can bring no remorse for the past;
When the last term of life spent resignedly praying,
In calmness awaiting the bliss that shall last!

Thus 'tis only when life has been frittered away,
While the bright clouds of mercy have ever been
near,

And the world's poor allurements have firmly held sway,
That death shows the clouds of desponding and fear.
No clouds chill or bleak or darksome soever,
In the breast of the lowest that treads the earth's sod,
Can terrors awaken, or confidence sever,
Who walks all his life in the favour of God.

None ever need fear, for God is e'er near us—
He rides on the clouds and the wings of the wind;
Sends the beauty of nature and plenty to cheer us,
With a father's benevolence—loving and kind.

If clouds for a season seem darkening above us,
And complaining essays in our bosoms to dwell,
Cast away the foul tempter, there's brightness before us,
Be sure that our Maker doth everything well.

God's promise is faithful, his goodness unswerving,

To all who will seek Him and trust in His word;

Through the clouds of deception His eye is observing,

The true Christian's pleading is sure to be heard.

Think not to deceive Him by faithless pretending,

The clouds of men's falsehood He pierces all through;

But rather press on, to salvation transcending,

The brightest of happiness mortals e'er knew.

Let preachers and people now all work together,
The black clouds of Satan and sin to dispel,
Till all shall rejoice in the bright coming weather,
Where the host of redeemed in Paradise dwell;
With earnestness meekly proclaiming salvation,
To cheer on the suffering, toil-worn, and poor,
Till all erring souls in our much favoured nation
March onward with gladness to reach the blest shore.

Then vain all the clouds that come over our being,

The side of their brightness alone we shall see;
In sanctified radiance before the All-seeing,

A crown with the blessed our portion will be.

Again, let's remember whatever may sadden,

What clouds may come o'er us as onward we roam,

Each cloud has a lining of silver to gladden,

And shed a bright light over every sad home.



The Bible.

DEDICATED TO THE JUVENILE BIBLE SOCIETY.

LORIOUS old Bible! the best book on earth,

It showeth how great is the soul's precious
worth;

'Tis a gracious charter were we may all see God's mercy and goodness to all men are free. A lever, whereby man is helped to arise, And seek for a mansion of bliss in the skies. For a patriot band are those noble youths, Who seek by all means to publish its truths.

This is the book which has made England great, Dispelling our ignorance—raising our state; Given to England to spread through the world, Diffusing its truths where our flag is unfurled: And if we desire true freedom for man, We shall give all our aid to this glorious plan. For a patriot band are those noble youths, Who seek by all means to publish its truths.

Sometimes we hear enemies talk of this land—
They tell us that armies will come on our strand;
But true to the Bible, we at them may laugh,
With God our protector, we'd beat them to chaff:
If faithful to Him, we'd invaders defy,
Yet will send them our Bible—to save them we'll try.
For a patriot band are those noble youths,
Who seek by all means to publish its truths.

Go on then, young friends! in this work engage For the glory of God and the light of the age; Do all that you can God's love to reveal, Make your lives glorious, and labour with zeal To spread the blest Bible wherever you can, And be benefactors to perishing man. For a patriot band are those noble youths, Who seek by all means to publish its truths.

And be well assured if you work for the Lord,
Your labour and zeal He will early reward;
And He'll be your guide through all the world's strife,
Will bless you with favor through this earthly life;
And after you've done with the mission of love,
Will call you all home to His mansions above,
For a patriot band are those noble youths,
Who seek by all means to publish its truths.



The Pream of Reaven.

NE night, worn and weary, I went to my bed,
And my sorrows and cares hardly press'd,
When a beautiful vision came into my head.
And I dreamt I was safe with the blest.
No cares or sad thoughts overshadowed their brow,
They rejoiced in full glory above;
The light from the Lamb did brilliantly glow
All full on the saints of His love.

But how can I tell you the beauties of heaven,
Revealed unto me in my dream?
To mortals or angels it never was given
The power to describe the blest theme.
I'm longing to tell it, but feel at a loss—
So wonderful 'twas and so grand;
And all upon earth seemed but refuse and dross,
When compared to that far better land.

But if now my memory will serve me aright,

I will tell of my dreaming so fair;

Of the glory and beauty of that world so bright,
And the peace and the happiness there.

I saw the archangels, with gossamer wings,
There did seraphs and cherubims raise
Their voices in rapture, as each one now sings
So sweetly his great Maker's praise.

I have seen the bright sun sink away in the west,
Like a flame of pure amber and gold;
But that, when compared with the saint's happy rest,
Was as nothing at all to behold.
With rapturous awe I looked all around—
New glories kept meeting my sight;
A stream of pure happiness constantly found,
In this beautiful heaven so bright.

Its gates of rich pearl did in grandeur surpass
Far more than my thoughts could conceive;
Its streets of pure gold were like clear shining glass,
More glorious than man could believe.
Its high walls were studded with rich precious stones,

Like sapphires and rubies they shine;
In brilliance and beauty so matchless they show
The maker's the Builder Divine.

In amaranthine bowers, all clothed in white—
On their brow was inscribed the new name,
The white stone that glistens so lovely and bright—
Were the saints with the emblems of fame.
On earth they were never ashamed of the cross,
And conquered through Christ's mighty love;

All worldly-sought gain they counted but loss, And they reign now 'midst riches above.

And some I saw there who on earth were opprest—
In troubles past over life's race;
But in joy they arrived at the home of the blest,
And were saved by the riches of grace.
Their clothes—soiled and ragged—were taken away,
And white robes were supplied to each one;
In glory celestial, reflecting Christ's ray—
In His image they shone like the sun.

I saw a clear river, so pure and so bright,
That flowed on, refreshing all there;
It dazzled my eyes as it streamed in the light,
And, like crystal, resplendently fair.
The Lamb to this river of water did lead
The flock He redeemed with His blood;
In lovely green pastures His saints He did feed,
And His love comforts in that abode.

The blest tree of life it was there bearing fruit,
Of its virtues each one could partake;
All blessings were there the righteous to suit,
And those who had lived for Christ's sake,
Who'd accomplished some mission for Him upon earth,
To bring others to love Him and praise,
And lead them to seek for the Spirit's new birth,
Who from death to a new life did raise.

My soul seemed enraptured with holy sweet joy, Seeing myriads of saints walking there; In hymns of loud praise their time they employ,
Singing sweet in that region so fair.
On a throne of bright jasper the Almighty King
Displays the rich fund of His love;

The rainbow illumines—the choirs loudly sing,
And fill the whole heaven above.

One I loved I saw there, with scars and with wounds,
Calm holy rays beamed from His face;
With loud hallelujahs His temple resounds,
All His saints now rejoice in His grace.
Sweet music arose now from trumpets and strings—
Flowing melody on my ear broke,
In praise of their Saviour—the great King of Kings,
While in ecstacy sweet I awoke.

Revivals of Religion.

HAT are Revivals? and what do they show?—
God's wonderful love to mankind below;
For He hath the power—if His churches will pray,

To save a whole nation in one single day.

The church is the light of our God on this sphere; The Bible the light by which His saints steer; The gospel, the life-boat, to us sinners sent, That Christ preached on earth, wherever He went.

'Tis Christ's people's duty to preach it to all, And sternly uphold it whatever befall; A Christian that's idle, wherever he's found, His duty neglects, while men fail around.

But the church's opponents very often will say—
"What good is it for you to preach and to pray?
And why do you make this fuss and this noise,
The worlding to stop from earth's carnal joys?

"Why not let him take all the pleasure he can?— For short is this life, and contracted its span; Then let him alone, and let him enjoy The pleasures of life, if his soul they destroy.

"Yes, let him alone! what is that, then, to you, That about his great soul you make this ado? It is nothing to you—that I know very well, If he's journeying to heaven, or going to hell."

Mortal man! let us beg you—entreat you—take care; Of slighting God's word I would have you beware; The wicked he can consume with a breath, And send them direct to eternal death.

But Christians must labour and sow the good seed—What mortals may say they never must heed;
They must use their talents—by God to them given,
To rescue poor souls, and direct them to heaven.

To me, a true Christian's first duty appears
To fear God and do good wherever he steers:
If he saves but one soul from sin's erring ways,
For ever that convert will show forth his praise.

What would be said of us, if when passing by We heard from the river a piteous cry,
Appealing to us a poor creature to save
From losing his life in a watery grave?

The world would say truly we were worse than brutes, If we passed by unheeding on other pursuits, And left a fellow-creature to sink and to die, With power to rescue, but cared not to try.

God's churches in apathy ne'er should be found, Whilst sinners are daily departing around; But their duty to them is to labour and pray, That God His great mercy and power would display.

Thy Spirit, O, Father, from heaven now pour On this city a full and benevolent shower; While for a revival Thy church lifts its voice, O, hear Thou their prayers—let Thy children rejoice.

Revive Thine own work in our land, we now pray, And show Thine own power in a Pentecost day; Throughout many lands Thy grace has been shown, And glorious showers have fallen on our own.

We bless Thy great name where'er Thou hast trod, Showing to man 'twas the work of our God, All glory to Thee—Thy servants shall tell How much Thou hast shaken the shackles of hell. Come now, blessed Lord, and show forth Thy sway, And send us Thy blest Holy Spirit's bright ray, And over earth's darkness shed wonderful light, To fill all the world with Thy presence so bright.

Soon may all the earth before Thy throne bow—We know it will be, let us each see it now; Dispel, we beseech Thee, old Satan's dark night, And over this earth put forth Thy blest right;

And then the whole world very clearly will see All revivals whatever proceedeth from Thee, As tokens they're sent of Thy fatherly love, To prepare us to dwell in a heaven above.

The Saviour's Anvitation.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

MIDST scenes of trial and numerous foes,
O, where shall I go to seek for repose?
Dear Saviour, I come unto Thee;
Weary with sadness, the sound of Thy voice
Oft causes my trouble-worn soul to rejoice
That happy with Thee I may be.

Thy voice, dearest Jesus, is oft heard to say,

"On Me all your cares and your sorrows now lay,

In Me find a haven of rest;

For envy and pain, tribulation and strife,

You'll meet and endure through the course of your life,

But in My love you still shall be blest.

"Come now to the life-giving waters, O, come,
And find for yourself a peace-giving home,
Your long-sought and solacing place;
Drink, drink of the life-giving stream that I give,
Stoop, poor thirsty soul, drink freely—and live—
From the streamlets of heavenly grace.

"If the way be as dark and as black as the night,

Look faithfully up to Thy guide for the light,

And rest upon Me, weary soul;

Draw from the pure fountain which streams from above,

The river of God overflowing with love,

And thou shalt then be made whole."

We certainly know there are many an one,
Have proved Thee often their shield and their sun,
Through this vale of darkness and tears;
They come unto Thee to heal every wound,
And quickly revived their souls they are found,
On Thee they could cast all their cares.

Our great and good Shepherd has promised to keep In safety his ransomed and purified sheep, On the bread of His love they may feed; His love to them all He daily will show Throughout all their pilgrimage dwelling below, Then all to His green pastures lead.

There is nothing can move from the Almighty hand
Those who on the firm Rock of Ages shall stand,
For on Him their foundation's secure;
On this tried corner-stone how strongly they build,
The rock that no storm can loosen to yield,
Their defence and their hiding is sure.

O fix me, dear Saviour on this solid rock,
That I may be free from each earthly shock,
Let me in Thy sweet image rise;
Each day help me on to live unto Thee,
From evil repining and murmuring free,
To press for my heavenly prize.

Before Thee in holiness joyous to walk,
Continually anxious of Thy love to talk,
Nor ever Thy good Spirit grieve.
With what Thou bestowest, O, make me content;
My life in Thy cause shall ever he spent,
While here upon earth I may live.

How oft have I drank of the heavenly stream,
And felt all my joy come only through Him,
Enjoying the beams of His light;
And glad on the staff of His friendship below,
To lean upon here, as forward I go,
Till faith is all changed into sight,

Feeling earthly affections no pleasure afford,
Like the glories in store for our final reward,
When Christ our Redeemer shall come
To call every weary worn soul to His rest,
To repose in delight on His holy breast,
In the promised mansion at home.

Then let the world move at the Almighty's will,
We're journeying onward to Mount Zion's hill,
The glorified spirits' abode:
And soon we shall see that His ways were the best,
To lead us by love to the land of the blest,
The promised abode of our God.

Yes, thousands have gained that glorious land;
Though sorely tried here, they did firmly withstand,
Made strong through His almighty love;
They conquered all through much patience and faith,
Victorious proved over Satan and death,
And now reign in glory above!





Secret Power.

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

H! Is it so, St Paul? What can you mean?

Strange statement this, upon our earthly scene!

Is it not vanity for you to say,

You can do all things in your pilgrim way?

But stay! I see it's not in your own might,

But Christ the living Way, the Truth, and Light.

Ah! Paul, in this with you I will agree,
For in His power the weakest saint can be
Made mighty by His all-sufficient grace,
And valiant be in this his earthly race;
By Christ he may in good works oft abound,
In fruits of righteousness be ever found.

There we may listen to His loving voice, And in His strength may evermore rejoice; And we may always hear Him kindly say, "Thy strength is given equal to thy day;" And glad may be, although in deep distress, And rest in Him who surely will us bless. And thus we may, just like St. Paul of old,
Keep journeying on towards the heavenly fold;
Still doing all things with our earnest love,
Till He transplants us to the fold above;
Living to Him we shall find all secure—
This Rock of Ages ever shall endure.

Human Frailty.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord abideth for eyer."

LL, all is fleeting here on earth,
Subjected to continual change;
Their value is of little worth,
With all the things that men arrange.
But those who build their hopes on high,
And seek to lay their treasure there,
On faith's strong pinions upward fly,
And live above this world of care.

On Christ their Blessed Saviour rest— On this rock they build secure; And with His Spirit here they're blest, And thus their happiness is sure. The mansion promised by His love Firm as Eternity shall stand— The Christian's glorious home above, Jerusalem the better land.

The Great Commission.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

HE word shall win its widening way,
For God hath said the word:
Then let each one be valiant still,
In fighting for their Lord.
For sure the victory we shall gain,
If for Him we shall fight;
And earth shall shout His praise again,
For sending peace and light.

Though clouds and darkness o'er our camp Hang thick in dread array, The Sun of Righteousness shall rise, And make a glorious day. Lord, help Thy servants where they are, Thy radiance let us see; And bless Thy missionary sons, And give them victory.

The combat of the living truth
Right well our fathers fought;
Though many years have passed and fled,
Since first the word was taught.
And still we grasp within our hands
The weapons they used well;
Armed with the blessed Bible Truth,
We'll beat the hosts of hell.

Though many years have passed away,
Religion's still the same
As when the Patriarch Abraham
Felt faith's enkindling flame.
And we, too, by the help of God,
Its living light shall raise;
And plant the cross in every land,
And labour all our days.

Long lines of saints are looking down,
A white-robed host are they—
Our fathers in the faith, and lived
To light an evil day.
And we will follow in the track
Of those who've gone before;
When life is passed, we all shall meet
On the eternal shore.

Then children of the saints arise
To follow those of old,
Who now have gained the glorious prize,
And strike their harps of gold.
God calls on us to trample down
The dragon-monster—Sin;
And then receive a glorious crown,
And hear Him say "Come in."

The Beath of the Rightsons.

"The righteous hath hope in his death."

HAT sweet peace there is surrounding the dying,

When he reaches the margin of life in the vale; The fountain of being in him is fast dying,

The cheek which once bloomed is now haggard and pale.

But list to his voice, as with his latest breath He tells you "the righteous hath hope in his death."

He tells you of joy o'er his spirit now beaming, Of hope which does always his bosom illume, Bright visions of glory on his soul are streaming—
They gild the dark valley, which leads to the tomb.
His soul is in rapture, while with his last breath
He whispers "the righteous hath hope in his death."

Thus, over his bed the angels are waiting,

To carry his spirit in triumph away;

To those who surround him he keeps on relating

The joys which await him—to each one doth say,

"I shall soon be in heaven, and with my last breath
I tell you "the righteous hath hope in his death.'"

O, thus let me conquer, my Saviour, through grace,
Assist me to run till I gain the great prize;
And when I have finished my course Thee embrace,
In that world of glory, beyond the blue skies.
When friends gather round me to catch my last breath,
O, show them "the righteous hath hope in his death."

O, may we at last as righteous men die,
Our spirits depending alone on the Lamb;
And then He will beckon us each to the sky,
Where we shall for ever exalt His blest name.
And then we shall prove the Scripture which saith
To each one, "the righteous hath hope in his death."



Unward Folly.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

OOLS may say that my faith is deception,
"A doctrine of priests—a fable—a lie;"
And the sceptic refuses to give it reception,
And says "'tis all folly on such to rely."

But I envy not those of their boasted opinion.

But laugh at their folly when faith they deny;
It always gives peace in every dominion,

And teaches the Christian in triumph to die.

The foul tongue of slander may try defamation, And seek by injustice each good to revile; But those who have seen the power of salvation Will say that no malice its name can defile.

And this is the balm of our sweet consolation,

That soothes the sad heart when with sorrow distressed—

The hope of the Christian in his contemplation, Some day to reside in the land of the blest. Let them say what they will of our glorious foundation,
The Rock of our safety—despise it who may;
Fix'd on this Rock is our certain salvation,
Secure it shall stand when earth fades away.

Our religion through life we surely may cherish,
And glorify God with lives just and pure;
For the sceptic shall in his unbelief perish,
While the Christian's Salvation shall ever endure.



"Pray without ceasing."

HAT is prayer? The soul's desiring:

'Tis the spirit's communion rare,

In wishes to our God aspiring—

A tear is oft the loveliest prayer.

What is prayer? Converse with Heaven;

Wings to soar from earth away;

Most precious boon to mortals given;

Christ charged us all to watch and pray.

Oft hath grief my heart been rending.

For it knew not what to say;

It strove to rise, but swift descending,

I groaned to feel I could not pray.

But my trembling soul that fluttered,

Dark, disconsolate, dismayed,

O'ercame and conquered, as it uttered,

For in that deep groan it prayed.

Then Satan fled, the Spirit entered,
Gloom and doubt were chased away;
And my soul on Christ was centred—
Then 'twas pleasing work to pray.
Thus praying, we resist the devil,
Near praying breath he cannot stay;
It keeps and guards the soul from evil—
O, think on this and ever pray.

When vain and worldly cold professors
With stumbling-blocks shall bar thy way,
Heed not their words—become possessors,
Look to Jesus—watch and pray,
In Him feel all your consolation,
Look to Him to clear thy way;
Take Him-for your great salvation,
Love to go to Him to pray.

When in waves of sorrow sinking, When your brightest hopes decay, Still on former mercies thinking, Spite of feelings, strive to pray. Oft in hours of fierce temptation,
Satan triumphs, faith gives way;
Search what cause for condemnation—
Look to Christ, believe and pray.

When a selfish world is frowning,
When its threats would cause dismay,
And its cares your thoughts are drowning,
Close your hearts to all and pray.
When near death your fabric sinking,
The spirit parting from the clay—
When you feel life's bowl is breaking,
In that solemn moment pray.

The Saviour's Promise.

"I will never leave thee."

AST Thou said Thou will not leave me?
O, Thou God of truth and love,
Hast Thou promised Thou will ever
Faithful to that promise prove?

Not to me alone Thou speakest,
O thou gracious, loving Lord;
But to all in Christ—the weakest,
Thou proclaim'st the wondrous word.

"I will never leave thee, never!
I, thine all-sufficient Lord;
I, thy shield and buckler ever,
Thy exceeding great reward.

I can well preserve thee ever,
All thy foes and dangers see;
And will suffer nought to sever
Thy confiding soul from Me."

Lord Thy goodness thrills my spirit,
'Tis enough thy word so passed;
I thy presence shall inherit,
Long as endless ages last.

Thou wilt never leave me, never, God of love, on whom I call; God, my God, and mine for ever! And for ever all in all.





Gratitude.

64 What shall I render to the Lord for all His mercies toward me?"

OR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive,
From God's, the bounteous Giver's hands,
My soul what canst thou give?
Mercies that make my cup run o'er,
For every blessing given;
Drawn from God's all bounteous store,
And glorious hopes of heaven.

Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best works stained with deadly sin,
My all is nothing worth.
The best returns for one like me—
So sinful and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw the plea,
To ask Him still for more,

And then when I shall see His face,
And bow before His throne,
I'll sing the wonders of His grace,
And bless the great Three-One
I'll tell of mercies gone and past,
That led me in His way;
This, this will be the song to last
Through an eternal day.

Tyust.

"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

REAT God! to Thee what gratitude I owe,
For all Thy mercies shown me here below;
Bought by Thy Son's most precious blood divine,
All that I have—O consecrate it Thine.
But O how weak are all my vows to Thee,
For in myself such sinful ways I see;
Hold Thou me up, O God! shall be my cry,
Though weak I am, on Thee I can rely.

For Thou hast power and gracious love to save Me from all sin—the power of hell to brave;

And whither should I go, but unto Thee?
O Rock of Ages, Thou can'st shelter me!
Fixed on the Rock, I have my faith assured—
Thou hast for me eternal life secured;
And feel through faith, in the atoning blood,
Thou art my Christ, the glorious Son of God.

Viewed in the light of purer things divine,
How little earthly things appear to shine;
Riches and fame, with all their earthly joys,
The mind of man soon satiates and cloys.
The pleasures that over our minds hold sway,
Are fleeting all, and fading fast away;
For this world has so many burning snares,
"Dangerous to man"—the word of God declares.

Lord, let me find Thee in Thy Gospel Word,
And rest my soul on Thee, my Gracious Lord;
Have all my functions by Thy grace renewed,
All sin in me by Thy great love subdued.
May mighty grace in me its power display,
To save me in Thine own appointed way;
And in my heart delight to rule and reign,
Nor of Thy absence ever more complain.

Hold Thou me up by Thy own truth and love, Send forth Thy spirit from Thy courts above; And O, in sinful me now deign to show What Thine almighty sovereign grace can do. Thy gospel, Lord, can all our souls revive, May I obey its voice, and in Thee live; My sins all pardoned—clothed by Thee afresh, My heart of stone turned to a heart of flesh.

Hold Thou me up, and my whole soul renew,
That all may see and love my Jesus too;
The love that saveth me doth here engage
A safe defence for all from Satan's rage.
Be Thou my pattern, make me here to bear
Thy gracious image—and Thy love declare,
Then God, my judge, shall own my humble name
Among the followers of the glorious Lamb.

Enlighten with Thy Spirit's heavenly ray,
My shades and darkness—turn them all to day;
Thy Spirit's whisperings make me ever know,
Be Thou my refuge while I'm here below.
And let my conscience hear Thy gracious voice,
And trembling, in its mighty Lord rejoice;
Fix on Thyself my faithful, steadfast mind,
And all my springs of blessings in Thee find.

Enter my soul with all Thy lovely train,
Let it the Master's richest love contain;
For others' souls Thy loving pity feel,
And fill them all with pure and earnest zeal.
Be Thou my portion and my happy choice,
Hold Thou me up, in Thee may I rejoice;
Help me to bear from Thee each earthly rod,
O, fill my soul with glory, gracious God.



Pacob's Complaint.

"All these things are against me."

HEN over life's path shadows gloomily fall,
And affliction and sorrow attend on our
steps,

How cheering to think One's above ruling all, Who over His children a constant watch keeps.

And works, too, in wonders, for their good He loves, He controls every thing by His almighty power; And a well-tried friend He constantly proves, Dispensing His love in a glorious shower.

"All things are against me," the patriarch said,
When from Egypt his ten sons again had returned;
"My Joseph is gone; I know that he's dead,"
And all consolation from them he thus spurned.

"And you would take away Benjamin too,
My youngest, best comfort, and joy of my life—
The dear cherished boy of life's short day of woe,
All that's left me of Rachel, my best beloved wife.

"O, do not of him my sad soul bereave,
Or let him from me, his father, be torn,
Nor leave me for him in lone sorrow to grieve,
Lest in sorrow my grey hairs to the grave shall be
borne,"

He little thought, then, he his Joseph should see,
Or that Providence had him ordained to be sent
Into Egypt, the family preserver to be—
There fixed by his God with the kindest intent.

He little knew, either, the ruler who spake

To his sons so roughly as spies, when they came—

Was the son for whom his poor heart did ache—

The second in Egypt, and Joseph that same.

But the corn was soon gone; they must go again
To Egypt's full storehouse, to purchase some more.
To let Benjamin go caused his father great pain,
As fearing they never his son would restore.

"But if he must go, then a present you take
Of spices and fruits, for the governer there,
And God grant you favor, and me ne'er forsake;"
So bowed he his spirit in reverent prayer.

Nor thought he the governor's sternness would melt When into his house his brethren were brought, Nor ever thought he what his son Joseph felt, When, melting to tears, his chamber he sought, But the brethren before him began most to fear,

As conscience to memory brought back the black
deed,

When they Joseph's pleading refused to hear,

Nor cared how they made his fond bosom bleed.

They thought of the time when his raiment they took

To his sorrowing sire, as his clothing he rent;

"Some beast hath devoured him," they said, with sad look,

When, bold with this falsehood, they unto him went.

He never thought Joseph again he should see,
Or that God had him sent, his own life to preserve;
And had any one said that his son e'er would be
A ruler, the nation of Egypt would serve.

He'd have said that it could not possibly be,

Nor anything of it could he have believed;

The ways of his God he could not then see,

Or he would not so hard for Joseph have grieved.

The waggons are sent, they make him revive,
And he longs to go down from Canaan's land;
"I will go," he said, "and while yet I live
The goodness will own of God's mighty hand."

How weak is our faith when to trouble we're brought,
And on a sick bed in sorrow are laid!—
Think, when we're cast down, that we serve God for

And of being abandoned are sadly afraid!

nought,

In many a case this, alas! is the way,
And we cry, "All this now is against me;"
But it is to bring low at His feet, and to say,
"O God! our help and our trust be in Thee!"

Then let us break off that harassing chain,
That burdens our mind so oft with despair,
And ne'er at His ways with our pining complain,
But cast, all through life, on Him every care.

Consolation.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

LESSED are the mourners," Jesus said—
"Who sorrow on account of sin:
In them My mercy is displayed,
And heaven they are sure to win."
Fret not, poor mourners, on the road,
That brings you nearer to such bliss;
Look upward to that blest abode,
Where end the heavy toils of this.

The blackest cloud to us displays

The rainbow in its brightest form,
Reflecting God's own covenant rays—

The bow of peace succeeds the storm.
So in the darkest storms of life,
When rough waves nearly overwhelm,
Remember, through this world of strife,
That Christ is always at the helm.

Tried souls of Christ, with trusting mind,
Doubt not His love, you are His care;
To lambs like you He calms the wind,
And tells you never to despair.
'Tis He alone can guide you well
Through life, if on Him you depend;
'Tis He your fears can all dispel,
And prove life's best and faithful Friend.

And He shall pilot your frail bark,
Shall bid temptation's storm to cease,
And when it seems to you most dark,
Will still the waves, till all is peace
The storms of life may round you war
And fill your soul with anxious fears,
You're journeying on, and soon will soar
Above this world of sighs and tears.



Resignation.

"Thy will be done."

Y Father, God, to Thee I humbly bend,
Convinced in Thee I've ever found a friend;
Parent, I'm living by Thy power supreme,
And grateful love still shall be all my theme.
To Thee I bow at this the evening hour,
To praise Thy goodness and extol Thy power;
Thou art my friend, and I have lived to see
Thy gracious bounty showered down on me.

O, help me now, with grateful sense imbued,
To offer up to Thee my gratitude;
That Thou art love Thy nature does reveal,
And Thy benevolence I daily feel.
O, keep me in the narrow path, I pray,
Leading me on Thine own appointed way;
Save, I beseech Thee, through Thine only Son,
Help me to gain the plaudit of "well done."

Help me each day Thy mercies to rehearse, In songs of love offer up every verse. Take from me all that feeds my selfish pride, Help me to cleave unto Thy loving side. Help me, by Thy good Spirit ever trained, To find again my Paradise regained; And in each trial, through Thy loving Son, To say "My God, my God, Thy will be done!"

Relying on God.

REATOR and Ruler divine,

Thy presence all nature doth fill;
All worlds and all beings are Thine,
All ages roll on at Thy will.

All nations compared with Thee
Like dust in the balances weigh,
The isles are a speck in the sea,
And thousands of years as a day.

Ere beamed the first light of the sun,
Or earth's deep foundations were laid—
Ere time had its courses begun,
Or man in Thine image was made—

Thy throne from eternity stood,
And Thee Thy dominions proclaim
All-wise, and all-holy, and good,
In might and in mercy the same.

Though guilty and helpless we are,
And Thou art of glory the King,
The poorest may pour out their prayer,
The meanest Thy praises may sing;
The highest must bow at Thy feet,
The lowest may rise to Thy throne,
The abject in Thee be complete,
The vilest Thy mercies may own.

As creatures, for succour we fly;
As sinners, we seek a reprieve;
As mortals, who shortly must die;
As souls, that immortal must live.
As humble disciples, we sue
For strength to reach on to the prize;
That the days we are spared to renew,
May leave us more meet for the skies.

We pray for the land of our birth,

That peace may with plenty be crowned;

That truth may spring up on the earth,

And righteousness flourish around.

As men, who in brotherhood join,

For nations in darkness we pray;

Arise! Sun of glory, and shine,

And pour down the brightness of day

Where brutish idolatry reigns—
Where blind superstition depraves,
Break, mighty Redeemer! the chains,
And liberty publish to slaves.
Go forth with thine heralds, who bear
The message of mercy abroad;
This year a rich harvest prepare
Of souls gathered home to the Lord.

What is Paith?

AITH is the cable of the soul—
A rope when stormy billows roll;
Its anchor hope within the veil
When tempests rude our souls assail.
How glorious to have a calm,
To sit and sing a holy psalm;
To realise sweet peace and joy,
And cheerfully our powers employ.

'Tis well the soul should have relief, Arising from a firm belief; Not in the maze of error led— The clouds of life we so much dread. Some feel, but all good feelings spurn; Some scorn, because they cannot learn; Some, tossed upon the sceptic's foam, Decry heaven as their future home.

Some with knowledge are puffed up,
Who never tastes religion's cup—
The antidote of human woe;
With earthly wisdom on they go.
Others, on faith's strong pinions borne,
Rise far above all human scorn;
They mount as on an eagle's wings,
And see, by faith, the King of kings.

They have the martyrs, dying faith,
For they believe what Jesus saith;
They hear the heaven-convincing theme,
And know it is no idle dream.
They see the orbs which night displays—
The countless host whose paler rays
So beautifully gem the sky,—
And thus their thoughts aspire on high.

They see the stars of lesser light All moving in their course aright, Each guided in its wondrous way— The moon by night, the sun by day. In these they see infinity, Mysterious as the Trinity, Far, far beyond all mortal sense, The work of God's omnipotence. I see these wonders of the night—
My soul is humbled at the sight,
As I the vast creation scan,
And then compare with works of man.
O, God of power, how can it be
My spirit asks—I cannot see—
Why Thou for worms like us shouldst die,
I'll trust in Thee, on Thee rely.

The Good Man's Kud.

"The end of that man is peace."

EHOLD a son of Adam's race—

Redeemed by blood and saved by grace—

Called home to his eternal rest,

To be with Christ for ever blest.

Though born in sin—a child of woe, Yet early taught himself to know; Drawn, by Jehovah's boundless love, To fix his hopes on things above. He felt himself a sinner lost, Yet gloried in a Saviour's cross; No works, no merit of his own— His trust was fixed on Christ alone.

His heart with sacred truth well stored; His map and chart, God's holy word: Its precious promises were sweet— His joy, his trust, his heavenly meat.

How strong, how firm his faith and love— His best affections fixed above; 'Twas his delight to search and trace The height and depth of sovereign grace.

How many years he lived to prove The strength of God's unchanging love; His heavenly Guide, his faithful Friend, Preserved and kept him to the end.

His hoary head with honour crowned; Though weak his voice his judgment sound; Strong in the power of Jesu's might— His blood-washed soul for glory right.

When death announced his soul's release, How calm the change—his end was peace; And angels bore his soul away To realms of everlasting day.

The battle's fought, the victory's won,
The armour dropped, the crown put on;
No more pent up in mortal clay,
He reigns in everlasting day.

O, could we see him now at rest! His head reclines on Jesu's breast, In the bright mansions love ordained, No more by sin or sorrow pained.

Farewell, dear saint! we say farewell! No longer on this earth to dwell; The tomb shall hold thy mortal clay Until the great resurrection day.

Like him, I soon must yield my breath, And lay this body down in death; O, may my end like his be found, With joy and bliss and glory crowned!

Pife's Sermons.

UR preachers they are always teaching
Life is subject to decay;
As bubbles perish—they are preaching—
All shall die and pass away.
Each fragile flower in its decay,
Each summer's shower that passes by,
To all of us the truth is saying,
"The time will come when you must die."

The fallen leaves in autumn lying,
Bestrew the ground and plainly say—
"O, let us each, while time is flying,
Now make the best of life's short day."
It is a solemn thought—how fleeting
Is our existence here on earth!
But Jesus calls us, with love's greeting,
Unto a brighter, holier birth.

Yet God, our God, our Father dearest,
A throne on high for all hath made;
Through all the earth His love appearest,
In lustre true, time ne'er can fade.
His mighty works our earth adorning,
A sermon teaches to mankind;
The starry night, the beams of morning,
Instruct the calm and thoughtful mind.

And sickness preaches to our hearing
A sermon bidding all prepare;
Passing our lives in heavenly fearing,
That we the promised rest may share.
But let us all, each hour improving,
While here on earth time flies away,
Be sure that onward we keep moving
To heaven above, where's no decay.





Popeign Missions.

REAT God, what offering shall I bring
To aid our missions' righteous cause?
That makes dark heathen lands to ring
With joy beneath Thy glorious laws.
How many an Indian, once so wild,
Has now been taught to read and pray;
And Thou hast owned him for Thy child,
And brought him forth the heavenly way.

And many a lost benighted race
In darkness sunk beneath the sod,
Now own their priceless crowns of grace
To gospel pioneers of God;
Who, braving clime, disease, and pain,
'Midst burning heat and withering cold,
Salvation for the lost to gain,
A home in Christ's redeemed fold.

Each torrid zone, and frozen pole,

Have heard the blessed gospel's sound;
O, may its gladdening tidings roll,

And everywhere with light abound,

And still the glorious gospel rays
Shine forth to bless and cheer the world,
'Till every land exult in praise,
Beneath Christ's banner wide unfurled.

For God hath formed the human race
Of soul and flesh and blood the same;
All free to gain His sovereign grace,
Whate'er their colour, caste, or name.
Then let us do our duty here,
Towards the heathen show our love,
Let each one labour in his sphere,
To guide their souls to heaven above.

Great God, the offering I would lay
Low at Thy feet, is one poor heart,
Who humbly seeks from day to day
The warmth of gladness to impart;
To soothe the erring wanderer's breast,
To bring him to the Christian fold,
To guide his steps to peace and rest,
When Christ with saints communion hold.





The Contrast.

OW shall my feeble muse pourtray
The end of those who pass away
Without their sins forgiven?
Of those who waste their time on earth,
And let it pass in sin and mirth,
And never seek for heaven?

Can mortal man the horrors trace,
Upon that pallid dying face,
Who finds now to his cost
That from the world he's forced to go,
To sink 'midst anguish, pain, and woe,

With those for ever lost?

All language fails and is too weak Of the impenitent to speak,

Who're filled with sad despair;
No ray of hope now can they gain—
On their past life they look with pain,
The future dread to dare.

A painful sight, glad would they fly
To Christ for mercy, e'er they die,
But fixed is their doom;
The harvest past, their mercies end,
And now their guilty souls descend
To everlasting gloom.

The Judge arrayed in glorious power,
Though long delayed the avenging hour,
Now on each guilty head
The summons comes without delay—
"Depart to punishment away,
On thee My wrath is shed."

Their sins now stare them in the face,
How they despised God's loving grace,
And pleading now is vain;
For hell is open to each eye,
Now racked with dark despair they cry
In anguish and in pain.

And there in deepest misery placed
Among the lost, by fiends embraced,
Yet never to expire;
They once would jeer at things divine,
In evil with companions join—
Now dwell with them in fire.

My muse would now a contrast show,
And leave these solemn scenes of woe,
And sing a holier strain

Of others—saints that graced our earth, Whose pure religion, truth, and worth, Chased sin and care and pain.

And thus we leave the fallen throng,
And turn to one whose dying song
Was faith and hope so bright;
Whose sins, through Christ, were washed away,
Who fought faith's fight in life's short day,
Then soared to endless light.

As his last lingering moments come,
He's waiting to be gathered home—
Just view his radient smile;
No stings of conscience cause alarms,
Embraced within his Saviour's arms,
He rests from all his toil.

His troubles here for ever cease,
He's longing to depart in peace,
According to Christ's word:
"I've done with earth, and now I feel
My anchor's cast within the veil;
I'm waiting for my Lord.

"Come, angel hosts, fetch me away
To brilliant realms of endless day,
To join with you in song!
To chant of Christ's redeeming love,
Amidst triumphant hosts above,
With the holy, happy throng!"

The summons comes—by death released,
His joys for ever are increased;
He joins the holy band;
While all the saints their voices raise,
He chants with love his Saviour's praise,
In the upper, better land.

Loud hallelujahs he will sing
Before the throne of heaven's High King,
In lovely meekness crowned;
His joys will never have an end,
For Christ will ever be his friend—
At His right hand be found.

The Post Soul's Pamentation.

HAT would I give were life's probation
Allowed once more to me again,
I would not then slight my salvation,
Nor treat my Saviour with disdain.
For life's allurements I would never
Barter my soul—no worlds could buy,
I'd count loss all things else ever,
To gain a mansion in the sky.

No more should worldly pleasures blind me
In vice to cast my soul away;
Life's nothingness should e'er remind me
To make the most of life's short day.
No more should Satan make me sever
From my salvation and the Lord;
I'd hourly strive to gain for ever
That mansion promised in His word.

Life's course has past and I am lost,
Alas! in torment doomed to dwell;
Called by His Holy Spirit's voice,
I scorned to hear, am now in hell;
And here for ever must remain,
No hope to cheer my woes—no end,
For ever waiting racked with pain,
For slighting thus the sinner's Friend.

O sinner! think before too late—
Life back you never can recall—
The next life's an eternal state,
O, now on Christ for mercy call;
Then when before the judgment seat,
With nations at His bar appear,
Bright endless joys you then shall meet,
By serving God while dwelling here.



The Returned Prodigal.

EE, the prodigal home is returning,

Long fed on the husks of the earth;

On his brow shame and sorrow are burning,

As he's seeking the home of his birth.

Yet over his soul there is beaming
A light shed from Calvary's brow,
Though tears o'er his features are streaming,
And the tide of his grief overflow.

A penitent spirit comes o'er him,

Now softening his heart, once of steel,
And he looks with a new light before him,

With a conscience awakened to feel.

In the dark gloomy silence of night
A voice has broke in on his ears,
Which he heard with enraptured delight,
And he thinks 'tis some seraph he hears.

His souls thrills with trembling and awe:

"God save the poor sinner!" he cries;

"Though often I've broken Thy law,

Yet mercy still dwells in the skies."

A blest welcome! now banish thy sadness:
A glorious light from above
Now brings consolation and gladness
From the mansions of heavenly love.

Thy petition is heard, and thy fears—
Which thy sinning has caused—shall depart;
Thy sorrows, repentance and tears,
Through Christ, shall bring peace to thy heart.

Thou art weighed and found wanting; but though
Thy sins as bright scarlet appear,
Jesu's blood washes whiter than snow—
Redemption through Him we have here.

The prodigal, once sinful and wild,

Through His blood now made spotless and clean,
Is adopted and made His dear child—

At His feet a true Christian is seen.





My Redeemer.

EE there my Lord upon the tree—
I hear, I feel, He died for me!
O love divine, how can that be?
Say, dear Redeemer!

O, say and speak it to my heart,
That from Thy love I ne'er depart,
But of Thy fold may form a part,
Thou great Redeemer!

In Thy fond heart soft pity dwells;
The gospel Thy compassion tells;
My heart with loving rapture swells
To our Redeemer.

Upon the cross He bore my load, And for my sins He shed His blood, And thus disarmed the wrath of God,— Did my Redeemer.

For me His head was crowned with thorn, For me His side was pierced and torn; He hath my sins and sorrows borne— My kind Redeemer! On me He hath compassion shown,

For me He breathed the dying groan,

For me He pleads before the throne—

My blest Redeemer!

My Advocate and Priest above
Shows there the tokens of His love,
And thus my truest friend doth prove,—
My good Redeemer!

My Saviour, now I trust in Thee,
For now my guilty soul is free;
Jesus, I know thou lovest me,—
My own Redeemer!

And when Death comes to seize his prey, And I from earth am called away, May I behold, in endless day, My dear Redeemer!





The Saviour's Assurance.

"It is I; be not afraid."

LET me never quit Thy side,
My Saviour and my friend;
Still deign to be my gracious guide
Unto my journey's end.

When clouds of sorrow round me lower, And all earth's comforts fly, Say to my heart in that dread hour, "Fear not, for it is I!"

When overwhelmed in sore distress,
No help appears in view,
Do Thou support my feebleness,
And bring me safely through.

When sickness wastes my feeble frame, And suffering low I lie, Vouchsafe to say amidst my pain, "Fear not, for it is I!" And when approaching Jordan's wave, Trembling I fear and sigh; Still be Thou near me, strong to save, And whisper "It is I!"

The Promised Comforter.

OME, Holy Ghost, from heaven descend,
Come now and prove Thyself my Friend,
And dwell within my breast;
Thy promised grace to me display,
And banish all my guilt away,
And set my soul at rest.

My anchor in the veil is cast,
Yet oft assailed by earth's rough blast,
Time's cares my cable shake;
Sin's gales would lose my anchor's hold,
And drive my soul from Christ's sure fold,
But the rock will never break.

On Christ my rock I'm fixed secure,
His love to me will still endure—
My Lord will not deceive;

'Tis in His love that I confide, And with His presence satisfied, I joyful to Him live.

And soon He will send me the word—
"Come and receive your great reward,
Thy warfare now is done."
Bright angels come on golden wing,
To bear me to their heavenly King,
The crown of victory won.

Ernst in God.

"My trust is in the living God."

LORD, choose for me—my time is going fast,
And my hope is to be with Thee at last;
O Lord, Thou know'st I try to leave with Thee
The ordering of my steps, whatever they may be.

But, Lord, I need Thee through this mortal strife—I need Thy help through every day of life—I need Thy help when death's shrill waves do roar—I need Thy staff to gain the heavenly shore.

God of my life and everlasting stay, Be Thou near me when nature does decay; Then death no terrors shall hold out to me, But welcome joy to bring my soul to Thee.

Not only peace, but victory Thou dost give, And all from Thee their every grace receive; Victory over death, through power divine, Since I am Christ's—all things in Him are mine.

Why should I fear? Thou doest all things well, Jesus, Thy blood has rescued me from hell! Jesus, Thy love shall keep me near to Thee, Until I gain the home Thou hast prepared for me.

The Piew from Pisgah.

The prophet had finished his work below,
And was summoned up to Mount Nebo,
To view the promised land.
From the top of that mount he saw the clime
That never would fade by the touch of time,
And he longed in its beauty to stand.

Though he has not told us what he saw there,
Yet the Scriptures reveal its glories fair,
And tell of the world to come;
Of its golden streets—of the dazzling light,
Outshining the diamond's rays so bright—
The Christian's future home.

The walls of jasper and gates of pearl,

Where saints their waving banners unfurl,

All radiant clothed in white;

They sing in songs of praise to the Lamb,

And fall at the feet of the great I AM—

In whose presence there is delight.

They talk of the way He led them here,

How the Comforter came their souls to cheer,

While they earth's battle fought.

But now with their harps, in the blest abode,

And their souls all filled with the love of God,

They tell of the way they were brought

And then for ever with the blood-washed throng
They will join in the great immortal song,
And delight in the glory given;
'Tis there our King in His grandeur dwells,
And the song of saints and angels swells
And heightens the rapture of heaven.

O may we all, when our warfare is past,

Ascend to this heavenly home at last,

And hear from Him "Come, ye blest,

Enter ye into that wonderful clime
Which cannot decay by the hand of time,
And find your promised rest!"

Pot Pead.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

E have stood beside the grave,
And have shed the bitter tear
O'er the ashes of the dead.
And yet they are not dead—
They only sleep;
Why then should tears be shed?
Why should we weep?

Sweep o'er the grassy grave,
But they touch not the dead.
And yet they are not dead—
They only sleep;
Why then should tears be shed?
Why should we weep?

The cares and storms of life

Ourselves must pass away From earthly deed and doom, To the silent couch of death.

> Yet we shall not be dead— But only sleep; Why then should tears be shed? Why should friends weep?

The trumpet call shall sound, The dead shall wake again To a beauty all divine.

For no, they are not dead—
They only sleep;
No tears of sorrow shed,
Nor hopeless weep.

The Faw and the Gospel.

"The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."—John i. 17.

O Horeb's Mount God's angel came,

Where Midian's shepherds watched their sheep;

Spake from the bush of fiery flame

High holy words of import deep.

For God had heard from Egypt's land
His chosen people's cries and chains,
And came to save with mighty hand,
And lead them forth to Canaan's plains.

God sent His servant Moses forth
To set His bonded children free;
And Egypt's tyrant felt His wrath,
And perished in the deep Red Sea.
Soon after God revealed His word,
To Israel gave His ancient law.
Which Moses took with trembling hand,
And to the priests the message bore.

On Sinai rang the tempest loud—
The lightning flashed, the thunder pealed!
When God came down 'midst fire and cloud,
His laws to Israel's tribes revealed.
Well may they stand in awful fear,
And strongest men in terror quake,
When God to them did thus appear,
And by His power the mountains shake.

Now ages past and time rolled on,

The earth grew dark with sin and shame,
But still the Father's mercy shone,

Though men reviled his holy name.
His word to Abraham of old,

To send his Son the world to save,
Was now fulfilled, as 'twas foretold—
He now the true Messiah gave.

The gospel came on wings of love,
And angels sang in joyful strain;
"Goodwill to all from heaven above,"
Was echoed over Bethlehem's plain.
"Glory to God" their heavenly song,
And "peace to all who dwell on earth,"
Sound it, O Lord, the earth along,
The tribute of Immanuel's worth.

O haste the time so long foretold,
Of Christ's redeeming gracious sway,
By holy prophets—men of old,
And bring to pass that glorious day,
When Christ the Sun of heavenly Light
Shall through this world of darkness shine,
And men shall see—O glorious sight!
Earth filled with righteousness divine.

Christ our Antercessor.

LL men are sinners while on earth
Their hearts to evil are inclined;
Their best works are but little worth,
And poor to God's all perfect mind;

And when we our own doings scan,
And see sin cling to all we do,
It makes us cry, "O wretched man!
Who will atone for one like you?"

But Christ above hears all our prayers,
Pleads with them at the throne of grace;
He there on our behalf appears—
He knows the frailties of our race.
For He hath borne life's care and grief,
And felt the feebleness of man;
Then died to bring us full relief—
And now He pleads love's gracious plan.

In all life's trials here below
For us He intercedes on high;
What consolation this to know,
That we through Him may never die!
In all our conflicts and our grief,
The assurance of a Friend above,
To our tried souls should bring relief,
And make us prize our Saviour's love.

O, ne'er distrust your Saviour's grace—
Depend on that, 'twill never fail;
If for awhile He hides His face,
He's pleading still within the veil.
He sympathises in distress,
Nor should your griefs your faith remove
From Him who loves your souls to bless,
And ne'er forgets you, though above.

O, think not yours a hopeless state,
As many have thought theirs before—
Patient for mercy would not wait,
But in complaint their souls would pour.
They only thought upon their woes,
Not of their Advocate above,
Who yet was pleading for all those
Who now are blessed in His love.

We all shall find that Jesu's prayers,
Presented at the Father's throne,
Have saved us from ten thousand snares,
When He His dealings shall make known.
Then myriads shall in heaven meet,
Who folly mourned through half their days,
But now at their Redeemer's feet
They chant their Intercessor's praise.

The Christian's Crown.

HERE is a crown, most gloriously bright,

Laid up for those who truly love the Lord—
Who here maintain His holy cause, and fight
Most nobly with the Spirit's powerful sword;

These faithful warriors shall His kingdom share, Wearing that crown of many fadeless gems, And gold and pearls, with costly jewels rare, Shall glitter in their blood-bought diadems.

Warriors their laurels win and gain renown
Through blood and strife and ghastly victims dead;
While kings and queens, too, wear a fading crown,
Though gorgeous, to decorate each head.
The Christian's diadem is nobler far
Than all earth's crowns or glory's wreaths of bay,
Shining more brightly than the morning star,
And never, never can it fade away.

Ne'er will its lustre tarnish or decline,
But deck with glory each true Christian brow;
A glorious wreath laid up by hands divine,
For all who love and serve the Saviour now.
Press forward, Christians; gain the heavenly prize;
Conquer the world, tread sin and Satan down;
Press forward to thy mansions in the skies—
Fight faith's good fight, secure the promised crown.

The trials we are called to suffer here
Will help us on toward that better land,
In wisdom given to prove our faith sincere,
Will all be over when in heaven we stand.
O trembling Christian, hence dismiss thy fear,
Press forward, the infernal host keep down,
And conqueror prove until your Lord appear,
And then receive from Him your heavenly crown.



Hymn of Unvocation.

OME, Holy Ghost, with light divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine;
While we with penitence draw near,
With heartfelt love and mind sincere,
And humbly bow before Thy throne,
Great God! to us Thy love make known,
That while we at Thy footstool bend

Thou'lt show Thyself the sinner's friend.

We do not in our own strength come, For works of merit we have done: We come invited, Lord, by Thee, Through Christ, the sinner's only plea. We come, because the Saviour died, Opened the fount of mercy wide; We come, because we feel our need Of pardon for each sinful deed,

Lord, we believe Thee just and true, Thou can'st our stubborn will subdue: Thy Spirit can bow down our pride, Bring us to Jesu's wounded side. Beam on us, Lord, with heavenly light, And let us feel Thy Spirit's might; While in Thy house we humbly pray Grant us to feel and own Thy sway.

O, Father, hear our earnest prayer!
And for the sake of Jesus spare;
In honour of our great High Priest,
Let us partake of mercy's feast;
And let each feel the atoning blood,
And know we all are born of God!
May we now feel our sins forgiven.
And shout, "This is the gate of heaven."

The Hying Christian's Karewell to his Pife.

To pass by death from thee away—
From this cold earth of care and strife,
To brighter realms of endless day.

But ere we part, my own true wife,
My dying tongue to thee shall tell
That thou hast proved my joy of life,
And shown to me thy love full well.

I am passing away to a better home, My Saviour calls and bids me come; I am going above in heaven to roam, I am passing away! passing away!

Thou hast been a fond and faithful wife,
And thou hast kindly borne with me;
Thou'st crowned my days with blessings rife—
Life's sweetest joys I owe to thee.
But now to die I hear the call,
My soul through death above shall rise;
And I must leave my wife, my all,
To join the ransomed in the skies.

I soon shall join the holy band, Before the throne for ever stand, Singing the hymns of the better land; I am passing away! passing away!

Now let me hold thy hand, dear wife,
Long as my beating pulse shall last,
Till death comes in to end the strife,
Until life's battle's o'er and past.
Let my last look be on thee, love,
Thy voice the last on earth to hear;
Then join the heavenly hosts above,
To sing with saints and seraphs there.

I am passing away to my Saviour's breast, Where my soul for evermore shall rest, Rejoicing still in the home of the blest; I am passing away! passing away!

Then banish all thy tears, dear wife;
Ere long in heaven we meet again,
To ever live the endless life,
And sing a pure melodious strain.
Soon as you die I will you meet,
Go hand in hand to realms of light,
And kneel at our Redeemer's feet,
To receive a crown of glory bright.

I am passing away—O, happy state!—To heaven's bright and pearly gate;
Angels now at my bedside wait—
I am passing away! passing away!

Hymn of Praise to Pesus.

REAT King, who reigns in glory,
Upon Thy dazzling throne,
We'll come and bow before Thee—
Our refuge Thee alone.

And though Thou art exalted Beyond our loftiest thought, By Thee we are invited, And by Thy Spirit brought

Then listen, dearest Saviour,
While to Thy praise we sing;
O listen, we beseech Thee,
Thou glorious heavenly King.

And though all angels praise Thee, Crying, "Holy, holy, Lord!" And by the brightest seraphim Thou art gloriously adored;

Yet when their songs are sweetest, When sound their harps of gold, The love Thou bear'st Thy people By tongue can ne'er be told.

For everlasting mansions there Thou hast prepared, so bright, For all who love Thy holy name, To dwell with Thee in light.

And therefore we draw near Thee,
And praise with one accord
The wondrous love and mercy
Of our exalted Lord.

He shall like a shepherd lead His flock to crystal streams, To drink of life's pure water. That in His city gleams. And from those heavenly fountains We shall gain fresh supplies, And God our heavenly Father Wipe tears from all our eyes.

With beauty He shall clothe us, And set us by His side, Crowned with Him in glory, There ever to abide.

And all that hath been ever
To wondering ears foretold,
His love, so good and precious,
Shall excel a thousandfold.

To us shall all this bliss be given,
With love divine and free;
And we shall all His goodness praise,
To all eternity.

The Hying Child to its Mothen.



MOTHER dear, I'm weary, and here I cannot rest—

Sharp racking pains are on me, but all is for the best;

104 The Dying Child to its Mother.

But soon it will be over, and I shall pass away
To that glorious better land, where there is no decay.
But O, I would not leave you so very sad behind,
Without some words of comfort to dwell upon your
mind.

That when I go and leave you to soar to realms above You'll think again upon your child with all a mother's love.

I know I oft have vexed you and pain'd your mind full sore,

But now if you'll forgive me I'll never do it more;

Come take my hand, dear mother, and on my lips impress

The sweet kiss of forgiveness, once more your child now bless;

And though my pulse is feeble, and fluttering is my heart,

Give me but one more token ere I from thee depart;
That thrilling pressure tells me that love you still do
feel.

On all my faults forgiven thy kiss hath set the seal.

But mother, dearest mother, pray do not sob and cry, I'll be your guardian angel till you shall come to die; Around your earthly path I'll like an angel wait, Till the summons comes for you to quit this earthly state:

Then, then, my dearest mother, Jesus will you save, And He will give you victory over the silent grave; Within the glorious mansions He has for you prepared, Then, mother, you shall enter and have a rich reward. O mother, dearest mother, then pass away I must,

And this frail dying body will mingle with the dust;

And O, my dearest mother, you have been kind to me,

And taught my infant lips to pray as I sat on your knee:

I lisped the words "Our Father," and now He bids me come,

He's sent His holy angels to take me safely home;

There I shall dwell for ever in that glorious better land,

Be crowned with radiant glory, before His face to

Then open now the window, and let me see the sun,

Whose golden beams on earth he shows when his day's course is run.

Sure, mother, still more beautiful than this that land must be.

I wonder, then, what heaven is like when here such light I see;

And oft before I've seen the clouds all fringed with golden light,

And thought of the Great Maker who dwells where all is bright,

And then the glorious rainbow with its vast, mighty span,

Showing the blessed covenant that God hath made with man.

But surely, mother, he will save me, a sinner though I be.

And I shall, when I leave you, be from sin and sorrow free.

The Dying Child to its Mother.

In leaving those I dearly love it grieves me, I confess, And yet, my dearest mother, I soon shall be at rest, Where I shall dwell for ever in my dear Saviour's

sight-

106

In God's own heavenly temple the Lamb will be the light;

There shall He gently lead me to taste of living streams, The water of eternal life which through that city gleams.

There, robed in whitest garments, among the blessed throng,

I'll cast my crown before Him and mingle in their song;

My sorrow changed to gladness, my grief all turned to praise,

With the immortal host my voice I then shall loudly raise.

I there shall dwell in happiness, and love that blessed clime,

Shall shout how Jesus loved me with all His love sublime; Yes, this shall be the echo, "He hath done all things best,

And safely home has brought me to His eternal rest."





Desus, f am Thing!

THERE are thousands now this day,
Whose care is for this world alway,
Who cannot join with me and say,
O Jesus, I am Thine!

Some who profess great love for Thee—This world their idol—they may see
Their error, and cry out with me,
O Jesus, I am Thine!

With pilgrims to the better land,
May I seek Thy directing hand,
And through Thy grace and mercy stand;
O Jesus, I am Thine!

O help me now to seek Thy face, Help me to win the Christian's race, And fill my soul with heavenly grace; O Jesus, I am Thine!

And when temptations vex my mind,
And troubles through life's path I find,
In Thee I'll trust and be resigned;
O Jesus, I am Thine!

When I am racked with care and pain.
O Saviour, then my soul sustain!
I'll never of Thy grace complain;
O Jesus, I am Thine!

No other help have I but Thee;
When troubles press help me to flee
To mercy's throne, Thy face to see;
O Jesus, I am Thine!

I once was sinful, wayward, wild,
But through Thy blood am reconciled,
And now Thou own'st me for Thy child;
O Jesus, I am Thine!

The sinner and the Saviour meet;
In love Thou draws't me to Thy feet;
O, what a gracious mercy-seat!
O Jesus, I am Thine!

And here I taste the sweets of love,
In richest streams from heaven above,
And soon its glories I shall prove;
O Jesus, I am Thine!



Our Sabbaths of Rest.

toiling hearts, prize the sweet moments or leisure, One blest day in seven, so needful to man; Defend it—uphold it—for O, 'tis a treasure! The gift of our God when creation began. This divine institution of His great affection, Decreed as a solace and boon to our race. A sweet respite gives us for holy reflection, To pour out our hearts at the fountain of grace. How sweet are the moments of pious communion, T' engage with the Spirit in prayer and in praise. When the faithful for worship assemble in union, And their voices to heaven in thankfulness raise. Let pure aspirations ascend from each dwelling, The fulness of gratitude lighten each breast, With joyful devotion and thankfulness swelling, For our foretastes of heaven, our sabbaths of rest.

Let not the designing mislead or deceive us,
With winning allurements our senses to blind;
When once we're enslaved and undone they will leave us
In bondage alike both in body and mind.

Beware of those men who with plausible phrases

And sophistry preach about "food for the brain,"

Would lead the unwary through sceptical mazes, To end but in cold desolation and pain.

We have food for our souls in the blest Revelation,
God's word to sustain us, our comfort and guide,—
That cheers us with hope of eternal salvation

That cheers us with hope of eternal salvation, For ever with Jesus in bliss to abide.

Then ne'er let us swerve from the truths of His teaching, By Satan's dark wiles be enslaved or opprest; But steadily on to the high calling reaching,

And jealously watch o'er our sabbaths of rest.

O, yield not an atom, denounce every feature
That tends to deprive us of God's holy day;
Tear away the false mask, and expose the vile creature,
The demon of mammon that lurks in our way.
'Tis a truth, sad though real, that many are living,
Who grudge us the rest that our sabbaths afford,
Who to gain's ruling passion their whole lives are
giving,

And scorn the blest precepts of God's holy word.
'Tis such who complacently view all the scheming
To darken the sabbath with worldly pursuits,
Who vainly, let's prove, are delusively dreaming,
Of sin and of folly to gather the fruits.

Let this be our solace, though destined to labour,
A bright home awaits us to dwell with the blest;
By our lives let us seek for the heavenly favour,
And rev'rence as holy our sabbaths of rest.

In sabbath amusements, where selfishness revels, And rank desecration polutes the bright hours, Man's mind to the tone of the infidel levels. And Satan the thoughtless with vice overpowers, O, is it not piteous that thousands are striving To yield up their birthright so sacred and free? Of life's greatest treasure their fellows depriving, Let us boldly protest that it never shall be! Let us scorn all attempts to impair or disfigure The sanctified moments we cherish and love: Our claim to the sabbath defending with rigour. The claim that we own from the Father above. United let's firmly resolve to be doing, And grasp the great subject with dignified zest; Our love for our God and His ordinance showing, And bravely let's fight for our sabbaths of rest.





Alymn

FOR BERMONDSEY RAGGED SCHOOL*

E praise Thy name, O God our King!
To Thee our grateful songs we sing,
For all Thy care and love;

Though very poor we are on earth,
We know our souls—of wondrous worth—
Shall dwell in heaven above.

O, God of good! our praise shall rise
To Thee, whose glory fills the skies—
We raise our youthful songs;
Our teachers show Thy way of truth,
And lead us in our early youth;
To Thee all praise belongs.

We often find we're prone to stray
From Christ our Shepherd, King, and Way;
Great God of love, forgive!
Let Thy good Spirit lead our mind,
The righteous path in Thee to find,
And to Thy glory live.

* Dedicated to Mr. W. PENNEY, Secretary.

May we our blessed Saviour know,
And in our lives His virtues show,
As children of His fold;
And may we in His image shine,
And bear the stamp of love divine,
In heaven's bless'd book enrolled.

O, bless our teachers' labours here!

Prosper their work, their hearts to cheer—
Let souls through them be bless'd;

And when they've done their work below

May they and we Thy glories know,
In heaven, Thy promised rest.

The Christian Warrior's Welcome to Heaven.*

AIL, hail, valiant soldier of Jesus thy Saviour!

Thou hast fought the good fight for thy Master and King,

Victorious returned to the light of His favour,
All heaven with gladness thy welcome shall ring.

^{*} Lines in remembrance of the late JOHN VANNER, Esq.

114 The Christian Warrior's Welcome.

At the portals of heaven a host is in waiting
To greet thee with loving affection divine;
A host thou hast zealously helped in translating
To that blissful abode, where in glory they shine.

Hail, glorious old veteran! Thy labours and honours
Have shown thy sincerity, holy and true,
And great was our joy to have thee amongst us—
Iniquity here found a foeman in you;
For evermore now in His majestic presence,
In love, peace and joy thou shalt ever remain,
Sustained in God's grace by the Spirit's blest essence—
Heaven greets thee with welcome again and again.

When sinking to rest there was glory around him,
It was joy on this Christian warrior to gaze,
The angel of death, as in fetters he bound him,
Heard him break forth triumphant in accents of
praise

He leaned on that Rock no tempest can shiver,
He relied on the truths of God's holy word;
He drank of the stream that flowed from His river,
And rejoiced in the prospect of seeing his Lord.

God's angels were there around his death pillow,
And seraphs hung over his fluttering breath;
Jesus softened the pains of death's turbulent billow,
And was with him while passing the valley of death;
The chariot was waiting, the angels attending,
His spirit is freed and sings a glad strain,
All heaven is waiting the warrior ascending,
And rings with the welcome, he's safe home again.

Around him now gather pure beings of glory,
And loud anthems swell the celestial dome,
While saints fair and lovely, and patriarchs hoary,
Peal forth loud hosannas and welcome him home.
O, sweet salutation of sanctified greeting
To arise from the whole of that wonderful choir,
Unspeakable joy there was found in the meeting
That filled his brave soul with celestial fire.

He gazes around and sees arms wide extending,
To clasp him in fond recognition's embrace;
Old friends with delight in their spirits are lending
An ecstacy grand to their heavenly face.
While glory to God and the Lamb they are singing,
Hallelujahs peal forth in melodious strain.
The arches of heaven with rapture are ringing,
And "Welcome" re-echoes again and again.

The archangel summons, with love all abounding,
The saints to appear before the white throne,
In the holy of holiest 'midst light all surrounding
The great seat of mercy, of godhead alone:
The warriour advances, with rapture beholding
The brightness of majesty, glory and love,
Where Christ at the right hand of God is unfolding
The fulness of grace that is centred above.

A sweet voice is heard of love all inviting,
And the warrior rejoices with ecstasy sweet,
A pure blaze of light on his form is alighting,
The Saviour is waiting his servant to greet,

"Well done, good and faithful and blessed, arise,
In the joys of thy Lord thou shalt ever remain,
Thou hast fought well and conquered, gaining the
prize,

Heaven greets thee with welcome again and again."

The Mediaton.

ESUS, Thou source of heavenly light,
The image of thy Father bright,
From whom we all derive our might,
On us thy Spirit send!

Hear, Jesus, now our humble lay,
While at Thy feet we kneel to pray;
And send from heaven a glorious ray,
On us Thy Spirit send!

For Thou art full of grace and love,
And all our sins Thou canst remove;
Our Pleader at the throne above,
On us Thy Spirit send!

Let Thy bright beams around us shine,
The beams of love, with light divine,
And prove to us that we are thine,
On us Thy Spirit send!

O, do Thou all our sins efface!

Come, fill us with Thy heavenly grace,

And stir us up to seek Thy face,

On us Thy Spirit send!

And when at last our death is nigh,
O, then be near to hear our cry!
And teach us, Lord, the way to die,
On us Thy Spirit send!

Public Porship.

HAT sweet delights, what heavenly joys,
What glories fill the place,
Where Jesus manifests Himself
In streams of flowing grace.

The sweet refreshing streams on earth
His people feel of love,
And onward they rejoicing go,
To see His face above.

And though above, in lofty strains,
Archangels sound His praise,
In His great mercy still He deigns
To list to earthly lays.

118 The Christian's Victory over Death.

And thus through life we travel on, And in His worship join, Our souls rejoicing in the hope That we in heaven shall shine.

And when we see our Saviour there, Whom we, unseen, adore, With rapturous joy we'll on Him gaze, And praise Him evermore.

The Christian's Pictory over Beath.

EATH vanquished, they'll sing despoiled of his sting,

Who have conquered through Jesus above; On the plains of delight, with thousands in white, They shall walk and converse of His love.

How blessed a thing hallelujah to sing,
When earth's meetings and partings are o'er;
In Jerusalem grand the saints shall all stand,
His goodness behold and adore.

In that wonderful place, in the light of His face,
They for ever in glory shall dwell;
No more the sad tear on each face shall appear,
When bidding each other farewell.

Each harp struck with joy the praise shall employ,
To the Saviour each note will be given!
Of Jesu's blest grace they will sing in that place,
And increase the great glories of heaven.

Peter's Penial.

AIN, boasting Peter, whose self-righteous cry
Declared thy Master thou wouldst ne'er deny;
But on thyself thy faith was fixed strong,
And founded thus, thy faith did not stand long.
In this you showed how weak the faith of man,
No strength divine, how feeble is each plan;
If in this life a man desires to stand,
He must rely on God's almighty hand.

^{*} Written on hearing the Rev. James Mayer preach from Luke xxii. 61. 62:—"And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly."

Now, doubtless, Peter loved his Master well,
A fervid impulse caused his heart to swell;
He felt the words he uttered were sincere,
On self-faith trusting, saw no cause for fear.
He doubtless felt with Christ he could have died,
But O, how weak our faith when sorely tried!
O, weak indeed! as it in Peter proved!
In one short hour denied the Lord he loved.

But Christ his heart knew well, and had foretold That Peter would deny Him—though so bold; The blessed Jesus knew man's best resolve Is doomed before temptation to dissolve, And melt away the more when self-esteem Throws in its false and proud vain-glorious beam; And Jesus said, "Before the cock shall crow, Thou wilt declare that Me thou dost not know."

He followed Jesus to the judgment hall,
And on Him soon were fixed the eyes of all.
A maiden said, "This man I surely saw,
Thou wert with Him in Galilee before."
But he denied! O, Peter, was it so?
And didst thou not thy Lord and Master know?
He knew Him not, he said, although he knew;
His conscience heaved—the cock then loudly crew.

Another said, "You with Him I have seen, Your tongue bespeaks you are a Galilean." "I do not know the man," he thus denied again, And falsehood dared in Peter's breast to reign. O, Simon! was that not thy Saviour—He
Who saved thy life from drowning in the sea?
But at the man a look of a scorn he threw,
And now again the cook distinctly crew.

Again being pressed, "Thou wert with Him to-day, I saw thee following, talking by the way."
But Peter still denied, with angry stare,
And at the man began to curse and swear.
The man declared that he was one of them,
Whose speech and looks would surely now condemn;
But Peter's falsehood seemed to be in vain,
He stood aghast—the cock crew shrill again.

Now Jesus turned and looked in Peter's face, A look of mingled pity, love, and grace; And Peter quailed before his Master's eye, His tears fell fast, he breathed a bitter sigh. Grief wrung his heart, he wept now like a child, And worshipped Him whose name he had defiled; His boasting words now rankled in his breast, With deep remorse and penitence opprest.

God help thee, Peter! send grace to all mankind, And keep vain boasting from each sinner's mind; He searches all our hearts, tries every thought, And by His mercy on our way we're brought. Let's humbly strive, with earnest, prayerful care, To serve our God, His precious grace to share; Then shall we not deny, but seek His face, Upheld by God with His preserving grace.



Gratitude and Bependence.

Y Father, God, help me to raise
My soul to Thee in love and praise;
With deeply grateful heart I own
How constantly Thy help I've known.

Whate'er may be my future course, Well stayed by Thee, of life the Source; Lord, this should set my heart at rest, Thy will ordains all things for best.

- O, Lord, had I more faithful proved, And loved as I have been beloved, What heights of glorious joy divine, Throughout this life would have been mine!
- O, Saviour! by Thy mighty power, Guard me in fierce temptation's hour; O, let Thy kind and watchful care Preserve me safe from every snare.
- O, let Thy pure refining fire Purge me from every low desire; O, let Thy love to me be given, A foretaste of the joys of heaven.

Help me to consecrate to Thee My time and talents; let them be All labouring in Thy sovereign plan To save the fallen race of man.

Let all my now remaining years

Be spent for Thee, all free from fears;

And through the merits of Thy Son,

The welcome sound shall come, "Well done."

And when shall come the closing scene, Let all be tranquil and serene; And as I sink from earth away, Soar up to realms of endless day.

Grant me, O Lord, this one request, Ever on Thee my Rock to rest; And both in life and death to prove The comforts of Thy gracious love.

The Reavenly City.

HERE is a glorious city, and O, how wondrous bright!

God is Himself the Builder, and Christ, His Son, the Light;

It stands unchanged for ever, in beauty to behold, Its walls of jasper precious, its streets of purest gold. And there the saints for ever shall in the mansions blest,

With the adoring angels, enjoy a glorious rest;

There, robed in purest raiment, they shall His praise declare,

With cherubim and seraphim adore Him ever there.

No sorrow there will meet them, no sound of jarring strife,

For God will wipe all tears away in that blest land of life;

To living streams will lead them, and fill them with His love,

In pastures green will feed them, in the happy home above.

O, land of fairest beauty! our souls to Thee aspire, The thought of Thee enkindles a holy, chaste desire; O Saviour! be our pilot, our strength and only guide, Till we are safely seated in glory by Thy side.

Cod's Coodness to Man.

AIN are my efforts, and weak is my praise,
When God's goodness to man is my theme,
Yet I wish to acknowledge His mercy, and raise
An offering of love, and my poor muse obeys
With gratitude, for His great scheme.

Upheld by His power and His tenderest care,
Through this world of temptation and sin,
O, Father! Thy love and Thy mercy I share,
Which keeps me from falling in many a snare—
Preserved and oft rescued I've been.

But alas! in return for these mercies all shown,
When my heart should with gratitude swell,
Ofttimes 'tis as cold and hard as a stone,
My affections seem lost as I wander alone
From my God with the worldling to dwell.

But I will not fear, for God's ever nigh,
All things are upheld by His hand;
His mercy, that gave the dear Saviour to die,
Shall blot out my sins from His record on high—
Jesus died for redemption of man.

And He who controls the world by His word,
Who stilleth the waves of the sea,
He careth for me, and my prayers are all heard,
Which proves Him to be a merciful God,
By His kindness and care shown to me.

Then why should I doubt, though the world seemeth

With sorrow? O, why should I grieve?

My trust is in Thee, Thou shalt pilot my bark

Through the breakers of life, though fearful and dark,

To heaven, for ever to live.



The Christian's Guide.

LEST book divine! of old wert thou inspired,
A light to all in each succeeding age;
With holy love thy blessed lines are fired;
And sacred wisdom fills thy heavenly page.

His comfort from thee every Christian draws,
. And steers through life by thy unerring chart;
Thrice happy they who keep thy holy laws,
And love their Maker with a perfect heart.

Though infidels a fable thee may call—
A priestly fabrication made for gain;
If it were so, it must be clear to all
Thy rules are good—who can of them complain?

Surely they'll own that men who could devise A book for others with so good a plan, Must beyond all have been men truly wise, And general benefactors been to man, If men are only to be known by fruits,
Where can the infidel, so boastful, show
The benefit to man of his pursuits?
What has he done to lessen human woe?

But Christianity may take its stand,

For the great blessing it has ever been:

Its institutions ornament our land,

And homes of mercy everywhere are seen.

Then ought not Christians, who feel fully sure
It is God's word, to save and bless the land,
Hardships for it, like soldiers good, endure,
And of the cross of Christ true champions stand?

Christ's colours should nail boldly to the mast, And of their Saviour never be ashamed, But fight His battles long as life should last, Nor venture back till victory be gained.

If we pursue the Bible's narrow way,

Led by the loving hand of mercy there,

Rugged the road may be, but truth's bright ray.

Our path of life is ever sure to cheer.

Though dark and narrow oft that pathway be,
If faithful, we victorious should prove,
Unto the end, when we shall clearly see
All was directed by our God in love.

Then let us nobly hold our course and brave
The world's temptations, every snare and frown,
And never strike our colours till the grave
Brings colours, mast and hull together down,



The Mysterious Pictures:

OR THE OPENING OF THE SEALS.*

ELOVED John, what mysteries do we find!

What scenes of grandeur come before thy mind!

The glorious things thou didst in visions see,
Bright symbols are of future destiny.
There sits upon a throne, arrayed in state,
The King of kings, the mighty Potentate.
In His right hand is held a written book,
On which no eyes in heaven can dare to look;
'Tis closed to all, and sealed with seven seals,
Its secret none in heaven or earth reveals.
And thou dost weep; but hark! there is a sound—
The "Lion of the tribe of Judah" 's found!
"The Root of David hath prevailed," and feels
He worthy is to open all the seals.

The first seal's opened, thunder rouseth thee, The living creature crieth, "Come and see!"

Revelation, chapters v., vi., vii., viii. and xix.

Unfold its mysteries, describe the wondrous sight.

He now beheld a horse, and lo, 'twas white!

And he who sat upon him had a bow,

A crown was given him, and where'er he'd go

He'd victor prove, as on his mission sent

From conquering and to conquer, on he went.

An emblem this of Christianity,

Its triumphs over vain idolatry.

The "bow" means battle, death and victory;

The "Crown" a figure of Christ's royalty;

The "white horse" triumph, and this charger's rode

By Him who was and is, the "Word of God."

The second seal is open, and in wonder he
Still hears the living creature saying, "Come and see!"
He now beholds another horse, 'tis red,
And power is given to him who sets thereon to shed
Much human blood, to take peace from the earth,
To kill each other, to destroy all mirth.
An awful symbol of destructive War,
Battles and insurrections near and far;
Seditions, sieges and commotions, too,
How many thousands have been slain by you!
O, God, may war in all its hideous forms soon cease,
And nations, people, families live in peace!
The gospel spread—hasten the happy day
When Christ shall have the universal sway.

The third seal now is opened, and to thee
The living creature speaketh, "Come and see!"
Behold a black horse now before him stands,
A pair of balances in the rider's hands;

He hears a voice, which voice is heard by many, It says, "Of wheat a measure for a penny; Of barley grain three measures may be got; The oil and wine see that you hurt it not." This is an emblem of calamity and woe, The black horse Mourning, for where'er he'd go The rider caused a scarcity of bread, Weighed out—all were on short allowance fed; His voice declaring, too, the price of corn, Pourtrays a state most abject and forlorn; The oil and wine, which follows on the suit, Implies that earth refuses to yield fruit.

The fourth seal now is opened, and to thee
The living creature speaketh, "Come and see!"
He now beholds another horse, but pale,
Its rider, Death, is travelling through this vale,
It has a follower, and his name is Hell,
Destruction lurks where'er these creatures dwell,
For power is given to them to stop men's breath
With sword, with hunger, with wild beasts and death.
The pale horse is a figure of mortality
Produced by disease, famine, and great scarcity,
Its rider, Pestilence, which stalks abroad,
Destroying all it meets with on the road,
And Hell (the grave) puts forth its mighty power,
And follows on, its victims to devour.

The fifth seal's opened, and he sees again, Under the altar souls of martyrs slain, He hears them ask, "How long, Lord, holy, true, Before our blood shall be avenged by you? These spirits, all arrayed in robes of white,
Do for a season rest in heaven bright;
They wait with patience till their brethren come,
Who follow on to meet a martyr's doom.
This is the altar, then, of sacrifice!
They passed from earth as offerings to the skies,
True Christians these, they kept the word of God,
And sealed the testimony with their blood.

The sixth seal now is opened. What a sight!

The day is turned to blackest, darkest night.

An earthquake shakes the world and ocean's flood,

The sun is black, the moon becomes like blood,

The stars of heaven fall down unto the earth,

Just like some figs of an untimely birth.

The heavens are rolled together like a scroll,

Mountain and island from their places roll,

Kings of the earth, the rich men and the great,

Chief captains, mighty men, and men of all estate,

Cry to the rocks and mountains, "On us fall;

From Him who sitteth on the throne, O hide us all!

We would not fall into His mighty hand,

His day of wrath is come, and who shall stand?"

This is a symbol of a glorious time,
Idolatry's destroyed in every clime,
Earthquakes denote that revolution's come;
The "sun is black," great men must meet their doom;
The "moon like blood," that emperors must fall;
The falling stars, chief ministers and all;
The heavens roll'd up, like parchment laid aside.
That Christ is coming, soon to take His bride;

And when mankind on rocks and mountains call, It shows that Jesus Christ is Lord of all.

Four angels on four corners of the earth now stand;
One from the east cries out both loud and grand;
"Hurt not the earth, the ocean, or the field,
Till all God's saints are in their foreheads sealed!"
He saw one hundred, forty and four thousand men,
Twelve thousand from each tribe, and then
A number beyond calculation, raise a song,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
Salvation to our God, loudly they call,
And to the Lamb, before whose throne we fall.
Then from the angels, who stand round the throne,
And elders, living creatures all make known,
Blessing, honour, power, and wisdom to the Giver;
Thanksgiving, might, unto our God for ever.

One of the elders asks, "Who are these,—say,—
Arrayed in robes of white, and whence come they?"
I heard him answer, "These saints are the same
Who out of heavy tribulation came,
And washed their robes in the Lamb's precious blood,
Therefore are they before the throne of God,
And serve Him in His temple day and night,
Arrayed in robes of linen pure and white;
They never hunger, they shall thirst no more,
The Lamb upon His throne now feeds them from His
store;

And God Himself to them is ever near, To lead to living fountains and wipe away the tear, The seventh seal is opened; silence reigns
For half an hour throughout the heavenly plains;
Seven angels now before Jehovah stand,
Each with a golden trumpet in his hand.
Another angel yet before the altar stood,
Which altar was before the throne of God;
He had a golden censer, you see its incense rise,
The prayers of saints ascending with it to the skies.
He filleth it with fire, and casteth into earth,
And earthquakes, lightnings, thunders, now come forth;
One sounds the trumpet, and hailstones abound,
Fire mingled with the blood is on the ground;
A third part of the trees to fire is doomed,
And all green grass is speedily consumed.

Another sounds, when lo! a mountain spire
Is cast into the sea, the sea's on fire;
A third part of the water's turned to blood,
A third part of its creatures perish in the flood.
The third angel sounds, and lo! a star from heaven
Falls down into the rivers, to fountains it is given.
Its name is "Wormwood," the waters are the same,
And many beings die, for Bitter is its name.
Another sounds, one third the orb of day,
One third the moon that lights us splendidly;
One third the stars, they all refuse their light,
Three quarters of a day is seen, three quarters of a
night.

Now an angel rises far above the ground,
Crying, "Woe!" by reason of the trumpets yet to
sound.

Another sounds, and wonders do appear;
The sixth one sounds—a voice from heaven is near;
The seventh sounds, and all are filled with dread,
Because of judgments coming on their head.
These emblems all predict the fall of Rome,
When Jesus Christ shall in His kingdom come.
His praying people know their prayers are heard,
For vengeance comes on enemies; the sword
No longer sheathed, on every foe shall fall,
And Jesus Christ be King and Lord of all!

Paçob's Pream.

TRAVELLER once did leave his home
And journeyed on his dreary way;
Weary and fatigued he'd come,
Close to the eve of that spent day.

The sun in solemn grandeur set,

Tinging the earth with splendid rays
Of golden hue; its beauties met

That lonely wearied traveller's gaze.

'Twas Jacob; with his journey tired, He for his pillow took a stone, Then fell asleep, and was inspired By a vision of the Holy One.

He saw a ladder to the skies—
Up from the earth whereon he lay—
To heaven above did brightly rise,
With angels up and down its way.

And there, above that ladder's height, Stood heaven's great almighty King, Encircled round with beams of light, And seraphs on their azure wing.

Swift to perform his bidding they
Flew unto this sleeper blest;
For though he on a hard stone lay,
Yet sweetly he retired to rest.

Bright guardian angels watched him round,
While God his promise did reveal;
And as he lay upon the ground,
God's holy presence he did feel.

He little thought, when down he lay,
That God to him would deign to show
His love in such a gracious way,
And let him thus His goodness know.

He heard His voice in silent night,
These promises to him did give:
His seed should be as stars of night,
And on that very spot should live.

He believed God's promise to him given,
In faithful Abraham's footsteps trod;
He felt that was "the gate of heaven,"
And to his soul "the house of God."

The pilgrim then awoke from sleep,
And said, "How dreadful is this place;"
And vowed if God his soul would keep,
He would for ever seek His face.

And on that spot a temple raise,
And this he would the Bethel name,
To celebrate his Maker's praise,
And show to all mankind his fame.

He vowed that each year he would bring A tenth part of his worldly store, A present to his heavenly King, And His great goodness there adore.

And it is right for all Christ's fold
Their grateful offerings to bring;
Their talents, health, and gifts and gold,
With free will to their glorious King.

This earth is God's, and all therein,
And He can give to whom He will;
To the righteous, or to those who sin,
That his intents they may fulfil.

Earth's greatest monarch on the throne, Likewise the poorest in the land; He guides and leads them every one, By his all-wise, almighty hand. And Jacob, when he had to meet
His brother with an armed band,
In prayer went to the mercy seat,
For favour with Esau to stand.

And when they met with fond embrace,
Each to the other thus did tell
How God had bless'd them with His grace,
And guided both so safe and well.

He'd wrestled with his God in prayer, And could not, would not let Him go; Though weak in body held Him there Till he God's gracious love did know.

What wondrous power thus Jacob had, Over his Maker to prevail! Now, Christians, let your hearts be glad, For earnest prayer can never fail.

Lift up your heads and bend your knees, You cannot ever pray in vain; God listens when a child He sees Pour forth its wailing piteous strain.

His great arm is not shortened now, Nor dull nor closed His loving ear; Pray on, and feel His Spirit glow, Meek, humble, lowly and sincere.

Pray on! pray on! Jehovah hears,
He answers promptly from above,
He'll banish all thy feeble fears,
And fill thy soul with righteous love.

Pray! blessings holy shall flow down
To every flock He sees in need,
Until they gain a glorious crown,
And in rich heavenly pastures feed.

Our God there altered Jacob's name
To "Israel"—which means a prince—
The blessings which he then did gain
Have flowed to mankind ever since.

And all the family of man
In Jesus shall find peaceful rest;
Fulfilling God's own gracious plan—
Through Jacob's seed be ever blest.

Jesus shall be adored by all,
And all the nations of the earth
Before His sceptre low shall fall,
And glorify His wondrous worth.

Thus Pagan, Turk, Hindoo, and Jew, Of every tribe and race and clime, Shall serve the only God and true, Till the remotest bounds of time.





The Bells on the Sabbath.

ARK! how the Sabbath bells are pealing, So sweetly o'er my senses stealing; Mercy to man they seem revealing— Blest Sabbath day!

To-day from myriads anthems rise,
To swell the music of the skies;
And God to man His love applies—
Blest Sabbath day!

God's children to His house repair, And offer up their earnest prayer; God's gracious blessing meets them there— Blest Sabbath day!

Our souls mount up on wings of love,
To meet our glorious King above,
And there His heavenly presence prove—
Blest Sabbath day!

Hark! from God's houses all around
The hallelujahs loud resound;
With prayer and praise they each abound—
Blest Sabbath day!

Blest day of rest, to mankind given
To fit his soul to dwell in heaven,
The best by far of all the seven—
Blest Sabbath day!

Each Sabbath brings us nearer home, And soon His voice shall bid us come, And in eternal glories roam—

Blest Sabbath day!

We soon shall gain our portion fair,
Which Christ ascended to prepare;
To spend an endless Sabbath there—
Blest Sabbath day!

Press on, my soul! though rough the road
That leads thee to that blest abode,
To dwell for ever with thy God—
Blest Sabbath day!



An Evening Hymn.

HADES of darkness round us hovering,
And the sun sunk in the west,
The earth with sable mantle covering,
Invite our weary souls to rest.
But before we think of sleeping
We will have our vows to pay,
And bless our Maker's name for keeping
Our lives from evil through the day.

Most mighty God, accept our praises,
Which through Christ we offer Thee;
Accept us in the act that raises
Fallen man, where'er he be.
O, let Thy presence now o'ershadow
Us who at Thy footstool bend;
Thy Holy Spirit send to hallow
Our prayers that now to Thee ascend.

Father, give Thy evening blessing!
On us, Thy children, love bestow;
Help us onward to be pressing,
Much more of Thy love to know.
Guide us on through life, we pray Thee,
Let Thy mercy clear our way;
And though rough and drear our path be,
From Thy side let us not stray.

May each day spent, as evening comes,
Bring us more near our home of love,
And family gatherings in our homes
Be types of heavenly scenes above.
Then when the hosts of heaven adore,
And praise Thy name for mercies here,
May we united reach that shore,
And all before Thy throne appear.

We shall rejoice there that Thy praise
Did sound forth from our homes below,
When we in heaven our voices raise,
And our full souls in rapture glow.
O, take us now into Thy keeping,
Guard and keep us through the night;
Watch o'er us while we are sleeping,
To wake to praise at morning light.



The Prodigal's Return.

ISTEN! the prodigal cries,

Born down by grief and woe:

"I'll now in haste arise,

And to my father go,

Sure he will hear my prayer,

And mercy grant to me,

Though I despised the care

And love he showed to me.

"To him once more I turn,
And this shall be my prayer—
'Unworthy, late I learn
My conduct brings despair.'
Unfit to be his son,
I'll fall down at his feet:
My faults to him will own;
Repentant him will meet.

"Long time on husks I fed;
With sorrow now I mourn
That from his house I fled,
But home I will return.
O, will he then me spurn,
Who once was fond and kind?
And say, should anger burn,
'In me no friend you'll find.'

"I know I've done him wrong,
His counsel set at nought,
And wilful gone headlong;
His peace I ne'er have sought.
My heart was filled with pride,
I thought myself secure;
I scorned to seek a guide,
Till hunger did endure.

"My father's men have got
Enough bread and to spare;
I'll with them cast my lot,
And take a servant's share.
How wretched have I been,
And wicked deeds have done!
My garments torn and mean—
Still I'm his youngest son."

The Father sees his son,
And longs him to embrace;
He welcomes him with peace,
While tears fall down his face.

The long-lost child returns, Receives affection's kiss; With love his bosoms burns, And his are tears of bliss.

"My poor repentant child!
My mercy he shall know;
He's wayward been, and wild,
Yet love to him I'll show.
Can e'er a father's love
Spurn a repentant son?
The best robe bring to prove,
And let him put it on.

"The ring put on his hand,
To bind him near my heart;
Come now, and near me stand,
And never more depart.
And bring the fatted calf,
Let all again be joy,
Rejoice in his behalf,
I see again my boy."

How oft do parents mourn
When loved ones go astray;
They from their best friends turn,
And will have their own way.
Such stubborn ones have brought
Their parents' grey hairs low,
Who in the grave have sought
Relief from all their woe,

Some late repentant turn,
And mercy seek by prayer;
With love God's mercies burn,
And none need e'er despair.
He listens to their lays,
Who humbly to Him go;
God says, "Behold he prays,
My mercy he shall know."

When stricken sinners plead,
And vile themselves confess,
Our God their prayers shall heed,
And He their souls will bless.
By all the angelic choir
Shall songs of praise be given,
For brands plucked from the fire,
And made the heirs of heaven.

The Pilgrim's Rest,

HERE is a home, a glorious one, beyond the bright blue sky,

For which the weary wanderer doth often deeply sigh;

No sorrow, griet, or pain is there, no sickness, or decay, And to that home of happiness our Jesus is the way.

There many of our friends have gone who trod this vale of tears,

And now before the shining throne they rest from all their fears:

For in those mansions fair above they'll be for ever blest;

"The wicked cease from troubling there, the weary are at rest."

I hear the voice from heaven proclaim that all who win the race

Shall share the great Redeemer's throne and see him face to face:

The way though full of stumbling stones, so rugged, dark and drear,

Is often lit up by the Sun, which shines both bright and clear.

Though many enemies we meet, and oft are called to fight,

Yet onward must our motto be as children of the light;

Soon we shall reach our journey's end, however sore opprest:

"The wicked cease from troubling there, the weary are at rest."

As we possess immortal souls which must for ever live, Why should we dream of happiness the world can never give? Here change, decay, and death are known, and every mortal woe,

Nor is there aught to satisfy—the Saviour tells us so.

Then let us bravely bear the cross, nor wish to lay it down,

Till we arrive on Canaan's shore, and there receive the crown,

To mingle with the happy throng in heavenly raiment drest:

"The wicked cease from troubling there, the weary are at rest."

Come hither, weary wanderer, and let us onward move Toward that home of happiness, that bright abode of love;

Soon will our tribulations cease, our every trial end,

And we to Him who reigns above shall joyfully ascend; Shall join the disembodied choir, redemption's song

to sing,

And spend a vast eternity in praising Christ our King;
Our wanderings then will all be o'er, we'll lean on
Jesu's breast:

"The wicked cease from troubling there, the weary are at rest."



Beath.

When its silvery cords decay;
They warn with solemn token
How we must pass away.
How quickly life hath flown!
It seems almost a dream:
To each of us is shown
We hurry down life's stream.

Death hastens now to grasp—
On us will soon lay hand;
Our souls away must pass,
Before God's bar to stand.
Then let us all now try
A heaven, through Christ, to gain,
And then, when called to die,
Feel we've not lived in vain.



Col's Love to Han.

OME, Holy Ghost, my soul inflame
With love divine—my sense inspire;
Help me to magnify Thy name,
And fill my soul with hallowed fire.

Thou great Almighty King; who reigns
Supreme through heaven and over earth;
Stupendous Majesty, who deigns
To bless men's souls of priceless worth.

My daring muse would try to fly
And mount the blest abode of God;
With eagle pinions soar on high,
To mark the footsteps He hath trod.

Vain, vain desires! my grovelling sense Can never trace His wondrous ways; The glories of Omnipotence Are far beyond my feeble lays. Yet I would trace His wonders here, In every tree, and plant, and flower; The lovely beauties of our sphere Are emblems of Almighty power.

These gifts to man all clearly show

He still is loved, though he hath strayed;

If love supreme you wish to know,

In God's own Word 'tis best pourtrayed.

There in His mercy it is seen
What has been done for fallen man;
Although rebellious he has been,
For him's devised a saving plan.

God His dear Son a ransom gave
For fallen sons of Adam's race;
He gave Him up their souls to save,
He freely offers all His grace.

'Tis here our God His love makes known,
'Tis here we view Him as our friend,
'Tis here His mercy is best shown,
'Tis here we see Him condescend.

And though His goodness we can trace
In all earth's beauties round us spread,
His love shone bright in Jesu's face
When on the cross His blood was shed.

All nature shows His care and love;
What glorious gifts around we find!
But still He sent His Son to prove
He wished the good of all mankind.

Most mighty God! was this for me— For wretched me, by sins undone?— Did Jesus die to set me free, For me did God give up His Son?

O, wondrous love! how my heart glows When thinking of Thy love divine;

O, wondrous love! how rich it flows, Throughout the earth behold it shine.

Still it shall shine throughout all time,
And shower its blessings on our race,
Till every soul in every clime
Are subjects of His saving grace.

A Sinner Saved by Grace.

EHOLD a man of sinful race
Redeemed by Jesu's love divine!
A sinner, rescued by God's grace,
Behold him in His image shine.

Though born in sin—a child of woe,
Yet by the Spirit's power imprest,
Is brought Christ's precious love to know,
And on this Rock to build for rest.

He felt himself a sinner lost,
No merit of his own could find,
Then turned to the Redeemer's cross,
And found the Saviour of mankind.

His mind with sacred truth is stored,
The Bible is his map and chart,
The promise of his gracious Lord
Brings consolation to his heart.

Strong in affection's faith and love,
'Tis his delight to search and trace
The wonders wrought from heaven above,
The heights and depths of sovereign grace.

And in this world he lives to prove
The goodness of his changeless friend;
His heavenly guide he lives to love,
Who will preserve him to the end.

His head is here with glory crowned,
Strong in Jesu's power and might;
The redeem'd one now with joy is found,
Travelling towards the plains of light.

He'll fight through life, and victory win, His armour soon he will lay down; He'll prove the conqueror over sin, He will receive a heavenly crown.



The Pow.

LORD, my God, Thee will I love!
Who sent Thy Spirit from above,
To change my sinful heart
No more from Thee my soul shall stray,
No more I'll walk in error's way,
And never from Thee part.

Let me in all devoted be
To Him who lived and died for me,
His love my heart constrain;
O Jesus! Thou hast bought my soul,
I vow that Thou shalt have me whole,
Thy love in me shall reign.

Lord, I have broken many a vow, But I'm resolved to love Thee now, With all my heart and soul; Let me in sorrow to Thee fly, On Thy almighty aid rely, Thy Spirit me control.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven above,
That so deserves my earnest love?
Thou, Thou shalt have it all.
Whom have I, Lord on earth but Thee?
Thou shalt be all in all to me,
Then I shall never fall.

No other power, but Thine alone,
Shall share with Thee Thy rightful throne,
In my imperfect heart;
But sanctified by power divine,
I'll in Thy glorious image shine,
No more from Thee depart.

Whilst I on earth shall dwell secure,
And of Thy favour shall be sure,
By Thee be richly blest,
My course I'll run with even joy,
My talents in Thy praise employ,
Then gain Thy promised rest.





The Christian Army.

HEY must their standard raise,
On every clime and shore,
Till many sons of Adam's race
Their Saviour Christ adore.

For His kingdom they must fight, Like soldiers good and brave; Must spread the gospel's light, And all men try to save.

They must their colours show,
And scorn all shame and fear;
And let all others know
They'll do their duty here.

Christ's banner of the cross
They must display to all;
Count earthly things but dross,
Set men on Christ to call.

His standard they must hoist,
Whilst there's a soul to save,'
A pledge of love to Christ,
Till they shall reach the grave.

Then they their Lord will meet,
When victory here is gained;
With love he will them greet,
For truth they have maintained.

He then to them will say,

"Come, of my Father blest!

You've nobly gained the day,

Receive the promised rest!"

The Christian Warfare.

OW brave the Christian warrior stands,
Clad with the armour of his God!
The Spirit's sword is in his hands,
His feet are with the gospel shod.

In Truth's great panoply complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With Righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And Faith's broad shield before him spread.

He wrestles not with flesh and blood, But principalities and powers; Rulers of darkness—like a flood, Nigh, and assailing at all hours.

Oft Satan's darts are at him hurled,
And sometimes slightly scathe his breast,
Which bends his thoughts towards the world,
In glittering vice and falsehood drest.

Above the din of war he hears

His great and high Commander's voice:

His arm it nerves, his heart it cheers,

And makes the warrior's soul rejoice.

And thus undaunted on he goes,
With giant skill and valour here;
Through Christ he conquers all his foes,
And wields his weapons of all prayer.

With prayer's omnipotence he moves,
From this sin's alien armies flee,
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength, Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down, Fights the good fight, and wins at length, Through mercy, an immortal crown.



Class Meetings.*

EARCH in God's holy book of truth,
You'll find the history there of Ruth;
A good example's set us there,
That we should with God's people share,
And boldly each take up his cross,
Decide for Christ, come gain or loss.

"This people shall be mine," she said,
"And from their God I'll ne'er be led;
Nor from Naomi, she's to me
A mother been in misery,
When my young husband, struck by death,
Departed and gave up his breath."

She could not now Naomi see
In trouble, without sympathy;
She'd lost both son and husband dear,
And for them oft had shed a tear:
Now journeying to her native town,
With grief and sorrow stricken down.

^{*} Dedicated to Mr. C. Cornell, twelve years my Leader.

But faithful Ruth still cleaved to her,
No troubles could her mind deter
From following thus her faithful friend,
On whom she could in truth depend,
And whom she knew would kindly guide
Her through the shoals of life's rough tide.

She'd battled hard with life's rough storm And trials great, yet did perform Her duties all with patient hand; She looked to God His help to find; Though lost were husband dear, and son, She said, "O God, Thy will be done."

And Ruth's example, I will show, Is what we want our young to know. There's something wanting, oft I fear, Our scholars losing every year, From Sabbath schools, just at the age When first they in life's walks engage.

They lose our influence for a time. To see them in their youthful prime In classes, that the Church may throw Her shield around them here below, Should be the end of all our prayer, Of all our zeal and all our care.

To see them labouring for the Lord, With joy our leaders aid afford, To improve and light each other's mind; For this class meetings were designed— To tell God's love to our own souls, His mercy teach as on time rolls. Some think we go there to confess— To speak of our own wickedness; But I would ask of such to say If there are not, in this our day, Good bible classes, young and old, Where ministers attend each fold.

With Christ's love many have been warmed, And good associations formed, Where Christian youths oft seek their peace In Christ, their happiness increase, To withstand the evils of the world, When at them Satan's darts are hurled.

John Wesley, with his keen foresight,
Felt sure class meetings would work right;
Established them, a boon so great
To worshippers of every state;
To impartial Christians all they show
That countless blessings from them flow.

And thousands now in every land,
Led on by God's protecting hand,
Have oft acknowledged their great good,
When there they have met as Christians should,
To tell God's goodness, and to raise
Their voice in solemn songs of praise.

The leader then, with pious care, Pleads for his class in earnest prayer, That God the little band would bless, And on their hearts His truth impress, To make them wise, and seek the way To abandon sin, and watch and pray,

For Him to guide them by His hand, To seek the better heavenly land; And then from every heart doth rise Prayer, God's holy sacrifice; Our faith is raised to bliss on high, And truth divine beams on faith's eye.

Our lives here are of sterling worth,
A heaven we here enjoy on earth;
While blessings through the Spirit flow,
That bring us joys no earthlings know;
Bright charm divine! we're on the road
That leads us to our gracious God.

In the prophet Malachi we read
Of some of God's own chosen seed;
How oft they to each other spoke,
And from their grateful hearts oft broke
Expressions of their love; 'tis clear,
To offend Him was their greatest fear.

"These shall be mine,"—thus saith the Lord—
"Who love to think upon my word;
Within my book their names I'll write,
For righteousness is their delight;
And in the last great day of mine
Bright in my kingdom they shall shine.

"I'll spare them as a dearest son,
And say to each 'Thou hast well done!"

The reward receive of all thy trials, For ending now thy self-denials, The starry crown thou shalt receive, In happiness for ever live."

O, Father! while on earth we stray,
Be Thou our guard, and guide our way;
O, keep us in the paths of right,
And hold us by Thy power and might;
And help us still to be Thine heirs,
To cast on our best friend our cares.

We'll raise our Ebenezers then,
And tell what Thou hast done for men;
Believing all is for the best,
To bring us to Thy endless rest;
Heaven's glories soon beam on our sight,
We view the pearly gates of light.

Come with us, friend, we'll do thee good,
For the Wesleyan cause has nobly stood
Persecution's test; in history's page
It stands the glory of the age;
The gauntlet through the earth has hurled—
'Tis destined to convert the world.



Perfection.

BSOLUTE perfection! none can, I fear,
Presume that mortals can obtain it here;
The very noblest acts of best men show
'Tis not obtainable while here below,—
A state that's found in God's own works alone,
Wherein alone perfection's light is shown.

Yet unto Abraham our God did say.

"Now walk before me in a perfect way;"
And Abraham his firm obedience proved
By offering unto God the son he loved;
By faith and works he ever strove to be
What God desires His children all to see.

For He would have mankind all daily prove The high and glorious traits of perfect love; That love which always casts away our fear, And makes us all His still small voice to hear; Our hearts to be His own, love's blest abode, Bright temples pure of love to man and God. And God Himself delights each hour to bless His children all with perfect holiness; To fill their longing souls with love divine, And make them all in His bright image shine; To make their souls a calm abode of peace, And happiness and joy and love increase.

O, sanctify, great Lord, Thy people here, In seeking holiness make all sincere; And may we ne'er within ourselves gain rest, Till of this blessing we are all possest; And ever try in all our ways to prove We love our Maker with a perfect love.

The Pearl of Pays.

HEN first Almighty Power, with wondrous skill,

Called on the earth to demonstrate His will,
The mass, then shrouded deep in void chaotic night,
Leapt by His command to pure and marvellous light;
As each day newly dawned, in beauteous order stood,
Each work performed by Him was fair and good;

The earth in six days made, the seventh blest, And ceased upon His holy day of rest.

O, gracious boon to man! this day, so freely given, From labour calls to rest, and to prepare for heaven; For this great gift, O God, accept our humble praise, That Thou in goodness gave this pearl of days. May each by faith, on prayer's ascending wings, Receive the blessings every Sabbath brings; In prayer and praise with Thee our time employ, In soul and body blest, on this great day of joy.

O, wondrous condescension! Thou dost bend
To be our Saviour, Brother, Guide and Friend;
When in Thy courts man's earnest vows he pays,
The goodness praises for this pearl of days.
Our spirit's strength renewed through life's rough road,
Still nearer bringing to Thy blest abode,
When we shall then our grateful homage pay,
And live with Thee in endless Sabbath day.

A Call to Rejoice.*

OME, Christian, rejoice, and lift up your voice,
While the praise of Immanuel we sing;
The glad dawn appears, and onward it cheers
Us to labour for God our great King.

^{*} Written on hearing the late Rev. Nehemiah Curnock preach a Jubilee Sermon, January 17th, 1864.

O, what hath He wrought in the multitudes brought
To accept of His gospel divine!
His banner's unfurled, and through the whole world

With beams of effulgence will shine.

These are glorious days, which His goodness displays;
He is with us as onward we fight;

His bow spans the heaven, with promises given— This earth shall be filled with His light.

God's heroes with toil have sown on each soil

The seed of His heavenly word;

It was watered with tears, and hallowed with prayers,

And great shall be their reward.

O, Father, we pray, let Thy heavenly ray
Fill the earth, and it claim for Thy Son;
Ride on with Thy sword, Immanuel our Lord,
Till mankind to Thy sceptre is won.

May Thy Spirit now fall on Thy servants all, Like Elijah's mantle descend; May Elishas be blest, with Thy Spirit imprest, Bringing sinners to Jesus their Friend.

May each church now awake, the kingdoms to shake,
In their beautiful garments now shine;
Let their trumpets peal forth, east, west, south and
north,

Proclaiming the message divine.

Let them echo the tale o'er mountain and vale, That the jubilee morning arose—

That the gospel's blest word has won earth for our Lord,

And it blossoms again like the rose.

May Thy children soon see the great jubilee, By Thy ancient prophets foretold,

When the world, 'neath Thy sway, Thy word shall obey,

One family—one Shepherd—one fold.

May heaven-born bands unite in all lands,
Their hosannahs to Jesus here raise;
May all seek His love and His kingdom above,
And this earth be filled with His praise.

O, come from above, angel-heralds of love,
As you did on that glorious morn,
Proclaiming free grace to the whole of our race,
On the day that our Saviour was born.

Let the message of peace our joys here increase, Through Thy mercy and love to us given, And the bright glowing rays of millennial days Unite all the nations with heaven.





Repentance.

THAT pastedays of probation
On earth were allowed me again!
The oft-slighted gifts of salvation
No more would I treat with disdain.
For sins never more would I barter
My soul, to which gold is as dross;
I would fly to the great gospel charter,
And humbly bow down at the cross.

In vain should the arms of frail beauty
Allure me to pathways of shame,
Nor pleasure entice me from duty,
Till dishonour has branded my name,
The cup with its liquor should never
Spread over my soul its dark spell,
From my Maker to cause me to sever,
And hasten the horrors of hell.

O, Father, it is Thy compassion
Hath spared the poor sinner so long,
When heedless and blinded with passion
I joined in the drunkard's lewd song.
And now, as in mercy Thou'st spared me,
And not in Thy wrath cut me down,
I'll grasp at Thy offer of mercy,
And seek for a heavenly crown.

Arise, O my soul, there is beaming,
On Calvary's summit, a dome;
The prodigal starts from his dreaming,
And speeds to his father and home.
The father, his prodigal viewing,
All rags, and in desperate plight;
His love to his lost one renewing,
It brings him increasing delight.

"Bring forth the best robe and adorn him,
On his finger the precious gem place;
No longer as lost shall I mourn him,
But found!" O, what mercy and grace!
The welcome glad tidings of peace
Descend to his soul from above;
'Tis mercy that grants him release,
Receives his bewailing with love.

Thy sorrow, repentance and tears
Are weighed and found wanting, but lo!
Jesu's blood in the scale now appears,
That washes thee whiter than snow.

Mercy smiles on the penitent's grief,
The sign of redemption doth raise;
A look to the cross for relief,
And sorrow is turned into praise.

Communion with God.

Y Father God! I call on Thee!
And O, in mercy answer me.
O, let me feel Thy Spirit's power;
When death assails, and faith is small,
O, hear me when on Thee I call,
Be with me in each trying hour.

My Father God! Thou knowest all That in this world will me befall;
O, grant that I may feel
Secure while resting in Thy love,
In Christ Thy Son on earth to prove,
Thy love to me reveal.

Thou know'st that life's a thorny road,
And sin ofttimes our souls doth cloud;
Thou my protector be,
When enemies surround my way,
And try to lead my soul astray,
Draw me, O God, to Thee.

Dispel the mists that darken life,
And help me in this earthly strife
To do Thy heavenly will;
All evil thoughts by Thee removed,
May I in all things be approved,
Preserved from worldly ill.

And when upon me Thou shalt call,
May I be ready then to fall
Into Thy arms to rest;
In death let me feel mercy's beam,
And taste the everlasting stream,
And be for ever blest.

Rejoice, O my Soul!

EJOICE, O my soul! the glad dawn now appears, The bright Sun of Righteousness comes and He cheers;

'Tis the warmth of His presence that here I now feel, While mercy and love His rich bounties reveal. 'Tis my Shepherd now leads me to drink of the stream, 'Tis His life-giving blood, I am happy through Him;
'Tis His blood that hath washed me whiter than snow,
Which makes me to love Him and makes my heart
glow.

'Twas on Calvary's cross that He suffered for me,
Salvation was gained when He died on the tree,
With grief bowed his head, "'Tis finished!" He cried,
For my soul's salvation He groaned and died.
I grasp at the mercy thus purchased and given,
My soul is illumed with those bright beams from
heaven—

The covenant of promise, the blest bow above, I see and rejoice in the fulness of love.

Thus will I go on through Jesus my might,
My strength and my guide, my glorious delight;
His grace to me given will lead me to prove
His gracious salvation in bright realms above.
There I with rapture His goodness shall tell,
Acknowledge how here He hath done all things well;
Then bow down before Him amidst the great throng,
Redeemed by His mercy, to join heaven's song.





Aenven auf Kome,

LEST thought! to have a home above,
Where all is joy and peace and love;
To have a home among the blest,
And in our Father's mansion rest.

This mansion Christians all survey, Their goal of hope through life's rough way; The blessed end they keep in view, Which cheers them all their journey through.

Blest home! when at life's journey's end, From earth triumphant to ascend; Then all life's cares and battles o'er, They strive to gain the heavenly shore.

And O, what wonders meet their sight! The glorious city dazzling bright; The throne, the Saviour, God is seen, Without a ray or cloud between,

No sickness there shall e'er invade, Nor sorrow cast its gloomy shade; But in that home so bright and fair, Peace, joy and love dwell ever there.

O, let me keep this home in view! While I life's journey still pursue: Press on my road to reach the shore. My home above for evermore.

The Concisision.

WAS the dawning of day;
The morn in splendour broke over Jerusalem;

Busy men pursued their labours.

But there were vast masses of men, women, and children

Pursuing their way to Calvary.

The mighty God was on His way to suffer for the redemption of the world He had made.

The ungrateful people who had seen His miracles in Jerusalem and round about its environs,

Were shouting, "Away with Him! crucify Him!"
Those who had seen Him give eyesight to the blind,

And cause the lame to walk;

Who heard Him at the grave of Lazarus wakening the dead to life;

Who had heard of Him stilling the tempest;

And the wonderful miracles he performed,

Were crying, "His blood be upon us and on our children."

And thus, amidst the execrations of the people whom He had loved,

And whom He had come on earth to die for,

He went on His way, bearing the rugged cross.

He that had wept over Jerusalem,

And who would have gathered her children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,

Was now toiling and sweating up Calvary's height,

Guarded by Roman soldiers, the God-man, who could have annihilated the world with His word,

Was led like a felon to die a criminal's death.

He who, with His voice, had stilled the tempest,

Now suffered Himself to be led away to execution by the vile rabble.

They gained Calvary's summit;

The cross is reared;

The God man is buffeted, scourged and spit upon;

He is nailed to the cross, his head crowned with thorns;

The sins of a guilty world are on His shoulders.

His quivering limbs, racking joints and painful thirst,

All tell of the agony He suffered,

He is reviled by the people, forsaken by His Father,

And in the midst of His agony cries-

"My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Fainting under the weight of His sufferings,

He drank the cup of agony to its last dregs.

How astonishing His great love that would allow Him thus to die!

He who is to be the Great Judge and Arbiter of the eternal destiny of millions,

Suffered between two malefactors;

He who was in the bosom of the Father, and the King of eternal glory,

Had the tinsel of an earthly king placed upon Him;

He who swayed the sceptre of the universe, had a reed placed in His hand,

While the mockers cried, "Hail, King of the Jews!"

He who shall come again in glorious majesty,

And all His holy angels with Him, as the Judge of quick and dead,

Was taunted by them, saying, "Save thyself, come down from the cross, and we will believe on Thee;"

And the Eternal Word, who, through all ages, decreed by infinite wisdom to be our Saviour,

Was now paying the penalty of the world's transgressions.

The pure unspotted Lamb of God, "who knew no sin, was made a sin offering for us,

"That we might be made the righteousness of God through Him;"

The victim was now fulfilling the prophecies;

The Lamb of God was now, in the sacrifice of Himself, carrying out the designs of His heavenly Father,

And, on the blood-stained, hallowed cross, was completing the typical ceremonies of the Jews,

Who offered for their sins the lamb without blemish and without spot,

Who was taken to the altar and slain, and whose blood sprinkled the mercy-seat.

Surely on that day the burning tongue of the seraphim was hushed, and the angelic choir whose golden harps made melody in heaven were silent!

It might be that tears fell from their eyes upon the strings of the harps and stopped them from sounding, as they gazed on the sufferings of their Lord and Master.

For one day there might have been mourning cherubims in heaven.

As they beheld Immanuel expiring on the cross.

But O, what wonders took place on earth!

The veil of the splendid temple rent;

The graves were opened; a great earthquake shook the foundations of Jerusalem,

And darkness covered the face of the earth.

Well might the centurion exclaim, on seeing these wonders, "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

O, Spirit of wisdom, come down from above, and teach us how to appreciate this great gift;

O, eternal Spirit of truth, open our minds to understand the mystery of the cross;

O, Thou, who on Mount Sinai gavest the law, and fulfilled the prophecies by Thy death on the cross,

And who orderest all things, speak to our hearts with Thy mighty love, and say—

"Be not faithless, but believing."

O, Son of the living God, the brightness of Thy Father's glory,

Hasten the time when the benefits Thou didst purchase for mankind on the cross

Shall be fully realized in the salvation of the whole human race and Thine own glory.

Thy mighty arm shall surely accomplish the great work;

For Thou hast said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

But time is passing,

And whole generations are passing away with it,

And we fear the greater part unsaved,

As we only see, here and there, a few rays of light from Thy cross beaming on our earth.

O, hasten the time when the benefits of Thy death shall fill the whole earth with light.

And all shall call Thee blessed, and Thou shalt see of the travail of Thy soul and be satisfied:

Gird Thy sword on Thy thigh, O glorious King,

And ride on till the whole world is subdued to Thy sceptre.

The apostles, prophets, martyrs and saints Have all gained heaven through the cross of Christ, And now sing the song of the heavenly choir, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us in His own blood,

"And hath made us kings and priests to God,

"To Him be glory and dominion for ever."

The cross is to them the blest emblem of love,

And should be to us, of gratitude.

O, man, lay thine hand upon thy breast, and ask thyself—

"What have I to do with the crucifixion?"

And if thou hast found Christ precious to thy soul,

And realized in thy heart the blessings He came to purchase for thee,

Be thankful, and go on thy way rejoicing to the mansion He has prepared in heaven for you.

If not, tremble, sinner, for thou must appear before Him as thy Judge.

The Resurrection.

ALVARY'S tragic scene was over,

And the body of Christ, taken down from the cross, was wrapped in fine linen and spices by His faithful and devoted servants.

He was borne to the rock-cut tomb-

A new tomb in which man had never lain.

A great stone was brought to cover it;

And a seal was placed upon it.

The Roman soldiers were there to guard it;

And they watched it with a vigilance that defied mortals to rob it of its sacred treasure.

All was silent till the third morning.

On that eventful morning they were startled by the visit of an angel of God,

And for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men;

They fell to the ground and were lost in astonishment; Terror seized them as the bright dazzling robes of the angel flashed before their vision,

And they fell and hid their faces in the dust,

Not daring to look on the glorious messenger from on high.

Then the seal of death was broken:

The stone rolled away,

And our Jesus came forth the triumphant victor.

In the garden the faithful Mary was weeping;

And a voice spoke to her, and said,

"Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?

How astonishing she did not know that voice!

But thought the stranger was the gardener;

And, with tones of thrilling anguish, replied,

"Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.

"Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

Poor Mary, weak in faith, yet filled with love!

But the voice comes again, and now she is called by her name.

So she recognizes the voice she had often heard,

And which thrilled through her heart like beautiful music,

Causing every nerve and faculty she possessed to vibrate, as she looked upon her Lord;

And with tearful eye, quivering lip, faltering tongue, and heart overflowing with love,

All she could utter was, "Master!"

And sank at His feet to embrace Him.

But He said, "Touch Me not, but go, tell my disciples," which she did.

But her words were as idle tales to them, until He afterwards appeared in their midst;

Glad were the disciples when they saw their Lord.

Thomas not being then present, all the others with one accord told him they had seen the Lord;

But Thomas would not believe if a thousand told him,

Not he; nothing would make him believe unless he put his fingers into the holes the nails had made in His hands,

And thrust his hand into the hole in His side made by the spear.

He would not believe, not he; and during the week the disciples tried to convince him, but all in vain.

On the first day of the week they are again assembled, and Thomas with them.

But the doors are fastened for fear of the Jews.

How then does this stranger appear amongst them?

He looks upon Thomas, and addresses him-

"Reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing."

Well might poor Thomas, overwhelmed with shame, love and gratitude, exclaim, "My Lord and my God!"

Hear the Saviour's answer—"Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Faith, mighty faith, grasps the risen Lord, and believes the promise—

"Where I am, there shall ye be also."

He has led captivity captive, ascended on high, and received gifts from men:

Heralded by the pomp and splendour of the host,

And surrounded by majesty and glory such as the men of the earth can have no conception,

And such as the angels themselves, though accustomed to scenes of celestial brightness,

Had never viewed before.

How different His position now to what it had been on the cross!

Here He trod the winepress alone and all His disciples forsook Him;

But now millions of angels, cherubim and seraphim, await His command.

Crowns of brightest radiance deck that glorious head, Which once was pierced by cruel mocking thorns, The despised cross is now exalted; And its victory's so great, that it forms a theme vast and mighty for the choirs of heaven to celebrate through all eternity.

And well it might!

For it was a love worthy of a God to die for His rebellious creatures;

A love the fulness of which no angel-mind could fathom; It was a love that passeth all knowledge;

A love of immeasurable dimensions;

A love whose subjects are innumerable:

For they consist of a multitude which no man can number, redeemed out of every tribe and nation.

One blaze of unsullied white flashes from the garments of that happy company.

They did not purchase those robes with money,

They were given as the reward of faith:

For the wearers of those garments came out of great tribulation;

They washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

All heaven rejoiceth to meet the conqueror;

The angelic host sang, "Glory, honour, praise and power, be unto the Lamb for ever!"

And the host of the redeemed answered, with sublime acclamation,

"Jesus Christ is our Redeemer! hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!"

O, the solemn grandeur of that scene, when the Almighty Father welcomed His beloved Son again to His kingdom.

Covered with honourable scars gained in the great battle against sin, death and hell!

Well might all the redeemed strike their golden harps and shout—

"Unto Him that loved us and washed us in His own blood, and hast made us kings and priests unto the Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever!"

Methinks it must have been a glorious sight

When the conqueror of death and hell returned to His glory again.

All heaven was ready to receive the conqueror,

Methinks the gates of heaven, in their pearly brightness,

Were eclipsed by the host who stood ready to shout-

"Lift up your heads, O, ye gates:

"And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

And then the choirs of the blessed asked aloud-

"Who is the King of Glory?"

And the answer was returned—

"The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory!"

And again the echo rang-

"Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

And from the walls of jasper.

Whose tops were covered with heaven's host;

'Midst splendid banners, emblems of the cross, waving o'er them,

Again the shout was heard-

"The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory; the conqueror over sin, death and hell;

And as He entered in, the harps of heaven united with
the triumphant song of the redeemed, who
sung—

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive glory, honour and power;

"For He hath redeemed us out of every tribe and kindred of the nations of the earth!"

O, the long cloud of witnesses that have gone before!

But they have been ready, for they have longed to depart;

They have met death triumphantly.

They have gone down like the sun, leaving a light on the mountain top of death that has made them appear lovely.

The chamber where the Christian meets death is a hallowed place.

Hark, what he says-

"I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

He has nought to do now but to clap his glad wings, and tower away, and hasten to the blaze of day.

O, the difference between Christians and infidels dying!

So sure as there is a resurrection of all nature,

And spring comes forth in its loveliness and beautiful flowers,

So sure shall our vile bodies be raised from the dust.

Though that dust shall be left in the diffierent parts of the earth,

Yet it shall be raised and stand before the judgment bar of the almighty God,

And myriads of assembled angels,

And the innumerable company of the spirits made perfect.

Sinner, ask thyself the question, the most important that can he asked in this life—

"What sentence shall I hear at the resurrection?"

The Ponguey to Ammans.

VENING shades were gathering around Jerusalem.

The setting sun was gilding with a brilliant fiery refulgence the riven veil of the temple;

And throwing its departing radiance on Calvary-

Far different from the scenes that had lately taken place, when all nature seemed in convulsion;

Now all was calm and serene, and the sun was fast sinking to rest beneath the horizon.

On that evening two of the disciples were returning from the city of Jerusalem to the village of Emmaus;

They were travelling along slowly and pensively, a deep grief appearing to be settled on the countenances of both.

Engaged in deep and earnest conversation, a most astonishing subject formed the theme.

Jesus, the wonderful prophet of Nazareth, had been placed in the tomb, but was not to be found;

His body was gone, and a vision of angels had been seen by those who had been early at the tomb;

But they did not understand of His rising from the dead,

And they were exceeding sorrowful.

They trusted it was He who should have redeemed Israel.

But where now was the great prophet? where now was the wonderful miracle worker?

Who had performed such feats in Jerusalem-

"Alas!" they said, "He is dead.

"The sick no more will feel His healing power,

"The dead no more will be raised at His call!

"Where now is the great Sin Forgiver who could speak peace to the most troubled heart?"

And as they ask where? the tears course down their cheeks, revealing their grief.

But suddenly a stranger draws near, and asks them why they are sad?

And why care seems to sit so heavily on their brows? Surprised they answer,—

"Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem and know nothing of the deeds done there;

"How one Jesus of Nazareth, a prophet, went about doing good to all?

- "A man of such wonderful power, that He could cure all manner of diseases, and even raise the dead to life.
- "But, alas! He is gone for ever, and we shall never see His like again!"

And their tears flowed afresh.

It was then the traveller looked upon them with awful and majestic dignity, and with eloquence and power that would have made a seraph's heart thrill with emotion,

He unfolded to them the plan of salvation, and the prophecies concerning Himself.

But their eyes were so blinded with tears that they did not know Him.

Although He showed them how the Scriptures told, with their prophetic utterance, that one must die to atone for the sins of the people.

And what Moses, the great law-giver, said-

"God would raise them up a prophet from among their brethren;"

How David, the sweet psalmist, sung of the Messiah's conquering glory and everlasting reign;

That Isaiah, with lofty poetic strain, told of His birth and with holy rapture sung—

- "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given;
- "And the government shall be upon His shoulders:
- "And His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counseller.
- "The mighty God, the everlasting Father,
- "The Prince of Peace.
- "Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end."

And all the prophets have foretold His life and deeds.

And brought before the nation Jesu's offices-

Prophet, priest and king;

Offering Himself a willing sacrifice for the sins of the people.

Descendant He of Judah's favored tribe;

From Abraham, the friend of God—the branch—the stone—the shiloh of your race has come with power of language; but blind unbelief fails to discern in Him the Son of God and man.

But this same Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye termed a prophet,

He is the prophets' God.

Behold in Him the slaughtered paschal lamb, whose blood shall sprinkle the soul of man and cleanse him from his iniquity.

And He shall rise again, according to the Scriptures, and shall judge the world in righteousness.

O, foolish men, why cannot ye believe the truths of holy writ and its prophecies?

For know, assuredly, that He whom Thy people have crucified is both Lord and Christ.

They listen to His sublime discourse on the truths of revelation; almost breathless, they hang upon every word, and their hearts are now burning.

His words have been so very sweet, they would like to know more;

They constrain Him to abide with them.

He enters their humble habitation, He breaks the bread. In that act He makes Himself known.

Prostrate they fall before Him and would have clasped His feet. But He was gone.

They gaze upon each other and both exclaim, with reverential love, awe and gratitude—

"It is our Jesus!

"He is risen!

"We have seen Him again!

"He is gone to glory, and reigns a King for ever, and says to each of His followers—

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"Amen, even so, our Lord Jesus!"

The Transfiguration.

NE splendid evening, as the sun was going down,

Tinging the earth as with a radiant crown,

Completing his wonted daily race;

Some travellers near a lofty mountain strayed,

And with them One, of whom they oft sought aid;

And glad were they to see their Jesu's face.

He said to them, "Let us to that mount repair,
There will I wrestle in all-powerful prayer,

And my Father in earnest will seek;

Men's sins on me fall with terrible weight,
And the burden of human transgressions so great,
To the Father in Spirit I'll speak.

And whilst He was praying his features became More radiant far than the sun's brilliant flame,
His raiment effulgently gleamed:
And now two bright forms to Him doth appear,
Clothed in pure white from the heavenly sphere,
Moses and Elias—men highly esteemed.

On the errand of mercy they came from above,
To talk with Him of His redeeming love,
And the sufferings He must endure;
How on the cross He must be lifted up,
And drink all the dregs of death's fearful cup,
Salvation for men to procure.

But while they were talking, sleep overcame
The disciples—and Peter, with John and James,
For a time sank into repose;
But what a bright vision over them broke,
When from their slumbers they were awoke,
And their eyelids in wonder unclose.

What a scene it was that now met their gaze,
Filling their wondering souls with amaze—
It was an enrapturing sight—
Beholding their Lord in glory now shine,
Beatified light, in radiance divine—
The mountain was covered with light.

The glories of heaven seemed to come down,
As Jesus appeared on that mountain crown,
And the prophets of old with Him talked
About men's redemption, that glorious plan,
The gift of the Son as a ransom for man;
So discoursed they on as they walked.

But short was their visit and transient their stay,
Their mission soon done they ascended away
To join in the songs of the skies;
They with their dear Lord no longer could stop,
But leaving below the bright mountain-top,
To the portals of heaven they rise.

But hark to the voice that sounds on the ear—
"This is my beloved, and Him ye must hear
Before ye descend to the grave;
This alone is Messiah, Priest, Prophet and King,
With His loved name heaven's high arches ring
Your souls He is pleading to save.

'Tis Jesus of whom the old prophets spoke,
He is come now to break asunder the yoke
Of Satan from souls that are bound:
This is the bright and fair morning star,
That was to come, as the Scriptures declare,
In no other salvation is found."

The disciples trembled, nor knew what to say,
Though Peter said, "Lord, let us build straightway
Three tabernacles to be here;

For, O, how delightful for us it would be, Glories like these for ever to see, And with Thee for ever be near."

But the Master said, "No, here we must not stay,
To the lost busy world we must hasten away,
With the people to mingle below;
I've a work to accomplish, an end to fulfil,
A chalice to drink, 'tis my Father's will,
That He justice and mercy may show."

How often the Christian on faith's mountain-top
Would be glad if he for ever could stop,
But stern duty calls to the world;
Though desirous with Christ their Lord to stay there,
Family and business their time claim to share,
And their hopes are again to earth hurled.

But fight on, Good Christian, the battle of faith,
And conquer, thy Lord and thy Master, he saith,
"Thou must the world ever tread down,"
Hold fast, then, that which thou hast attained—
The heavenly wisdom so nobly gained.
And press on for thy heavenly crown.

Soon will this short life of ours be done,
And heaven for ever be lost or be won—
How precious our time, then, here!
For we shall either our souls destroy,
Or fit them to live with Christ in ioy,
When we at His bar must appear.

Then however others may hate God's cause,
And set at defiance His righteous laws,
Let us all for heaven prepare;
Be that our chiefest desire to gain,
That we from our Saviour may hear the blest strain,
"Come, ye blessed, my kingdom share."

The Resurrection.

HEN the tragic scene of Calvary was o'er,
The Saviour's body from the cross they bore;
'Midst balm and spices and fine linen round,
His body ready for the tomb was bound.

They bore their Saviour on to that new tomb, Which Joseph gave in that dark rock of gloom; And when his weeping friends at length were gone, Unto the sepulchure they rolled a stone.

And Roman guards around the tomb did pace,
And then a seal upon the stone did place,
With every care to make the whole secure;
To keep Him there they thought they had made sure.

For they said, "This deceiver told us plain, Within three days, that He would rise again; His miracles they'd seen, and well they knew The wondrous works that He had power to do.

For had He not called Lazarus from the grave, And showed His might the widow's son to save? The mourner's tear He dried with gospel light, And at His word the blind received their sight.

He made the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, The leper from disease He rendered clear; The tempest's raging wrath His voice could still, Subdued the sea and calmed it at His will.

His life in doing good on earth was spent, To bless mankind each day about He went; And in return for good that He had done, They crucified God's own beloved Son.

They scoffed at Him, and on Him basely railed, When on the cross to suffer He was nailed; They jeered Him, saying, "Thou didst others save, Why not preserve thy body from the grave—

"And from the cross come down, then shall we know Thou art the Christ, and we'll believe on you!" But though, poor sinners, they did thus deride, They knew not that 'twas for their sins He died.

His poor disciples, too, they also feared He might not be what He to them appeared; "We hoped He would save Israel," they said— "And rise again—but now we see Him dead." And when the third eventful day did dawn, Christ rose triumphant early on that morn; When to the sepulchre disciples run, They see the angels brighter than the sun.

Arrayed are they in robes of spotless white, Which shed around a pearly radiance bright; The disciples learnt their glorious Lord had risen, And burst the barriers of death's gloomy prison.

The angels told them He had gone on high, To reign triumphant ever in the sky; And had the power, o'er death's cold earthly gloom, To raise men's dust eternally to bloom.

Though infidels at resurrection sneer,
They see new resurrection daily here;
Year after year this earth by winter bound—
All fruit seems dead within the frozen ground.

But when the sun shines forth with cheering beams, It warms the earth and melts its ice-bound streams: All nature quickly feels its influence mild, Up springs a garden from the desert wild.

The trees begin to bud, the flowers to bloom, Raised by the sun from out their wintry tomb; And all around seems plainly then to say, That Spring is Nature's resurrection day.

And is it harder for Almighty God
To raise our bodies from the earth we've trod?
Forbid the thought! we will on Him depend
For joys and blessings that will never end.

When Job the patriarch was in great pain, His certain hope was he should live again, And though decay and worms his flesh destroy, Yet his Redeemer he should see with joy.

And though his body was so much diseased, God could refine it whensoe'er He pleased; Give him a body that would ne'er decay, To live throughout an everlasting day.

But Sadducees in every place there be,
Denying almost all they cannot see;
Many a one now living in our day,
Laughs at the future—"There is none," they say.

Should we allow that argument, what then? Would their opinions help their fellow men? And should we not our own foundation lose, By thus adopting vile pernicious views?

If Christians' highest hopes they take away, What, in return, receive we as our stay? For no equivalent can any give That we can rest on, even while we live.

And then, most awful, when about to die,
They'd have us trust in an accursed lie—
.
That death would be our last and final doom,
With nought beyond the cold and earthy tomb.

What can it be should thus possess their mind? Like moles of earth they try their way to find! Where can the wiseacres knowledge get—
On what philosophy are their senses set?

In sin they burrow, knowing not God's Son, And when too late they find themselves undone; But earnest Christians, with their hearts elate, Expect a happier and a blest estate.

Which, then, has the advantage of these two, Christian or infidel, when death's in view? The unbeliever has no hope at all—The Christian, he can on his Saviour call.

Who conquered death and victory obtained, O'er death and hell His mighty power maintained; To all His saints His love will e'er be shown, When they shall gain their everlasting crown.

Begone our doubts, away with all our fears, Nature's resurrection every year appears, That proves God's power our sinful dust to raise To heavenly bodies, ever Him to praise.





Unbelief,

HEN Calvary's scenes were all past and gone, With its sickening horrors of darkness and gloom,

Forth by His disciples the Saviour was borne,
And buried in silence within the cold tomb.
But when the third morning so gloriously broke
Calm over the earth in its radiance so bright,
Our Saviour from death's icy fetters awoke,
And soared high above to the regions of light.

For Him His disciples very often would mourn,
When together they met in that upper room;
To the sepulchre went, but returned forlorn,
Found Jesus not there, He was gone from the tomb.
Now as they are grieving a bright form appears,
Though doors are all closed, and seem quite secure,
It fills every one with trembling fears—
The light of its presence they scarce can endure.

Some spirit, they thought, it must have been fled;
Most affrighted they were to see it there come;
They supposed it a being arose from the dead,
Permitted on earth again once to roam.
But when they all heard His kind gentle voice
Speaking thus, "Dear children, have you any bread?"
It made every heart with gladness rejoice,
As their dear Lord and Master once more with them

But Thomas at this time was gone far away,
When the others their new-risen Saviour did see,
And when he was told the glad news the next day,
He would not believe that such things could be.
What they had affirmed no credence could gain,
And all protestations were of little avail;
He was told that the Saviour had risen again,
O'er his unbelief they could not prevail.

fed.

But to them he said that he would believe,
If Christ, his dear Lord, would to him appear,
And show him the wounds He did there receive
On the cross that He did up to Calvary bear;
Unless Christ before him would once again stand
And show unto him the wound in His side,
And into the hole he might thrust his hand,
To prove what they saw, he all them defied.

A week had passed by, when again He did stand Among the disciples and in the same place; How truly delighted were that little band, When again they all saw their own Saviour's face. Now Thomas was there, and Christ to him said, Here, see in my palms the print of each nail; Now thrust your own hand into my wounded side, And o'er unbelief let vision prevail."

Poor Thomas was filled with joy and with fears,
When Christ unto him the sight did afford;
Fast down his cheeks there rolled joyous tears,
He cried out with fervour, "My God, and my Lord!"
Christ said unto him, "Thou hast now believed,
But only believest because thou hast seen;
But blessed are they who by faith have received
Their Saviour, whose presence with them ne'er has been."

And how much like Thomas full often we've seen,
In doubts and in gloom our faith has been lost;
To God's mercy and goodness how blind we have been,
In unbelief's sea how often been tossed!
But again we have gone with meek earnest prayer,
By trouble again to our Saviour been driven,
And while we were kneeling, beseeching Him there,
By faith we have gained a glimpse into heaven.

The doubts and the fears we have often met here,
Have vanished away while praying we strove;
And Christ, in His mercy, did shining appear,
And filled all our souls with His perfect love.
Whilst others discern we have been to the mount
With Christ as in His bright image we shine,
Drawing streams of love from His blessed fount,
Arrayed all in righteousness—clothing divine.

Save us, O, Lord, 'midst earth's gloomy tears,
Be Thou our strength when the loud trumpet roars,
Bid mighty faith smother anguishing fears,
And help us to look to the heavenly shores.
And while we still through this wilderness stray,
Whatever may come of care and of grief,
Keep us, we beseech Thee, while this is our day,
From e'er being wrecked through dark unbelief!

Living to Christ.

MAY we in our lives express
The love of Christ that we possess;
In Him may every Christian shine,
And show to all the world the sign;
The sign that rules by grace and love,
And does its heavenly doctrine prove;
Here live according to His word,
Looking to Christ the great reward.

We, living to the Word, proclaim The honour of our Saviour's name; Show Christ's salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin. Our sinful lusts must be denied, With passion, envy, pomp and pride; While justice, temperance, truth and love, Show all the new birth from above.

Rochester Cathedgal.

HY do I tread this place with sacred awe,
And feel an inward, silent, solemn dread?
Why meditate on that unchanging law,
Which lays all monarchs, priests, and sages dead?
In this old place, alas! what numbers sleep,
Waiting the glorious resurrection day;
The archangels' blast o'er every one shall sweep—
Arise! ye dead, to judgment come away.

What do I see! as here I gaze around;
Why is my nature shrinking from this scene?
Here I am lost in mystery profound;
My spirit starts and fails to be serene.

I feel a tremor thrilling through my veins,

A feeling deep pass through my throbbing heart;
Life is at best one scene of cares and pains,

And yet from it how loth we seem to part.

This life it seems embittered with alloy,

The best is but a visionary span;

An evanescent dream, a transitory toy,

And all uncertain with regard to man.

Why then continue we to wage this strife,

If quick transition from this earthly strand,
Is but an entrance into glorious life,—

The bright elysium of the promised land.

There light, ineffable, for ever glows,

To reach it we must pass the silent tomb;

There joy and peace, and endless pleasure flows

But 'tis the other side of death's cold gloom.

I look around with wonder on this pile,

Its massive pillars, and its time worn walls;

Its beauty does my wandering thoughts beguile,

Its nave and chancel, and its grand old halls.

I look around, and different tombs I view,
My thoughts again in quick succession rise,
They teach me I must soon bid earth adieu,
And in mute language say to me, be wise.
Time was, these bodies lived; a time will be
When others, thus, may stand and look at me;
And thus, with care, over these graves I tread,
Where sleep the peaceful ashes of the dead.

Death is life's goal, no further can we view,

He conquers all, and time's subduing hand,
Lays low the mighty, and the valliant too,

Nor tombs, nor marble statues can withstand.

The tomb of one, a benefactor to the town,

His charity shall long record his fame;

Watts' honoured name shall long be handed down,

And many live to own and bless that name.

Perhaps, beneath these stones, a miser lies,
Who, when he lived, was held in high esteem,
For he was rich, but neither good, nor wise,
But each one counted his a glorious scheme.
His thoughts were all to earth alone confined,
But soon his riches leave his grasping hands;
For all his plans ingeniously designed,
Death frustrates, and he loses gold and lands.

But here are records of the good and wise,

Those men who lived for every useful plan,
Who laboured hard, to gain the heavenly prize,
And sought the welfare of their fellow man.
Not only are their names recorded here,
But better still, their record is on high;
They now enjoy a more delightful sphere,
The mansions of eternal bliss beyond the sky.

What solemn silence, Oh, how calm the sleep,
All is corruption, which was once so gay;
But God Himself, this sacred dust will keep,
Until the coming resurrection day.

Then the archangels' trump shall sound aloud, And waken every saint and sinner too; And each one of this vast and mighty crowd, Shall then receive that which will be his due.

Perhaps some spirit hovers o'er me now,—
Be hushed, my soul, and listen to its lay;
The time is short, for mortals here below,
Yes, very short, and I must soon away.
O, learn the lessons which thy muse inspires
A stranger here, a pilgrim at the best,
Thou'st not at home, then centre thy desires,
Upon that better land, the land of rest.

Besleyan Missionary Society

ANNUAL MEETING AT EXETER HALL,

APRIL 30TH, 1860.

HEY come from all parts of this favoured land,
To the meeting at Exeter Hall in the Strand;
To advocate missions all over the world,
The cross of their Saviour—their banner unfurled.

They meet all united in solemn conclave, To use their best efforts the heathen to save; From the Wesleyan body has gone forth the sound, And is spreading its glories the whole earth around.

True Patriots of men, with love their hearts glow, Pioneers of salvation wherever they go; Their delight and their glory while sojourning here, Is to preach Christ a Saviour without any fear.

The Excelsior motto of Wesley reads thus—
"The best of all is, God is working with us;"
And still will work with us if faithful to Him,
Who died on the cross the whole world to redeem.

Glorious sight to behold! see the learn'd and the wise In Christ's vineyard labour to gain the great prize, Converting poor souls with the water of life, And sowing sweet peace in this world of strife.

O, band of blest warriors, nobly thy cause Extends the great blessings of God's holy laws! How happy thy labours to bring to His fold All hearts sunk in darkness and horrors untold!

Glory be to His name! the morning star beams, And over this earth is diffusing its streams; May earth's darkest parts be restored to the light, And beam in its fullness the gospel so bright!

May the missions' good seed so abundantly sown, Made mighty by Thee, all idols dethrone; May every Dagon before Thee decay, And Christ be exalted our worship to pay. We thank Thee for light to the wretched Fiji, Thou hast caused many there Thy mercy to see; The cannibals once who each other would eat, Now in their right mind sit at Jesus's feet.

May the millions of China enveloped in sin, To the great Christian family soon be brought in! May India, Japan, and the whole human race All soon be made heirs of Thy kingdom of grace!

Banish all the false systems invented by man,
Make bare Thy right arm in Thy own blessed plan;
For well do we know 'tis Thy changeless decree,
All the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of
Thee.

Let Thy glorious truths still brilliantly shine, And fill all mankind with Thy love divine; Let Christ be exalted and His people see His love cheer the earth wherever man be.

Hasten the time, when the whole earth shall be With righteousness covered as waves do the sea; May Wesleyans prove the light of the age, In war against sin as they boldly engage.

May sin vanish away where Christ's doctrine's unfurled, And the Methodists prove the lights of the world!

Sun of Righteousness, rise, dispel all the gloom

That over this earth as a foe seems to loom.

Gird Thy sword on Thy thigh, victorious King! Ride prosperously on, and to Thy feet bring The uttermost ends of the earth to Thee given, And lighten this world with glory from heaven.



To Sunday School Teachers.

EAR teachers, press on, in this great cause of truth,

To enlighten the souls of our ignorant youth;
Up! rise and be doing in this sowing time,
Your works shall bear fruit throughout every clime;
Sow your seed in the morning with tenderest care,
Spread it well on the surface, now barren and bare,
Let it feel the blest Spirit's beneficent light,
Chasing sin from the soil with its withering blight,
And glorious your harvest shall be.

As the blade rises up, tend with diligent hand,
The weeds of vice clear from the face of the land,
The trenches of truth making plain to the eye,
Water well with the Spirit the seed that is dry,
And thus in the Sabbath school labour ye still,
Your mission of love for the young to fulfil;

Train their minds for the Lord, as the seed from the ground,

To be members of Christ, steadfast and sound, And glorious your harvest shall be.

In pure Christian love and with earnestness plead,
The lambs of Christ's flock with the true gospel feed,
Lead them tenderly on to the throne of His grace,
To view the sweet beams from Immanuel's face.
Blessed Jesus looks down from His kingdom above,
Invites you to show forth your honour and love,
In His vineyard to toil and sow the sweet word,
He promises peace and a lasting reward,

And glorious your harvest shall be.

And when at the throne of His mercy you stand,
And beholding a glorious and sanctified band,
Who will welcome your presence with gladdening
strain,

And show you your labours have not been in vain;
Inscribed with your name in heaven there'll be
Monuments—no mortals their grandeur can see,
And heaven to you shall be doubly blest,
For bringing lost souls to the haven of rest;
And glorious your harvest shall be.



Conscience.

AN'S conscience is his monitor,
A mirror just and true,
Where every action of his life
Is placed before his view.

In characters effaceless stamped,
No sophistry can hide,
Or self-deception dim its light,
Or stem its searching tide.

And why? "'Tis God's own gracious means,"
Is sternly written there;
It every shade of vice condemns,
But loves the just and fair.

Amidst the pleasures of the world, Men oft seem gay and bright, And every thought and care beyond Seem banished from their sight, But 'tis not so, for conscience holds
Its empire ever near,
Brings consolation to the just,
The worldling fills with fear.

He's forced to hear the warning voice,
Though racking heart and brain;
Though hard he strives to still reproach,
His striving's all in vain.

Forewarned and checked is every man Who meditates a crime,
The monarch or the ragged thief,
In every land and clime.

There's no escape—no gold avails,
For conscience none can cheat;
The criminal fears, at every turn,
The avenger's hand to meet.

But to the just a comforter
Will conscience ever prove;
Its admonitions, when obeyed,
Bring peace and joy and love.

Then O, let conscience be our guide, Let's cease to be unwise, And shun the path where ruin lurks So plain before our eyes.



The Hignity of Zabour.

HERE'S dignity in the labour of every working man—

His brave and sturdy hand employed in works of every plan

That science brings to light or architect designs;

He raises lofty palaces and burrows in the mines.

The mechanics of our country, they are its greatest pride,

How vast their field of labour spreads, extending far and wide;

Their aid we cannot do without—they help in every way

To raise our country high in fame in this our glorious day.

How useless would be capital without their active hand—

They break the soil and sow the seed and cultivate the land.

God bless their arduous efforts with Thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all Thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

Both bards and poets write and sing of dignity of race, And heroes of the battle-field their pages often grace, But seldom cast a thought towards the toiling busy throng,

Or make the sons of labour the burden of their song.

But mine shall be the noble task, yes, mine the good design,

To cheer the sons of labour with my poetic line-

To show forth their achievements throughout each passing day,

No difficulties daunt them or hardships e'er dismay; But on they plod with patience in every work they try,

With persevering energy their talents to employ.

God bless their arduous efforts with Thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all Thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

The shepherd tends the pastures and labours for the sheep,

And brings them all into his fold, in safety there to keep;

With kindly zeal he watches them and makes them all his care,

And shears their fleeces when they're grown, for raiment that we wear;

And then the weaver weaves it into cloth of richest hues;

To make our clothes the tailor then his handiwork pursues:

The prince's costly flowing robe with elegance he'll form,

Or shape the labourer's working suit, to keep him dry and warm;

And thus they work together, supplying clothes and food, In mutual labour joining to work each other's good.

God bless their arduous efforts with Thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all Thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

'Tis labour moulds the brick and tile, and quarries out the slate,

Cuts out the stones for churches and other buildings great,

And monuments most lofty in gorgeous pride it rears,

Cathedrals, and most noble too each tapering spire appears,

The merchant's splendid residence, with grand and stately domes,

Likewise the dwellings of the poor, the cotters' humble homes.

Labour dives down deeply into the solid earth,

And brings to light the coal we burn, that hidden store of worth,

To feed our thousand fires and keep us from the cold, And heat our many furnaces, producing wealth untold. God bless their arduous efforts with Thy all-gracious smile.

And grant them all Thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

Labour smelts the iron ore, the silver and the gold,

And turns them to a thousand shapes delightful to behold:

The pond'rous, massive anchor, and shafts of mighty size,

With the powerful steam engine along the rail that flies,

With its strong and whirling wheels, its fine and threadlike wire,

Likewise the molten furnace, with fiercely roaring fire, Driving on so rapidly it draws its heavy load,

With luggage cars and goods and grain, along the iron road;

Goods despatched at wondrous speed, all by the power of steam,

What multitudes of blessings now to every quarter stream!

God bless their arduous efforts with Thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all Thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

Labour hews the lofty oak and builds the noble ship,

And fits it up with sail or steam to bear it o'er the deep,

To wrestle with the tempest throughout its loudest roar,

To bear the produce of each clime towards our peaceful shore;

From India the richest silks, with stores of corn and rice,

And other precious merchandise, most costly in their price;

From China it conveys unto our shores the teas, With all the choicest spices every one to please; And sugar from the islands of the sunny distant west,

Supplying us with what we need of quality the best.

God bless their arduous efforts with Thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all Thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

Labour from the flint-stone produces brilliant glass,
And moulds it into ornaments that nothing can surpass,
And melts it into plates and sheets to give to us the
light,

Or places it in spectacles to aid defective sight.

Labour spans the river, likewise the valley green,

And builds the massive bridges o'er the deepest rivers seen;

It hollows out the tunnel beneath the mountain strong, While millions travel through it borne by steam along; It links together by the rail the nations of the earth, And brings to light in every place the hidden stores of

And brings to light in every place the hidden stores-of worth.

God bless their arduous efforts with Thy all-gracious smile.

And grant them all Thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

Labour send its messages along the electric wire,
Coursing o'er its journey with wings of brilliant fire—
A mighty chain of network running through the world,
The grandest scheme that science ever yet unfurled.
'Tis labour takes the thought, commits it to the page,
Man's intellect to keep alive through every coming age.
The dignity of labour our time would fail to tell,
Yet shall its daily triumphs our history's pages swell,
And monuments of genius reared by labour stand,
As ornaments and blessings around our native land,
God bless their arduous efforts with Thy all-gracious smile,

And grant them all Thy comforts here, these hardy sons of toil!

The Preams of Mankind.

HAT a strange and mysterious state do we find When slumber engages the powers of the mind!

What fanciful forms are presented to view—So vivid and clear, as if real and true!

All ranks and all races, all sects are the same— When sleep hath surrounded and conquered the frame, How rapid the changes of life's running stream, What sights are revealed in one single dream!

What a solace doth innocence bring to the heart!

Through the dark shades of sleep the keen piercing dart

Of truth will assert her imperative sway,
Show the blackness of crime in its frightful array.
While calmly reposes the innocent breast,
And its sweet visions picture the land of the blest,
Like celestial existence the bright moment seem
When the angels' soft whispers are heard in a dream.

Though downy the couch where an Emperor lies,
The flitting night prompter incessantly flies
Around the rich tapestry, o'er the soft bed,
Where imperial riches and grandeur are spread.
Brilliant victories' charms cause his bosom to heave—
In fancy he hastens his spoils to receive;
While in glory enthroned as a monarch supreme.
He wakes and finds all is a flattering dream.

The Statesman retires to his chamber each night After gracing the Senate with wisdom so bright, Reclines on his pillow, when lo! to his view Come the years that are past—fresh, vivid and new: He labours aspiring to win a great name—To inscribe his renown on the records of fame, And quick beat the pulses of life's glowing stream As the ardour of boyhood comes back in a dream.

In the still shades of night, amidst calmness and love,
When all is resigned to the Father above,
The Pastor's meek eyelids droop calmly and close—
Released from the world, he is lulled to repose;
But O, what a glorious vision is there—
The new land of Eden, the Paradise fair,
Where Christ and His angels sound forth the blest
theme,

While the man of God prays in the midst of a dream.

The fond dreams of Love, how charming they glide, As in sleep by the brink of its murmuring tide
The bright bank of pleasure is wafted along,
Midst smiles and caresses, and music and song.
At length love awakes to the stern living truth—
What cares will o'ertake us emerging from youth!
Still let us rejoice in love's holy stream—
Preserve all we can of its first happy dream.

When the battle-field's covered with wounded and dead The weary, brave Soldier reposes his head; He dreams of his wife and dear children at home, Of the fields where in youth he delighted to roam, In fancy embraces his wife's darling form, Feels her breath on his cheek, all glowing and warm; At length he awakes with a desolate start—His dreaming hath left but a void in his heart.

When the waves of the ocean are mounting on high, And the white crested billows shoot up to the sky, The brave, hardy Sailor in peace in his berth Oft dreams of his love and his dear native earth, Of the old folks at home, in the cot by the shore, Whose beauties perhaps he may never see more; But O, in that vision how sweet are those ties That twine round his childhood, so dear to his eyes.

When the hard flinty Miser his shrunken limbs stretch
Where truth could inscribe "Here liveth a wretch,"
He rolls and he tosses throughout the long night
On the cold cellar floor—no food and no light;
His treasure he clutches, his glassy eyes roll,
He dreams that he's filling a rich jewelled bowl
With the gold he hath wrung from Mammon's dark
stream,

But he curses and raves when he finds it's a dream.

The cold-hearted Libertine, haughty and proud, Who trumpets his conquests of virtue aloud, And because he is rich escapes the world's frown—He is called a gay spark, of the fashion and town; But follow him home, to his night's solitude, Where conscience, unbidden, will dare to intrude—He is racked in his sleep by his victim's loud scream, He finds no escape from his harrowing dream.

Through the long hours of night with feverish brain, While dreaming of suffering, of horror and pain, The Drunkard's eye lights on some hideous form—Fancy calls forth a tempest, he quails at the storm, While legions of spectres sweep over his bed; His blood rushes madly, distracting his head, His eyes wildly roll, he utters a scream, And terrified wakes from his horrible dream.

There is joy in the cottage where labour and love And contentment abide, to raise us above The vices and follies disgracing we find So largely dispersed through the ranks of mankind. How sweet are the dreams of the Labourer's bed! No craving ambition discomforts his head—His dreams are contented, he loves the green sod, His neighbours he loves, while he praises his God.

Pines

ON THE VISIT OF NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS
TO THIS COUNTRY.

WAKE, poetic muse! and with thy earnest lays
Tell of old England in her ancient days;

When her sons lived in rude and barbarous style, And naked danced around the burning pile—
The immolated victims to Woden's heathen god—
The idol then of Britain, our then benighted sod.
For midnight darkness then had rested on our land,
Before the Roman army landed on its strand.

But Britons then preserved their ancient valour good, For years the Roman army gallantly withstood.

At length, o'erpowered by numbers, they suffered a defeat,

And to their native woods they mostly did retreat:
But some were taken prisoners and sent away to Rome,
Leaving for a time their sea-girt native home.
Caractacus, their chief, stood there and gazed around,
Astonished at the buildings he in that city found.

Exclaimed:—"O, why should such a mighty nation Bring to our English shores the fire of desolation? With all this splendour round them, with all their pomp and pride,

They could not leave in peace our island to abide. Surely, such a people, blessed with wealth so great, Could never wish to envy our poor and rude estate. And surely, they must see there's nought for us to gain, That they desire to bind us within a captive's chain."

Such were the feeling words of this brave warrior chief—
He made his feelings known in hope to gain relief.
Soon after this the Emperor made him free: once more
Returned this noble Briton unto his native shore.
Glad tidings soon were spread, when St. Augustine's
band

First brought true Christianity into our goodly land;
The Tree of Knowledge planted upon the British soil,
From which such endless blessings have flowed upon
our isle.

And men have gone from England to many a foreign shore,

To propagate the Gospel among the heathen poor;

To each benighted land who've lived in darkness long,
The lamp of life is lighted with its all-joyful song,
The labours of our missionaries have been greatly blest,
Opened the way for thousands to find the promised rest;
And now, throughout the world their sacred anthems
ring,

In praise of blessed Jesus, our Sovereign Lord and King.

New Zealand now has heard the Gospel's joyful sound, And thousands there rejoicing in Jesus now are found; And from that distant land there hourly doth arise Praises loud and earnest ascending to the skies. And soon shall come that bright and long-expected day, When all the earth shall bow before His mighty sway; Shall all acknowledge Him, and to His sceptre bend, And shout their songs of praise unto the sinner's Friend.

Once Lord Macaulay said, "that it may be the doom Of England to decay and sink in shades of deepest gloom;

That in that day a traveller on London Bridge may stand,

Sketching from the ruins of St. Paul's cathedral grand; And on this fine old city may rise another race, And build a greater city on London's ancient space."

But that will never be long as the Gospel stands—
God's bulwark to protect all favoured Christian lands.

For on the English nation our God hath set his seal, Bestowed his blessed Gospel, his servants to reveal. Increased our nation greatly in dignity and might, To send to heathen lands the Gospel's precious light. And if we're only faithful unto his blessed cause, Ever striving to uphold the honour of his laws, Beneath His high protection at enemies we'll smile, For God is sure to guard our glorious Christian isle.

Many battles have we fought, which made our foes retreat,

Or bow down in the dust, most abject at our feet; While empires great have faded and fallen to decay, That time hath all destroyed and swept them all away. The desert now resounds with sad and bitter wail, Its funeral dirge is heard upon the midnight gale; Idolaters there were, but now their time is past, While England's Christianity for evermore shall last.

And over all the nations Christ shall reign supreme,
And all mankind shall drink salvation's healing stream;
For we have seen New Zealanders from their own
native shore—

Their chiefs arrived in England, and His great name adore.

Once they were but cannibals, but now they've learnt the way

To sing the songs of Zion—before Him kneel and pray. On Southwark chapel's platform how meekly they did stand,

To tell the wonders God had wrought within their native land.

And our beloved country shall more and more increase, If faithful to proclaim the blessed word of peace.

Excelsior! be our motto—higher and higher still,
Whilst the blessed message sounds aloud from hill to
hill.

We'll firmly serve our God and have no cause to fear, For He shall ever bless us all, and all our labours cheer.

Where'er the flag of England in freedom is unfurled.

Our Christian principles may prove a blessing to the world.

Then listen, noble patriot who loves thy country dear, Its noble Christian principles throughout thy life revere; Those precepts ever cherish that make thy country great,

And everything debasing, O, chase away with hate.

Then shall our favoured country, with all its power and might,

A blessing to the wide world be, with all its Christian light;

With heavenly pointing flame her pioneers shall shine, Until the whole world shall be filled with love and truth divine.





A Welcome to Garibaldi.

Thou bravest of the brave;
The friend of glorious liberty,
Liberator of the slave!
As freedom's sons through England's isle,
We hail thy coming here,
And give thee a glowing welcome,
With heart and soul sincere.

Thou patriot pure and noble,
Unrivalled on the earth
For thy virtues true and lofty,
We love thee for thy worth.
In bright and sunny Italy
Thou'st made her children free;
Mankind through various nations
Their homage pay to thee.

^{*} Dedicated to John Richardson, Esq., C.C., mover of the Freedom of the City of London to Garibaldi; and Honorary Secretary and Founder of the "Garibaldi Reception and Testimonial Fund."

Bright as a beacon light of freedom,
Where'er thou hast appeared
Thou hast riven the chains of slavery—
Thy fettered brothers cheered.
'Tis not for thy own self-grandeur
That thou hast fought thy way;
No, it was for thy suffering nation
Thou battled through the fray.

'Twas for religious liberty
Thy bravery was displayed—
Opening the Inquisition prisons,
Where captives long were laid.
Thou opened each dark dungeon,
The prisoners didst release,
And bid them go and serve their God
With freedom and in peace.

And 'tis such noble men as thee
The great pioneers have been,
As foremost ranking with the free,
Best friends the world hath seen;
Who opened the way for the Bible
And its glories to display.
May all the sons of Italy
Be cheered by its brightening ray!

Let no narrow-minded bigots' creed, Or church zeal—however right, 'Twixt God and man ever interfere, Let his conscience be free as light. Let that be free as heaven's pure air,
Blessing each benighted sod;
His right is freedom everywhere—
In his own way to worship his God.

In vain shall despots' minions' voice
Be raised to cause thy fall;
For freedom's sons shall thee sustain,
Defiant to them all.
Of thy fair glory all shall hear—
It flies from pole to pole;
While British hearts all bless thy name,
Fear fills each tyrant's soul.

And all whose deeds forth nobly stand—
The great, the wise and good,
Shall hail thee as a kinsman true,
In lofty brotherhood.
They'll hail thee great among them all,
And warmly grasp thine hand,
Give thee a brother's welcome here,
To our free native land.

And England now will gladly greet
The man whose dauntless toil
Has planted Freedom's banner oft
On many a blood-stained soil.
Whose efforts all unswerving firm—
Whose every scheme and plan—
Were formed to crush all tyranny,
And free his fellow man.

All hail thee, liberator great!

With pure affection greet;

With warmest hearts, both small and great,
Come forward thee to meet.

Thy self-denying lofty soul
Leads thousands to aspire
To emulate thy brilliant fame,
And freedom to desire.

Foremost thou in every battle—
Thy powers swayed the fight;
Ever in the cause of justice—
Firm to uphold the right.
Thy soldiers all to thee devoted—
A faithful, loving band;
Well they helped thee win thy laurels,
And free their native land.

What crown of gems, however bright,
Is meet to grace thy brow?
Gold and diamonds all would fade,
Thy glories forth to show.
The granite pile, or marble reared,
Would fail to show thy worth;
Long as man shall value freedom,
Thy fame will live on earth.

May Heaven's abundant blessings Rest on thee, hero brave! Whose soul—fired with devotion, Risked life to free the slave. Thine has been a bright example Of deeds most nobly planned; And Italy may well be proud Of the hero of her land.

May peace be thy happy portion!
And free from battle's strife,
Around thee gather all good men,
And angels guard thy life.
May thy glorious bright example—
Thy actions nobly done,
Fire the patriotic bosom
Of each Italian son.

Let all tyrant despots tremble,
And hate thy honoured name;
But all the sons of liberty
Shall hand it down to fame.
Thy virtues they will emulate
Through every land and clime,
And Garibaldi's name shall last
Till earth's remotest time.



Another.

AIL, hail, noble patriot! a heart proffered greeting!

Humanity welcomes and blesses thy name; Every soul in our island receives thee with gladness, All honour thy virtue, thy worth, and thy fame.

Not alone for the mighty exploits of thy daring—
All standing unrivalled in brilliant relief,
That have borne their fair banner of freedom unsullied,
And immortalled thy memory as liberty's chief:

'Tis the pure sterling truth of thy steadfast devotion,
That rouses our country to honour thy worth,
And moves the whole soul and the voice of our nation
Thy presence to greet—as the noblest of earth.

Thy love for thy country inspires veneration,
And warm blessings freely shower down on thy head;
In thy advent we bow at the shrine of true freedom,
Whilst tyranny trembles and shudders with dread.

With hearts overflowing, we feel in thy presence Emotions no language hath power to pourtray; The path that thou tread'st seems vested with goodness, The sun's line of truth seems to hallow thy way.

Garibaldi, thrice welcome! the prayer of thy brothers, Whose chains thou hast broken, and bid them be free,

Of the captives once dying in tyranny's dungeon, In gratitude rise to heaven for thee.

The babes of thy country in lisping sweet accents,
'Neath mothers' fond teaching, shall prattle thy name:
Historians and poets shall count it an honour
To bear thy renown on the annals of fame.

O long may thy life—still surrounded by grandeur, Be spared to partake of the fruits of thy toil; To see thy dear country united in freedom, No foreign oppressors to darken our soil.

And Italy rise once again in her beauty,

Send her sons and her daughters to gladden the

world;

Again may her hearts and her muses still flourish Beneath the bright banner of freedom unfurled.



The Maximers' Priend Society.

T Wapping, in the east, you'll find A charity to bless mankind,
Which is established to do good
To sailors in that neighbourhood;
And now I will try to rehearse
Its benefits in simple verse.

Its Mission Work's a glorious plan
To save benighted fallen man;
Leading to Jesu's blessed fold,
A Shepherd they in Him behold;
This Seamen's Bethel is the place
Where nought is preached but sovereign grace.

'Tis here you'll find in every tongue The *Bible* both for old and young; In twenty languages are tracts, To give on board of ships or smacks, And these do oft a blessing prove The sailor's stubborn heart to move.

On board the Ravensborne the crew, Numbering in all just thirty-two, Were through these means divinely blest, In Christ they found the promised rest. The sailors asked the mate to read A tract—'twas bless'd to them indeed.

The Free Schools, too, are spreading light 'Mongst those who sat in darkest night; Visits are made—each child brought in, The teacher seeks their hearts to win. The low, the poor (these are the rules) All find a welcome in these schools.

The *Missionaries* preach the word Inviting men to Christ the Lord. The docks are visited each day, To sing, to read, to preach, and pray; On vessel, barge, or on steamboat, These services are held afloat.

May we not ask each patriot true
To help us?—there is much to do.
To benefit our fellow man,
United effort is the plan.
Reader, if you have aught to spare,
Pray think of Wapping, send it there.



The Pleasure of Poing Good.

S through this life we journey on,
What sore distress we meet,
Of others as they show to us
Their troubles, in our street.
The lame, the sick, the halt, the blind,
We find in many a place;
The miseries of human kind,
The woes of Adam's race.

But we may have a joy sublime,
 If we our portion bear,
To mitigate these woes of time,
 And dry up sorrow's tear.
God wills that man should never live
 Unto himself alone;
But that he should his talents give
 To help each sorrowing one.

Be thankful for His every gift,
And use them for man's good;
Let charity thy bosom lift,
As every Christian should.

Show thyself as one who learns
Thy gracious master's laws;
His love, that in thy bosom burns,
Shall help thee in His cause.

Thou canst have pleasure in this way,
By drying sorrow's tear;
Thou canst do good in this your day,
And help their woes to bear.
Be glad thou hast it in thy power
To cheer the dying in their pain;
Be glad 'tis thine to pass an hour
That shall be recompensed again.

Yea, let thy time on earth be passed
In doing all the good you can;
Here it fails us long to last,
Do your part in God's great plan
So when you before Him stand,
The sentence then for you shall be—
"Inherit now the promised land,
You did for them, 'twas done for Me."

Missionary Anterprise,

ANKIND are equal in God's sight—
The bond, the free, the black, the white;
He made us all, then freedom gave—
God made man, man made the slave.

But there are willing slaves of sin, And these our missions try to win. Great God! send down Thy saving love, Thy Holy Spirit from above, And let Thy servants do their best-In blessing others be each blest. May all who try men's souls to win, And save them from the guilt of sin-Who nobly wage the battle strife, And fight Christ's cause through all their life-Who heart and hand work in the cause. And show to men the hallowed cross-Great God! their humble efforts bless. And crown their work with great success: Till the bright beams of heavenly light Chase from this earth sin's hellish night; Till the full blaze of gospel day To all Thy glorious grace display; This earth, a wilderness of woes, Shall bud and blossom as the rose. Yea, shine on all mankind, O Lord, Bless every nation with Thy word, And let Thy glorious kingdom come-Call every wandering sinner home; Bind Satan with Thy powerful chain, And take Thy rightful power to reign; Let all mankind upon Thee call, Till Thou Thyself art all in all.



Faith, Hope, and Chanity.

AITH, with its lovely beams so bright, Shines through our world, and yields us light.

Which to the mind of man displays
The glories of our future days.
With soaring wings, faith forward peers,
And looks into our coming years.
A telescope for Christian eyes,
Believers by their power applies,
Till on faith's mountain strong they stand,
Gazing into the promised land;
What prospects are thus brought to view,
Proving religion to be true.

Hope looks backward to God's plan,
Devised to save rebellious man;
Looks onward, through the gospel glass,
Till promised blessings come to pass.
Hope warms the mind with constant glow,
Waiting until God's mercies flow;

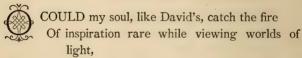
Content to labour and to wait,
'Midst storms and calms, its coming fate;
Steady progressing through life's ways,
Anticipating brighter days.
Thus, hope is found amidst the strife,
Expecting everlasting life.

But charity or love we find
Brings heaven at once into the mind,
Basks in the promise God has given,
On earth it realizes heaven.
Through faith and hope we mount above,
But charity's the power of love.
Faith with expectation glows;
Hope procures the soul repose;
Charity takes each in turn—
Makes the heart's affections burn.
Faith and hope in heaven above
Are lost in everlasting love.





The Beauty of Right.



All thoughts of earth would then from me retire—My mind would soar to contemplate the night.

The glorious sun now sheds its latest ray,
And all its golden beams from earth retire,
Tinging with glory closing scenes of day,
While every hill seems capped with glowing fire.

How sweet to scan the soft approach of night,
As from the east it slowly wends its way!

Fast from our view now fades the glimmering light—
The landscape sleeps beneath its ebon sway.

Now, faintly gleaming o'er the dark blue sky,
The glittering stars their softer radiance throw,
Piercing the veil which shuts them from the eye,
Till heaven's grand arch is one refulgent glow.

Mark with what lustre o'er the mighty sea

The full-orbed moon—the empress of the scene—
Sails in the pomp of cloudless majesty,
Gilding the prospect with her dazzling sheen.

What glorious thoughts entrance my wondering soul When in the silence of an hour like this!
What heavenly music o'er my senses roll,
Bathing one's spirit in a sea of bliss!

O royal Psalmist! thou didst feel its power,
When thou didst wondering ask, "Lord, what is
man?"

A worm—an atom—creature of an hour, Compared with God's great universal plan.

Like thee, our thoughts we now would upward raise;
Like thee, with gratitude our hearts ascend;
Like thee, give to Jehovah all the praise,
Both now and evermore, world without end.

Old Angland's Power.

HOUGH the guns of old England no longer are hurling

Destruction on ships of France or proud Spain, Yet insult her, and soon her pennant unfurling Will show you old England rules over the main. Though her navy lies moored on her peaceful waters,
And over her decks peace seemeth to reign,
Let but the boatswain pipe his tars to quarters,
They would soon prove old England rules over the

They would soon prove old England rules over the main.

Then think not, ye despots, whose dreams of dominion
Have painted her glory and power on the wane;
Let the demon of war at her shake his pinion—
Her decks would be manned to rule over the main.

The shades of her Nelson around her would hover—
His name through her ranks would re-echo again;
And the crest-fallen foe, when the conflict was over,
Would acknowledge old England ruled over the
main.

Though they may not know our old warrior's glory,
Who enwreathed on the ocean deeds of their fame,
Let them read her history, and there find the story
How England, old England, ruled over the main.

Has all Europe forgot when the waves of Aboukir
Were dyed with the blood of the vanquished and
slain?—

When Trafalgar saw Nelson with blood sign the charter

That England for ever should rule o'er the main?

By the death of her warriors undaunted she swears
O'er the ocean her trident of power to maintain;
Unconquered herself, the vanquished she spares,
For England, old England, rules over the main.

Some may sneer at the flag unfurled on each ocean, And try with their treachery its freedom to chain, Yet must bend submissive in war's rough commotion, For England, old England, rules over the main.

The Men of Briton.

LOVE my country; who is there will dare
To invade my beloved land so fair?
Whose sons are hardy, bold and brave—
Would fight unto the death to save
Their homes, their children, and their wives,
And for them sacrifice their lives.

England's brave sons will do or die—
In fiercest battles they will never shy;
On sea or land, it is well known,
True courage they've at all times shown;
And whenever war's banner they've unfurled,
Have proved a terror to the world.
Against them at Agincourt were three to one,
And yet the victory they nobly one.

Henry the Fifth, the hero of the day, Unto his army thus did bravely say, "Is there a man in my army afraid? Let him go home, let his passport be made."

Not one in all that noble army's band Wished to return unto his native land, But fought like lions on that battle-field, And the whole French army forced to yield; Beaten by Briton's sons, they fled away—Thousands were slain in that bloody fray.

England long has swayed the sceptre of the sea, Bidding mankind under her rule be free. Trafalgar and Nile saw her brave sons beat Superior numbers in the hostile fleet; And Briton's history does plainly show We have no reason now to fear a foe.

Waterloo showed how bravely they could fight— How their oppressors they could put to flight; How nobly there they did the victory gain! And the British flag is seen in every plain. Through all lands, then, who is afraid These foes will e'er our native land invade?

If they are bold enough they soon may come, But they'd be glad again to get back home; One hundred thousand riflemen so brave Would send them quickly to an early grave; A hostile foe now landed on our shore Would be destroyed and never heard of more.



Angland the Light of the Porld.

HINE, Britain, shine! thy virtues we commend:

Thy light to distant nations shall extend. A city on a hill cannot be hid, Nor canst thou be, while Heaven lifts up thy head. Shine, Britain, shine! O, send the Bible forth To each benighted corner of the earth: Till all with joy its richest blessings taste, And share with us the glorious gospel feast. O, happy people! highly favored isle, Which shares the sunshine of Jehovah's smile! The scenes thy sons and daughters have enjoyed Kings have desired to see, but were denied. We hope the sounds of discord soon will cease, And angels sing a universal peace! And still we pray, Lord, let Thy kingdom come. And bring Thy many ransomed children home. Both far and near Thy sway extend, By all our ships Thy glorious message send.

248 England the Light of the World.

Let Bethel flags, high waving in the air, Call seamen to engage in praise and prayer. May they, reformed, the great assembly join, Speak with new tongues, and sing in songs divine. Then heathen lands with mercy shall abound, And Christ be worshipped the wide world around. At thoughts of this the lonely desert sings To see Christ worshipped as the King of kings. See! glorious prospects all around us rise. And angels' songs shall fill the upper skies; While liberated captives shout applause To Zion's King and His victorious cause. Hasten, O Lord, the long, long wished-for day, When, favoured with Thy truth's enlightening ray, Poor Hottentots shall raise the song divine, And savage Turks the heavenly concert join; When blacks and whites—a vast redeemed throng— Shall all unite to swell the mighty song, Worship one God, and hail Him Lord and King-Through the world the Saviour's praises sing.





The Astrospect,

HE retrospect of former days
Is solacing and sweet employment,
It makes our providential ways
Both food for profit and enjoyment.

I muse in silent ecstacy
On many a happy friendly meeting;
And while I feel a lively joy,
I mourn to prove those joys were fleeting.

No, not fleeting: their still sweet breath Remains o'er time and change victorious; Their odours shall revive in death, And make eternity more glorious.

Hope dies not while at Jesu's feet
Our faithful spirits hold communion,
And by anticipation sweet,
Look forward to eternal union.

Though hid the ways of Providence,
We'll acquiesce in calm submission;
We walk by faith—nor sight nor sense,
And bow and bless his wise decision.

We know our Father's hand controls,
We trust He will approve and love us;
On Christ we build our faithful souls,
Nor from this rock shall aught remove us.

Past hours of social intercourse
Are fraught with many a bright reflection,
And though we often mourn their loss,
They fondly cling to recollection.

And while we take a calm review,
We feel a sacred consolation;
The hand that guided hitherto
Will end the glorious consummation.

And as we view His gracious care,
In adoration meekly bending,
Ascends to heaven our grateful prayer,
Like incense to the throne ascending.

It rises to yon sapphire throne,
Where heaven's High Priest appears before it,
And mingles with our prayers His own,
And breathes sweet holy incense o'er it.

He brings it in his hands to God,

The Holy Spirit o'er it hovering;

Points to His wounds and streaming blood,

And all sins' cleansing fount discovering.

The heart of God it moves on high;
The hosts of heaven are all in motion;
The love that sent His Son to die
Fills all their souls with deep devotion.

The countless company are there—
There with the blest they hold communion;
Departed is all earthly care,
With Christ they're joined in endless union.

Who would not then here bear His cross,
And ask for help here to be given?
To count no sacrifice a loss,
To gain a brilliant crown in heaven?

How happy then the man whose life
Can bear a retrospect unflinching;
Where truth's gems shine through ills and strife,
And all the snares of earth unquenching.

The Rife Boat.

HE winds lash the waves, the surge mounts on high,

Still the crew of the life boat the tempest defy,
The blasts of destruction they brave;

'Neath the thunder's loud roar and the lightning's flash,

With stout British hearts, on they fearlessly dash, 'Midst the cries of distress and the ship's breaking crash,

The hopeless and drowning to save!

Huzza! man the life boat, and let the storm rave,

Our watched is rescue!—we'll perish or save.

O'er the white crested billows she manfully sweeps, Like an angel of mercy she gallantly leaps, Rejoicing all terrors to brave.

Now lost to the view, now mounting on high, As flash after flash illumes the dark sky, Through the death-dealing torrents and breakers they

fly,

As the hapless they hasten to save. Huzza! man the life boat, and let the storm rave, Our watchword is rescue!—we'll perish or save.

Hark, hark! the wild shout—now heard 'mid the blast, Huzza! now they board her—the grapnel is cast;

'Tis joy from the wreck that is heard! They rescue her crew from the rigging and mast Of the ill-fated barque, and on they speed fast—

To the shore the boat flies like a bird. Huzza! man the life boat, and let the storm rave, Our watchword is rescue!—we'll perish or save.

Like sea dogs they shake the wet spray from each vest;

The fears of the rescued are past and at rest,

While a sobbing and heart-touching prayer From a fond mother rose, as her sailor boy pressed In safety once more to her joy-beating breast; And a husband again by a fond wife caressed,

And joy takes the place of despair.

Huzza! man the life boat, and let the storm rave,
Our watchword is rescue!—we'll perish or save.

Haste hither, ye wreathed ones, with victory crowned, Say where in creation rich gems may be found,

To sprinkle on honour's bright pile, All worthy of yours in a wreath to be bound. What jewels too costly their brows to surround, What praise is there equal their merits to sound,

The men who dare death for a smile? Huzza! man the life boat, and let the storm rave, Our watchword is rescue!—we'll perish or save.

Then build them a home where old age may glide—'Twould redound to our country's honour and pride—

Till they reach the confines of the blest;
Where kind mercy hovers, where justice would chide,
And win them a prize oft to greatness denied,
Blotting out all their follies from life's erring tide,

As they journey in peace to their rest. Huzza! man the life boat, and let the storm rave, Our watchword is rescue!—we'll perish or save.



The Re-exection of a Chapel.

HY days are all numbered, for Time's iron hand
Lies heavy, old chapel, on thee;
But long be remembered the patriot band
Who braved even death and each monarch's command,
Till they won for their children the boast of our land,
That man's conscience should ever be free.

But though thou must fall, from thy ashes shall rise
A more costly and beautiful shrine;
Where our children may worship Jehovah, and prize
The memory of those who to yonder bright skies
Have been called for their worth from all earthly ties,
As stars in His presence to shine.

When the chosen of old to their Maker would rear
A temple, wherein to adore,
The rich gold of Ophir they held not too dear,
Nor the wealth of their kingdoms, His name to revere,
Of Him who in visions had deigned to appear,
They deemed all an offering too poor.

Then let not our dwellings be decked and arrayed
With grandeur and pride to behold,
When houses of God are imploring our aid,
When time-honoured structures have sunk and decayed;
If you give to His cause you shall be repaid,
And become the bright sheep of His fold.

Cast fearlessly, then, on the waters thy bread,
And He who sees all with His eyes,
Ere the days of thy life shall have vanished and fled,
Shall return in bright blessings tenfold on thy head,
And thou, through life's valley, in safety be led
To thy glorious home in the skies.

My Rative Pand.

LD England, my native land, what shall I speak of thee?

Thou art above all nations, land of the brave and free.

The waves that wash thy shores, now loudly lift their voice,

And sparkle in the sunbeams, so freely they rejoice.

On the cliffs that guard thy coast, around our happy isle,
I see bright freedom's beacon flame, with fadeless splendour smile;

- To cheer the hardy labourer's lot—the more successful home,
- And sweeten all with happiness, where'er its blessings come.
- Old England, thou art greatly famed in the annals of the world,
- Thou art renowned for enterprise, where'er thy flag's unfurled.
- The voice of fame exalts thee high through every distant clime:
- A world thou art within thyself—thy triumphs swell with time.
- The freedom of thy press and speech sheds mightiest influence round,
- Is fast dispelling ignorance from off thy glorious ground;
- The tree of knowledge flourishes upon thy happy shore, And shall dispense its healing leaves, when time shall be no more.
- Old England boasts her heroes great, in many a battle
- And long as this dear isle shall last, a Nelson shall be named
- With honour as the nation's pride, who served his country well,
- And in the hour of victory he for that country fell.
- "England expects each man to do his duty!" loud he cried,
- Then fought the foe, and victory gained, but in that victory died;

He nobly did his duty then, and England mourned her son,

For with such a hero's loss the victory's dearly won.

Old England mourns her Wellington, whose noble deeds of arms

Abased Napoleon's vaunted pride, and stayed his war's alarms;

That eagle-crested hero great, who many a battle won Yet struck his flag at Waterloo to Britain's valiant son.

"Up, guards, and at them!" was the charge our noble soldier gave,

And gallantly was he obeyed, for the guards were nobly brave;

The grand old guards of France so brave, that ne'er had feared a foe,

Before old England's sons gave way—fled from the field of woe.

Old England mourns her Havelock; posterity will tell

Of many glorious heroes' fame, who for their country fell.

But we hope the day will shortly come when commerce shall be found

Bringing peace and joy and plenty to all the world around;

While true religion's glorious laws shall bind the tribes of man

In golden links of friendship true, each other's good to plan.

Then, then the world shall soon become a family of love.

And having done their work on earth, shall meet in heaven above.



My Much Poved Prize.

E still, fond heart, nor let thy throbbing tell
How warm you beat for her you love so well;
The sigh subdued, the tear and blushing cheek,
Discover thoughts the tongue can never speak.
Why is it thus? 'Tis honour stills my voice—
I'm yet too poor for her I'd make my choice;
Yet I'm resolved with manly zeal to rise,
And gain her maiden heart—my much loved prize.

When fortune gilds my now aspiring name,
With others blazoned on the scroll of fame,
I'll then declare how oft my heart has beat
To lay myself, though humble at her feet.
I'll tell her then how ardently I strove
To raise the flame, the mighty power of love;
'Twas loving her that caused me thus to rise,
And then I'll fondly ask my much loved prize.

The boon is granted. Like music is her voice—
It has the power to make my loving heart rejoice;
My love's returned, with pure affection fraught.
Her blushes tell how oft of me she thought.

She now rejoices, in love's transcendent bloom, To be the darling helpmate of my home. What gratitude! I feel my star of hope did rise To send me this life's joy—my much loved prize.

Farewell

OF THE DYING SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOY.

When poor little Tom stood on the deck,
The ship with its fury in battle was waging,
Alas! to become a most terrible wreck.

Tom then thought of home—of those who were dear,
Of mother and sisters, from whom he did part,
And he lifted his sleeve to wipe the sad tear,
And sobbed "dearest mother!" with his breaking heart.

The dark clouds in wildness are rolling along,
The flash of the lightning hastes to destroy,
The sea waves seem chanting a funeral song,
And pale is the brow of the desolate boy.

But hark! now the ship on the rocks is dashing,
The masts all broken go by the board,
The planks and the timbers now are all crashing,
No life boat to save—"Have mercy, good Lord!"

No fond mother near to hear his last sigh,

No sisters or brothers to pray for him now;
But in the wild breakers to perish and die,

Far from his home his body laid low.

"Good bye, dearest mother, good bye now to all!

For these my last prayer on earth shall be given;

Time there was given on Jesus to call,

And I hope to meet all in the harbour of heaven."

The storm is now over and bright is the dawn,
Alas! it discovers the wreck on the shore;
The night that was dismal brings him a bright morn,
But the crew of the ship are heard of no more.

Welcome to Ford Clyde.

AIL, hail! once again to the shores of Great
Britain

We welcome our hero in safety returned, Whose deeds on the column of fame shall be written, For he shall receive the laurels he's earned. That son of the highlands with honour unclouded,

The muses of Burns hath oft raised thee in song;

The bright Caledonia with valour unshrouded,

What glorious renown to thy cities belong!

What hardihood, daring, and fortitude ever
Hath filled the patriots of Scotland's fair land!
The fiercest of wars or tumults could never
Chase fire from the bosom or warmth from the hand.
Ever true to their chieftain, like rock in position,
No foe in their presence a hold could maintain;
Thou hast, gallant leader, returned from thy mission,
We greet thee, Sir Colin, with welcome again.

Thy Crimean achievements are duly recorded
On memory's escutcheon fresh ever in mind—
Those deeds which our country has loudly applauded,
When the first post of honour to thee was assigned.
When Alma's loud cannon like thunder was roaring,
And death-dealing grape-shot spread terror around,
The highlanders' volleys like lightning were pouring,
The foe was destroyed and covered the ground.

But upward you bounded, all terrors defying;
From the trumpet's first sound when the day had begun,

You ceased not advancing till the foes were all flying
And the batteries ceased firing, for Alma was won.
Then hail, noble chieftain! thy fame is enduring—
Through ages to come it shall still be the same;
In grateful remembrance its lustre ensuring,
We greet thee, Sir Colin, with welcome again.

Balaclava, too, saw the pride of thy daring,

The proud Russian army were scattered in flght;
In the midst of thy soldiers their perils wert sharing
In the cause of thy country—the battle for right.
Throughout that campaign, when danger loomed o'er us,
With the foremost assailants you always were nigh;
Like a star of success you then shone before us,
And led on the army to conquer or die.

And likewise in India's far climate maintaining,
With valour undaunted, much skill and success,
Those ties of allegiance to country pertaining,
With high traits of daring and honour no less.
And now thou'st returned to thine own noble nation,
A soldier—a patriot—in heart, limb, and brain,
To receive from our Queen marks of high approbation—
We greet thee, Sir Colin, with welcome again.

Rever Repine,

O not repine when fortune frowns on thee,
Or when severed rudely is friendship's fond
chain;

Up, up and be doing, hope smiles o'er the lea!

And loss of a false friend is true ones to gain.

'Tis vain to repine—despair's a dark shadow,

That phantom-like round feeble hearts doth entwine;
In this world for us all there is sunshine and sorrow,

Then up and be doing, and never repine!

Never repine, storm clouds soon pass over;
Trouble, when past, it is best to forget;
While memory of bright days—sweet hours of rapture,
Will oftentimes sad ones beguile from regret.
From our hearts let us banish the dark and the stormy,
The pleasant and happy we then will enshrine;
In the world for us all there is sunshine and sorrow,
Then up and be doing, and never repine!

Confidence in Banger.

HE curling waves with awful roar
A little barque assailed,
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevailed.

Save on the captain's darling child, Who steadfast viewed the storm, And cheerful with composure smiled At danger's threatening form. "And smilest thou thus"—a seaman cried—
"While terrors overwhelm?"

"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,
"My father's at the helm!"

So when our earthly all is reft— Our earthly helpers gone, We still have one sure anchor left— God helps—and He alone.

He to our prayers will lend His ear,
He gives our pangs relief;
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to Him 'midst sorrows wild, When wants and woes o'erwhelm; Remembering, like the fearless child, Our Father's at the helm.

Ong Prave Police.

TERN war hath called forth many a strain,
And poets oft recite the praise
Of heroes brave on land or main,
And victories won in bygone days—
When death and glory was the cry,
From east to west, on every hand,

And valiant hearts to arms would fly,

To guard our free and happy land.

But now grim war has passed away,

I'll give my praise of Britain's peace,

Preserved so ably, night and day,

By England's guards—our brave police.

Our warm regards the force deserves—
Its manly bearing claims respect;
Our country's peace it well preserves—
Its members crime with speed detect.
Though oft a thankless office theirs,
Still care and prudence they display;
And though amidst a thousand snares,
Yet sense of duty cheers their way.
Humane through many trying scenes,
Our obligations do increase;
To keep the peace they try all means—
All honour to our brave police.

With no such force to watch and guard,
This city—with its wealth so great—
Temptations numerous would afford
To gangs of thieves that round it wait.
They'd spread a terror through the town,
And, ruffian like, would all molest,
But they're so hunted up and down—
The brave police give them no rest.
Their haunts are known, they're rooted out;
These lawless bands now fast decrease;
In safety all may walk about—
All honour to our brave police.

And we will say, God bless them all!

To whom our safety oft we owe;

So ready they at duty's call—

In dangers great they often go.

Fires they are oft the first to find;

Many by them have rescued been—

Saved with a brave, heroic mind,

Such resolution seldom seen.

But they have souls which never die—

On earth may they with God find peace;

And after death, above the sky,

May we all meet our brave police!

Phere will your Home be?

AVE ye heard, have ye heard of that bright clime,

Unstained by sorrow—unhurt by time; Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame, Where the eye is fire—the heart is flame?

Have ye heard of that sun-bright clime?

There are rivers of water gushing there,
'Mid blossoms of beauty strangely fair;
And ten thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are found in that cloudless clime.

And there is the city whose name is light,
With the diamond's ray and the ruby bright;
And ensigns are waving and banners unfurl
Over walls of jasper and gates of pearl,
That are found in that sun-bright clime.

There are myriads of forms arrayed in white—Beings of beauty clothed in light:
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid the fadeless hue of countless flowers,
That spring in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard, nor eye hath seen,
Its swelling songs, or its changeless sheen;
For vests of light and harps of gold,
And crowns of glory wax not old,
Nor fade in that sun-light clime.

'Tis where the song of the seraph swells,
Where the radiant Lord of brightness dwells;
Where amid all things fair is given
The home of the saved—whose name is heaven—
O, think will your home be there?





Anth's Flowers.

HERE are flowers, there are flowers—yes, even on earth—

Where all that is lovely fades from its birth; There are sweet buds of bliss—pure offsprings of love, Whose fragrance proclaims their birth from above.

O, say not that earth has no joys that endure—
No pleasures to yield that are lasting and pure;
Sad indeed were man's lot, through storms as they lower,

Could he see no reflection of hope's brightest flower.

Shall we seek in a mine for the pearls of the sea, Yet murmur if fruitless the search there shall be? For gold shall we search the oft-trodden way, Then marvel if nothing our labours repay?

Or track the wild forest in quest of the rose, Which in garden and bower its beauties disclose? Yet the pearl, and the gold, and rose on its spray, If sought for aright will our labours repay. The heart has its bloom if the spirits be free—Beautiful flowers to be gathered there be; If Heaven direct with its calm holy light, A wreath we may twine in sorrow's dark night.

Raise up the fallen, change each sigh to a smile; The orphan's tears dry and their sorrows beguile; Direct the poor widow to heaven above, As the rest ever glorious of those whom they love.

Then the joys of the raised ones in smiles thou wilt see, And the blessings of orphans shall be bouquets for thee; You may pluck them on earth each brow to entwine, And a crown for thyself in eternity shine.

Hempus Pugit.

ROM heaven the great archangel's trump shall sound,

Proclaiming far and wide the dirge of time;
And all shall hear, amid the awe profound,
The solemn call to earth's remotest clime.

The fiat of Omnipotence goes forth—
"Perish all nations!—stern, imperious fate.
The soul of man, that only gem of worth,
Survives the wreck of works and cities great.

Where are those towers, those battlements so high,
That seemed to bid defiance to the world?
Time's all-destroying hand hath bid them fly,
And all their glory to oblivion hurled.

Where are those cities on the scroll of fame?

Where are those monuments, each sculptured bust?

Where the great men, and their long glorious name?

All, all are fallen, silent in the dust!

Alas! how sad to think that all must die!

Those, too, we love, who make us cling to life;

Youth, glory, riches, all life's joys must fly,

And death, with its own darkness, end the strife.

But thoughts arise that gild this theme of woe,
And bid us look for higher joys above—
Joys our great Saviour purchased here below,
And made for ever sure by dying love.

Religion, as with angel hands, points up,
And drives away the fear that makes us sigh;
Our dear Redeemer drank death's bitter cup,
And ope'd the way for us to mount on high.

The pearly gates of heaven shall ne'er decay;
And if through Christ we once have entered there,
The golden light of God's eternal day
Shall bid us all His heavenly joys to share.



Pines

TO THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES ON THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

"We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God."—Acts ii. 11.

WAKE, Christian churches! arouse from your slumbers!

Many strangers are coming to visit this land;
Up, then, and be doing! to add to the numbers
Of those who've enlisted in Christ's happy band.
Up, Christians, and at them! till every false system
Before the truth falls, like false Dagon of old
Fell down 'fore the ark—boasted god of Philistine—
Was broken in dust and before the ark rolled.

Let no Christian shrink from the battle now raging,
But firm for the truth may each boldly stand;
And not be ashamed in Christ's cause engaging,
To chase sin and error away from our land.
Haste now to the rescue in your day of living,
Death's night will soon come, when you cannot tell
About Christ your Redeemer, on the cross giving
His own life to rescue poor sinners from hell.

Old England! thy destiny's grand, if revealing
The gospel of Christ—His own hallowed word;
To thy Saviour be faithful, with Christian love feeling,
And plant through each land the cross of our Lord.
Work on till all nations His sceptre brought under,
Till empires and colonies bow to His sway;
Let thy zeal in Christ's cause be a blessing and wonder,
And hasten the glorious millenial day.

Old England's the life-boat for all men's salvation,
Her language is spoken in every clime,
Her religion is best for each generation,
Present light of the age and glory of time.
Why should we fear in this day of probation
To man this good life boat, our bright colours hoist—
Undaunted to show them to each tribe and nation,
For salvation of man and glory of Christ?

English pastors and people now all join together,
The Bible distribute to every one,
In their own language give it, as here they all gather
From out of all nations under the sun.
While science and art are here each combining
To exalt this great palace in annals of fame,
Work nobly for Christ—with true love entwining,
And bring all you can to call on His name.

Let not this great gathering pass by unheeded— Such may never occur in old England again; Show forth the blest Gospel! by this world so needed, Never let it be said your religion is vain. 'Tis your bounden duty, and if you neglect it,
And your talents are hid in a napkin away,
Souls surely will perish—you may not expect it—
Of you be required in God's judgment day.

May Christians in faith, their standards appearing,
Now publish with joy the truths of His word;
And all those who long for His kingdom appearing,
Proclaim free salvation through Jesus our Lord
Christians, put on your robes—radiant and glorious!
From thy Saviour received, His righteous robe bright;
Then pray for His Spirit, which will prove all victorious,
To show to all people how Christ is their light.

Awake from your slumber! put on Christian armour,
Let all join together—His standard unfurled;
Fight for the truth in the ranks of your Saviour!
To bring to His cross the whole of the world.
This world shall be His—the Scriptures declare it,
Subdued to His sceptre all nations shall be;
His truth shall shine forth, in rays so refulgent,
Filling earth as the waters and sands of the sea.

Fight on the side which will sure prove victorious!

Press forward with truth—let it be in the van!

Raise high the blest cross and show it forth glorious,

Preach Christ as the only redemption for man.

Do not hang in the rear, but be valiant and true,

Undaunted as saints refreshed by His love;

And ne'er let your talents be hidden from view,

But labour to fill His bright heaven above.

A Pentecost time the blest Spirit invoking,
That every stranger may hear the glad sound
Of the grand gospel truth, in His own language spoken,
At the feet of the Saviour be penitent found.
Then as they all listen to hear the glad story,
What Jesus hath done—each and all being blest,
Will return to their homes all filled with His glory,
With the new beams of life His love hath impressed.

Then when He comes with His angels surrounding,
With all heaven's host in His power supreme;
His faithful shall find His love all abounding,
To repay them for all their labours for Him.
He will say, "Come, ye blest of my Father, inherit
The mansions prepared for those that I love;
Take thy robe and thy crown, a reward for thy merit,
And enter for ever my kingdom above."

Karthly Pleasures.

ARTHLY pleasures! earthly pleasures!

Vanishing and fading treasures:

Sparkling, fleeting, fast they fly,

Though to hold them still we try;

They shine like dewdrops on the rose, And for a season brief disclose A transient beauty that decays, E'en while we on that beauty gaze. Drawn by the sun's resistless fire, They droop, they fall, and then expire.

Such are earth's pleasures to our view,
We grasp and find them only dew;
For still is life beset with snares,
The world is full of anxious cares;
And all its joys are at the best
Foundations false whereon to rest.
Each of its roses has its thorn,
Fades in the holding, soon is gone;
Blest virtue's path is only sure—
Its flowers for ever will endure.

Childhood's Poe.

ON SEEING TWO LITTLE GIRLS WEEPING OVER THEIR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

ARK to that sound of grief
From children young and fair!
At the grave they seek relief—
For their fond mother's there.

O'er the grave their tears are shed, Around them all is stilled; Both weeping o'er the dead— With sobs the air is filled.

The sun withdraws his beams,
All nature miss his light—
Hills, vales, and flowing streams
Have lost his glories bright.
Sad tears were on my cheek
As I gazed silent there,
And upward looked to seek
Her spirit in the air.

I thought her form I saw,
O, beautiful and bright!
Her guardian course she bore
'Midst rays of fadeless light.
I thought how much this scene
Had charmed the children dear,
Could they her form have seen,
A guardian angel there!

She looked on them with love—
So lovingly repaid;
In innocence they gazed above—
She guards them with her shade.
A ministering angel bent
O'er them with loving eye,
To salvation's children sent,
To raise them up on high.

When here their race is run,
Their spirits soar away,
And when life's toils are done
They'll meet in brighter day—
Ne'er more to part again,
But bless'd with parents sing,
In heaven's bright shining plain,
The praises of their King.

Bigthday Ode

TO Mr. JOHN BAXTER, ON ATTAINING HIS FIFTY-SECOND YEAR, 1858.

CCEPT, dear friend, this tributary lay,
Called forth by friendshlp on thy natal day;
And let the effusions of my mind now raise
Affection's tribute in a Baxter's praise.

In social life how oft we try to find
A friend indeed just suited to our mind!
One sure and firm in bitter times of trial,
To cheer our hours of gloom with friendly smile.

278 Birthday Ode to Mr. Baxter.

If honest worth can claim a note of praise.

Accept, dear friend, from me these humble lays;

And let my muse with earnest candour pen

The genuine virtues of the best of men.

No pomp surrounds him with the breath of fame, Nor trumpets to the world a victor's name, Nor deeds of valour on the battle-field, Where right to might is often made to yield.

Religion guides his way and rules his heart— His loftiest aim to act the good man's part, To soften every woe that he may find, And be the generous friend of all mankind.

Years fifty-two have gone and passed away, Since Leigh, in Essex, heard thy infant lay; Unto thy parents then a child was sent, To bless their hearts with joy and sweet content.

And in thy future journey on through life, May piety within dispel all strife; While always feeling thy acceptance sure For that blest mansion Christ died to procure.

The poor in thee have often found a friend, To tell them of the joys that never end; With liberal hand bestowing clothes and food, And leading them to seek the Shepherd good.

And as old Time, in his resistless flight, Brings thee still nearer to the realms of light, May God's own promised staff thy comfort be— And all through life may'st thou His mercy see. May smiling Peace, with Plenty by her side, Long o'er thy house with happiness preside; Religion with her glorious truths impart Her virtue still to adorn thy manly heart.

And still long years may'st thou be spared to live, To crown thy home with excellence, and give Thy dearest wife love's generous faithful care, And keep her on her way to heaven with prayer.

Thus while thou sailest through life's boisterous seas, Each striving how the other most shall please; Bound for the haven of eternal rest—

To be with Jesus there for ever blest.

But should misfortune, with its fiery dart, Pursue thee on through life and pain thy heart, 'Tis done, remember, by parental love, To fit thy spirit for His courts above.

Or should prosperity attend thee here, Place not upon it too much thought or care; Though worldly trifles may the heart allure, Let thy salvation's state be made most sure.

May'st thou have faith from Pisgah's top to view The promised land, as Moses looked it through; And see the Lamb in all His beauties there, The object bright of holy faith and prayer.

And may'st thou oft to Calvary turn thine eye, And cry, "Alas! and did my Saviour die? My sins with thorns then crowned my Saviour's head, For me He died, for me His blood was shed"

Then when in angel-choir thou lift'st thy voice, And with the ransomed blood-bought throng rejoice, This shall thy hallelujah chorus be, "My Lord has bought this fadeless crown for me."

There shalt thou meet the friends that went before. Now singing their new songs on Canaan's shore: 'Mid heaven's high arches shall thy joy-notes rise, And grateful praises echo through the skies.

Nor shall thy time of praises e'er be past, But long as an eternity shall last, With God shut in for ever to be blest, And with His saints enjoy the heavenly rest.

And when thou thus shalt join the host above, And sing with rapture thy Redeemer's love. Thou wilt acknowledge God does all things well, And through eternity His wonders tell.

May this, dear friend, be thy most happy state When life is ended here, with joy elate To tread heaven's realms, and all thy powers employ In praise, in love, in ecstacy and joy.



The Poor Outquet.

From thee both Priest and Levite turn aside,
Yet there are those who contemplate thy fall
With deep regret as you from virtue glide.

The coldly virtuous from thee turn away,
And sneer as they thy fading form pass by;
Nor will reflect that in thy earliest day
Thou wert unsullied as the morning sky.

And once the pride wert of thy humble home,
Watched o'er by parents anxious, kind and true;
With every virtue thou didst seem to bloom,
And made their loving hearts with pleasure glow.

But since, perchance, thou'st broken a mother's heart,
And brought with sorrow to his lowly grave
Thy grey-haired father, who tried every art
From shame his lovely daughter's life to save.

But the vile tempter came, and thee beheld,

Like some fair rose, some beauteous fragrant flower;

With passion his unhallowed bosom swelled,

And how he watched to have you in his power!

He fascinated as with serpent's eye,

Till he had drawn you to his cursed embrace;

Then left you, like a villian, lost, to sigh,—

A monument of guilt and sad disgrace;

That was not dreamt of when thou gav'st in faith Thyself, and all thy virtue had to give; Thou only thoughtest of the joy till death With him as his beloved wife to live.

Who would have thought that he could so deceive,
Or in thy breast plant such a bitter thorn;
Or crush so sweet a flower, now left to grieve,
Heart-broken, blighted, for the proud to scorn?

And there are moments when thy thoughts survey
The past, that now seems like some fevered dream,
Shocked that from virtue thou shouldst ever stray,
And guilty live in life's tempestuous stream.

And how it grieves the virtuous, when they hear
Thy language, which their modesty doth shame,
And see thee cast the insidious, lustful leer
On youth and age, their passions to inflame.

Thy end, perchance, the suicide's sad grave,

To plunge in some dark stream, and end thy woe;

Dread thought! shall no good creature try to save,

But let thy soul thus to perdition go?

Poor profligate! for thee we shed a tear,
And beg thou wilt the precious Saviour try,
Who ne'er cast out a penitent, while here,
That for His mercy humbly did apply.

O, go to Him whose blood was shed for thee, And you shall find a friend both kind and true, Who died for outcasts, although bad they be, His loving mercy ever doth renew.

And you, self-righteous ones, that pass her by, Gazing with anger in your breast alone, The Saviour's test to your own selves apply— "If without sin, then cast ye the first stone!"

Rome, Sweet Rome,

HERE is a little spot on earth,

Hallowed by strong affection's tie—
It is the home that gave us birth,
Where all our choicest treasures lie.

How sweet that place at close of day,
When twilight throws its shades around,
To see the children there at play,
Their childish toys strewn on the ground.

The traveller as he journeys far,

Through foreign climes compelled to roam,
He thinks of scenes where parents are,
And dwells with rapture on his home.

How memory lingers o'er each scene
Made precious by the loved ones there,
Where glowing hearts and smiles have been,—
'Tis thoughts like these his bosom cheer.

Of friends he thinks, now passed away, Gone to far better realms above— Shining with everlasting ray— Made happy through a Saviour's love.

Their ransomed spirits, though at rest,
With joy beholding Jesu's face,
Though far away in glory blest,
Seem hovering o'er the hallowed place.

But there's a home that never fades, A mansion blest for ever sure, Where sin or sorrow never shades, And bliss for ever shall endure.

There is a home where all unite—
Saved from a fading world like this—
Shall live and love, with souls delight,
In an eternal age of bliss.



The Marriage of the Prince of Wales.

AIL! noble Prince, son of a sire so dear,
Whose memory England ever will revere;
Hail! noble son of our beloved Queen,
The greatest monarch earth has ever seen.
To thee our homage we desire to pay,
We greet with love on this auspicious day;
We hail thee Prince, as old England's pride,
And wish thee happy with thy lovely bride.

Lord! hear Thy people's voice,
Through England far and wide,
Bless Albert and his choice—
His lovely Danish bride.

O God of goodness! we will Thee implore From heaven on them Thy choicest gifts to pour. Deign, we beseech Thee, this union here to bless, Crowning their lives with health and happiness. Beloved Prince, may father's pattern lead, Old England then will sure be blest indeed;

286' Ode to the Princess Alexandra.

With gratitude will hail thee England's pride, Have cause to bless thee and thy lovely bride.

Lord! hear Thy people's voice,
Through England far and wide,
Bless Albert and his choice—
His lovely Danish bride.

For thousands will be looking up to thee,
Through England's realms their pattern here to be;
And thousands more will elevate their voice
To bless thee and the Princess of thy choice.
The English and the Danes together bear
Their voices high in humble, fervent prayer,
That God through life will bless old England's pride,
With Alexandra, his beloved bride.

Lord! hear Thy people's voice,
Through England far and wide,
Bless Albert and his choice—
His lovely Danish bride.

Ode to the Princess Alexandra.

RIGHT star of the Danes! we hail thy appearance
With rapturous joy on our free English shore;
Sons and daughters of Albion greet thee with
welcome,

And blessings abundant on thy head they pour.

We know thou hast left thy home and thy kindred,
The land of thy birth, among strangers to come;
But right is the faith thou hast placed in old England,
And in Albert's true love, the Prince of our home.

Thou hast come to the heart of a Prince great and noble,
The hope of our land in its glory and pride,
Whose care through this life will be for thy comfort,
Who'll rejoice to make happy his own lovely bride.

Thou art come to the heart of our virtuous Queen,
To our Sovereign, thy mother, who ever will prove
A kind parent and friend like those thou hast left,
Who will gain thy esteem, veneration, and love.

Thou art come to the hearts of a brave, loyal people,
To the greatest free nation e'er known upon earth,
Who welcome thee to them with love's best affection,
And rejoice to approve and acknowledge thy worth.

And though like a flower from thine own land transplanted,

We will cherish and prize thee with true English love, In our own land will tend thee with kindest affection, Till thou art transplanted to thy home above.





Sabbath Meditations.

IS Sabbath day. How calm, how chaste Seems all around, with reverence graced!

Approach the toil-worn artizan

To bless the day God gave to man; To serve Him in His house of prayer. His precious flowing grace to share, His word to hear, His peace to prove, To taste the manna of His love.

Delightful, blissful, glorious day! How grateful to our feeble clay, When souls in pure devotion meet To lay their sins at Jesu's feet; In meekness bent to supplicate For mercy on man's fallen state, Inspired by Christian faith alone, Before the high eternal throne.

All nature seems to share the charm, The solace of the Sabbath's calm; What comfort to the heart opprest Is this great boon, this day of rest! O, that man should live so base, To turn aside from mercy's face, To tread a guilty, headlong way, And desecrate the Sabbath day.

Alas! alas! how much we see
Of human vice and misery,
By worldly gain and folly made,
Of those engaged in Sabbath trade;
Whose lives no thoughts of heaven control;
And thus falls many a youthful soul,
Who else had sought the better way,
And bless'd God's own great Sabbath day.

The Beath of Prince Albert.

MOURN, England, mourn! for death assails thy great,

A noble one hath fallen from his high estate; Loved Albert, now laid low by death's cold, icy hand. Has passed away and left us for the better land. Thou Prince of truth and worth, we wished thee long to live,

To thy adopted nation thou didst blessings give; Pure charity and love with thee their names enrolled, And noble institutions long thy fame unfold.

Through all the time thou dwelt amongst us here, Thy warmth of heart made all thy name revere; Cherished and loved alike by great and small, A household word thy name, endeared to one and all.

Were it a first stone for some charity to lay, Thy hand was ever near, apart from proud display; For each asylum o'er its peaceful door, Proclaim thee benefactor to the old and poor.

Our numerous ragged schools have lost a friend, Thy love was ever ready, thy constant aid to lend; And when the Palace of Industry we see, It awakens in our hearts the memory of thee.

Our handsome Coal Exchange, with noble motto stored,—

"The earth and all its fulness belongeth to the Lord," Recalls thy form to mind in health and vigour's glow, And bids the saddened tear of gratitude to flow.

But thou hast passed away, and mourners' broken sighs Arise from every heart, and tears bedim their eyes; We feel thy absence still, and grieve thy early doom, Our loving aspirations ascend above thy tomb, Our noble nation weeps, so soon with thee to part,
And for our Queen's bereavement with almost broken
heart;

In sadness grieves for him who caused her heart to glow, But now struck down by death to the cold tomb below.

They think upon that home where thou didst once preside, .

With happy wife and children loving by thy side; Now bowed by grief and widowed mother's care. But for our Queen, O God! accept our earnest prayer.

And though we mourn thee, Prince, yet still thy God in love,

Hath taken thee from earth to thy blest home above; Now thou art far removed from evils yet to come, And landed with the blest in thy eternal home.

A worthy, noble father! it was thy manly pride In holy virtue's path to be thy children's guide; The whole wide world will yet their lofty influence feel, As kings and queens devoted to their country's weal.

It oft hath been fair Albion's dreary lot to mourn
For loss of lofty ones whom death hath from her torn;
But ne'er has England's people shewn more genuine
grief,

O'er monarch, prince, or statesman, or noble warrior chief.

O Thou great God of mercy! who now hath thus bereaved

Our Queen, which has our nations deep and sorely grieved,

Beneath this heavy stroke we all must humbly bend, And crave Thy loving mercy for the Queen our friend.

Be husband to the widow in all her great distress, A father to her children, who now are fatherless: O Thou most gracious God! on Thee we humbly call, That Thou would'st send Thy blessing upon the heads of all

O, our dearest Queen, this is thy people's prayer,— That God for many years thy life will deign to spare, To live to bless us with thy talents given, Then join thy loving husband in the bliss of heaven.

To the Memory of Miss P. M.

OVELY flower! chaste, transient and bright,
She was early called home to her rest— To those heavenly regions of light, For ever to dwell with the blest.

For a time to her dear parents lent, The joy of their lives she was given, Till God's holy angels were sent To bear her to glory in heaven.

But what hand can picture the stroke,

That like a sad blight seemed to come,

And the hearts of the parents most broke;

When they missed her loved presence from home?

As each little momento they view,
Of one to their hearts very dear,
Its remembrance their sorrows renew,
They silently oft shed a tear.

Yet they hope, free from sorrow and pain,
Their spirits shall one day arise,
To meet their dear daughter again,
United to dwell in the skies.

Time.

"We know it is short and will soon pass away;

Let us eat, then, and drink, and banish all sorrow, And live well to-day, we may die on the morrow."

This is what the gay and the worldling oft say, As life's generations pass quickly away; 294

Only cumbering the earth as onward time flies— In uselessness lives and unhonoured dies.

But the Christian says always, "I will work to-day, Improve every moment that's passing away; Probationers here while dwelling below, The seed of the gospel delighting to sow.

"The world by our lives something better should be, For all our good actions our Master will see; Endeavouring the good of our fellows to prove, Laying up for ourselves a rich treasure above.

"If we labour in love for God and for man, While living do always all good that we can, Working hard in the vineyard laid out by our Lord, He will give us a bright and a lasting reward."

To make the world better is the duty of man, Each one in his sphere to do all that he can, And those who do nothing as on the hours fly, Like fools only live, and like brutes only die.





The Convict before Execution.

GOD! can this be he—the youth who once was gay,

But now so prodigal, has trifled life away! Who in a gloomy dungeon now is thrown, Whose conscience does the sentence justly own? He was found guilty and consigned to death—A few short hours and he'll resign his breath. I hear his voice, his agonizing cry, "What can I do—where, where for comfort fly?

"Am I the boy whose young life bid so fair
To recompense my gen'rous parents' care?
Alas! 'tis past—my life is thrown away,
Hard is my heart, I've lost the power to pray!
O Memory! what scenes of sin—how sad—how true—
Dost thou discover to my frenzied view,
Till my poor soul with evil thoughts is driven
To rail and curse the just decree of heaven!

"It was not always so; but now it is my doom
To end life in disgrace and sink into the tomb.
These cold, bare walls—the strongly bolted door—
The grated bars—the chilly pavement floor;
The straw my bed—a stool—the blessed book,
Though on its pages I dare hardly look.
I hear the jailer with his stealthy tread,
He brings my water and my prison bread.

"My mind keeps wandering back to earlier days, Which oft I spent at home in prayer and praise. Who would have thought it e'er would come to this, That I'd forsake the only path to bliss? I ask, Can it be me? Surely it is a dream, I never could forsake the Great Supreme, To whom we bowed at home in solemn prayer, And parents prayed that I might be His care.

"Too well I know there is no dreaming here,
These prison walls confirm my anxious fear;
All hope is lost and I am broken-hearted,
Blighted by crime, my every joy departed.
My mind's distracted, almost mad I'm driven:
Can crimes like mine e'er hope to be forgiven?
It seems to me they cannot—God is just;
What shall I do? where can I put my trust?

"It was the fatal cup brought me to this, And turned my footsteps from the path of bliss. Curs'd be the hour I took the tempting bowl— It has destroyed my body and my soul: Curs'd be the hour when my companions gay
Lured me in error's guilty paths to stray!
Curs'd be the hour I God's house did leave,
To roam in sin, His Holy Spirit grieve.

"Where are the lessons taught in Sunday school? Alas! how madly I have played the fool! My mind untrained has grown quite wild, My conscience hardened, and my soul defiled. O, when I think of what I might have been, And see all ruined by the curse of sin, My brain is mad with fear and guilty dread Of God's just judgment coming on my head.

"O Time, how often have I murdered thee! And now no chance at all remains for me. My life I've wasted—none for me remains: I've sown destruction, and now reap my pains. My frantic soul looks back upon the past—It seems enough my guilty soul to blast! My soul, I know now to my bitter cost, Is near eternity, and I am lost!

"O God of mercy! canst Thou pardon me?

I see my Saviour bleeding on the tree.

For His sake speak, as Thou didst to the thief—
Thy voice alone can give my soul relief.

Speak, Saviour, speak! my crimes do Thou forgive;
Tell me that at Thy feet my soul shall live.

Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive a wretch like me,
And I will praise Thee through eternity."



What is Peath?

HAT is death? They say my mother died:
Her form is lifeless on the dry, cold bed;
Her soul is gone to take its place beside
The throne of Him who is her Life, her Head.
Why talk of her as dead? she is but gone to rest,
Not lost for ever in the silent tomb;
That mortal shall in immortality be dress'd,
And incorruption be the spirit's home.

There is a voice I hear, rich in its tones,

Which makes our hearts thrill with supreme delight;
It dries our tears and hushes all our moans—
It speaks of rapture when our spirits bright
Shall take possession of the clay restored;
Though once its beauty faded and was gone,
Yet now it shall be like its risen Lord,
And evermore remain a perfect one.

That voice is silent—once its tone was sweet;

That form has withered, like the flowers of spring;
But still the loved one seems our souls to greet,

And we can almost hear her spirit sing.

Earth's flowers soon fade, to rise in deathless bloom,

They droop in silence—death is nature's dower;
But they shall rise again, fresh from the tomb,

And grow in beauty in the Saviour's bower.

Faith, joy, and hope illuminate the breast,
Since life and immortality are brought to light;
The spirit has departed to its rest,
And with the ransomed clothed in robes of white.
Riches in glory are for those who love the Lord;
Why should we grieve for those who pass away?
For their frail tenement shall be restored,
And live with Jesus through an endless day.

For death to those who love and serve the Lord
Is but the passage to their Father's home;
Removed from hence to reap a rich reward,
Where sorrow cannot be nor trouble come.
We listen not to nature's treacherous wail,
Or we'd be filled with gloomy, dark despair;
In heaven above no foes can us assail,
For all is peace and joy and freedom there.

Then for the dead why should we ever grieve?

Why mourn the triumph of their latter end?

The grave may seem to us the shade of eve,

But the freed spirit meets a heavenly friend.

300 Richmond Theological Institution.

Bless'd be the book such glories to unfold;
Bless'd be the One who undertook my case;
Bless'd be the Spirit which led me to the fold;
And bless'd be God, who called me by His grace.

O, what glories does the book make known!

What rapture gladdens now the eye of faith!

Eternal life through Christ is all mine own!

My Jesus speaks to me—He sweetly saith,

"'I am the Resurrection and the Life;'

I did not bleed and die for thee in vain:

Thou shalt but sleep when ended's mortal strife—

Thy spirit shall return, thy body rise again."

Richmond Theological Austitution.

Lines dedicated to the Rev. J. CUNNINGHAM, Missionary in India.

Of gorgeous palaces that awe the sight,
Nor time-worn temples, calling forth my
Neither of armies on the battle field,
Shouting, "To victory or death!" upon the plain.

'Tis not of forts with many a bristling tower,
Their armoury of cannon, whose dread power
With still repeating echoes shakes the earth;
Of kings or queens I here no line indite—
Of sun, or moon, or stars, or planets bright;
But of a building of the noble worth.

High upon Richmond Hill the building stands,

And growing fame through all the earth commands;

From thence has come forth many a faithful son

To uphold the sacred banner of the cross,

Preach Christ, without regard to gain or loss,

And show how heavenly glory may be won.

The sacred lessons they imbibe while there
They treasure up in mind with anxious care,
That they by faith this world of ours may raise
Till the time prophesied shall surely come,
When all mankind shall seek their heavenly home,
And with one heart and voice their Saviour praise.

But what devout affections centre there;
Oft for its inmates upraised is the prayer
From fondest mothers, who their sons have given,
As dedicate to God in youthful days,
That they through life might manifest His praise,
By leading sinners in the path to heaven.

Its missionaries sent unto the heathen world,
With Gospel truth and light their banner wide unfurled,
Seeking to enlighten the dark and savage race—

As shepherds of Christ's flock searching out his fold; To tell them of His love—that tale so often told—

To make them all the subjects of His grace.

Deep pain oft rends the mother's heaving breast,
When parting with her son she loves the best,
To go where she may see him ne'er again—
Where oft the fatal climate hath destroyed
The moral hero, who for God employed
His hallowed energies as if in vain.

Oft little marks the missionary's praise;
Perchance some beauteous wild flowers o'er it wave,
And show the spot where rests his hallowed dust;
But still his name is written in deep love
On many a heathen's soul, now blest above,
Who through his preaching did in Jesus trust.

Such glorious monuments shall ever stand,
A portion of heaven's eternal, happy band;
In love to chronicle the name of these
Who parted with their homes and friends so dear—
Ready themselves to offer—to duty clear—
To bring poor sinners in the paths of peace.

The crash of ages and the wreck of years,

Man's works destroying all his hopes and fears,

Shall on these monuments possess no power;

But in Christ's kingdom, they shall ever shine,

And bear the stamp indelibly divine,

Which sin and sorrow shall defile no more.

The pastor there shall see his work again,

That oft discouraged him and gave him pain;

There in those glorious realms shall it be found—

As gems in Jesu's crown the souls appear,

He laboured hard to save from hell while here,

While heaven shall with their praises loud resound.

Then who would hinder us to make our boast
Of work like this, and try to raise a host
Of godlike, working, self-denying men?
Wesley's right glorious principles act out,
Shouting, "God is with us!" his last dying shout,
And help to renovate the world again.

Firm may this building stand to latest age,
An honour to our land on history's page!
And from it oft may Christian men go forth
To uphold pure godliness in all its truth;
While justifying faith be dear to youth,
And Methodism spread in all its worth.

Death of the Panghten of a Priend.

HE is gone from our sight! our loved one's departed,

And we weep for her loss almost broken-hearted; Thus link after link in life's chain we sever, Earthly unions are broken to be blended for ever.

304 Death of the Daughter of a Friend.

She is gone from our sight! the delight of our eyes, Taken from us by death to her home in the skies; Arrayed as the purest in white robes so bright, She now is an angel in that world of light.

Though our loved ones before us are oftentimes taken, Our heavenward thoughts it but tends to awaken, Adding still to our treasures stored up by God's love In the blest realms of glory, the bright world above.

They are flowers transplanted, removed from earth's sod,

And will blossom for ever in the garden of God; And though on earth we may ne'er meet them again, We shall join them for ever on heaven's bright plain.

Yet her voice and her features in memory will last, Recalling to mind those happy days past; The joy of our home, and the pride of our life, Is taken for ever from this world of strife.

Though her body now rests within the cold tomb, She has gone to a better, a heavenly home; She dwells now in peace, having gained the rich prize. Like a blossom all pure where love never dies.

Like an angel of light she looks down from above On friends left behind, with feelings of love; Our hopes become bright when we think of her rest, Our spirits mount up to the home of the blest.

Then dry up your tears, ye fond parents, awhile, Yield your treasure to Christ, He has taken your child;

Death of the Daughter of a Friend. 305

Though heavy the loss, view it all for the best, Thy loved one now dwells in His promised rest.

O mourn not, O sigh not, but comfort receive From God's blessed word, which all Christians believe; Have faith, strong and sure, in His promises given, Though here you have pain, you will have joy in heaven.

O sweet consolation! O life-giving balm!

To think of thy loved one now free from all harm—
From Satan's temptations and sin's luring snares,
For the glories of Jesus her Saviour she shares.

Then let us improve each bereavement we meet, And bow with submission at Jesus's feet; When heavily laden, with sorrow oppressed, He invites us to Him and He promises rest.

"Come to Me"—there's a volume of love in that word—
"Come to Me, and your burden I'll bear," saith the
Lord:

"Come to Me, come to Me!" O hear the glad call, And low at His feet in humility fall.

O, Christ! with glad hearts Thy call we obey, Still be Thou our Guide, our Light, and our Way; We bless Thy compassion, which calls us to prove Thy glorious salvation, Thy fulness of love.

Fade then, our beloved ones, from earth fade away;Lay them low in the tomb in the dust to decay;But remember, Christ conquered both death and the tomb,

And will raise us to heaven for ever to bloom.



Ordination of Missionaries

AT LAMBETH CHAPEL.

N Lambeth chapel solemn silence reigned,
When at communion young men meekly knelt
As missionaries there to be ordained,
Their grave responsibility they felt.
Their calling, O how solemn, yet how grand!
In heathen lands they're going forth to preach—
Christ's love to magnify within a foreign land,
His mercy to a savage race to teach.

And now the hands laid on with solemn prayer,

That these young men should firm and faithful prove
And do their work with earnestness and care,
And tell poor sinners of a Saviour's love.

In solemn song the congregation join,
And tuneful anthems fill the holy place;
Christ's flock surround, with voice of praise divine,
And pray for God's protection and His grace.

Around God's glorious throne of grace on high
Silence there reigneth while the hymns ascend,
And human praises rise up to the sky,
And God in mercy deigns to condescend
To bless these young men with His Spirit's might,
Of grace a double portion to them given,
Each be a burning and a shining light,
To lead poor heathens safely home to heaven.

The Drunkard.

OW many men, with talents rare,
Oft plunge into a dangerous snare,
Through insatiate love of drink;
It drowns their senses, and still worse,
It proves to hearth and home a curse—
Can ever drunkards think?

Of all the men on earth accurst
A drunkard surely seems the worst,
Who thus himself degrades;
When drunk what folly he'll commit,
While in his beastly sottish fit
A laughing-stock is made.

His character, his health and time,
Destroyed by this debasing crime,
Death's in the fatal bowl;
The poison lures him from the right—
Who'er would seek in it delight
Endangers life and soul.

He in the tempter's snare is caught,
His peace of home is gone to nought,
His life a wretched blight;
Now down destructions's path he goes,
A prey to grief and stung with woes,
Robs wife and children's right.

He still keeps on his fearful course,
And headlong goes from bad to worse!
The gin-fiend drags him on,
Inflaming body, soul, and mind,
To ruin all he seems inclined—
His soul hath Satan won.

Who can the joys of drunkards see?
He swallows his worst enemy,
Is like a bondman led;
And when th' inflaming spirit dies,
A shaft of agony through him flies,
And racks his throbbing head.

To think of home, and fond wife there, Lonely and sad in deep despair, How he performs his part; Her at the altar vowed to love,

Protector, guide, through life to prove,

But now he breaks her heart.

Within her home she sits and weeps,
With scalding tears her pillow steeps,
Alas! her sorrow's vain;
Her patient care he'll oft abuse,
Her sinking form with blows ill-use,
Till life's one scene of pain.

He wallows like a beast in mire,
Drinks till his body seems on fire,
And all his sense is fled;
Then when his money is all gone,
His looks most abject and forlorn,
With shame he bows his head.

O, drunkard! think before too late
What, what would be thy awful state,
If a drunkard thou should'st die?
For such as thee, the Scriptures tell,
Shall have their portion low in hell,
Through all eternity.

Then turn at once, poor drunkard, turn,
Repent of this thy sin, and mourn
The wasted life thou'st passed;
Turn now to Christ without delay,
For He can wash thy sins away,
And save thy soul at last.

Haste! fly to His atoning blood,
And there be cleansed in mercy's flood,
Ere time shall cease to roll;
Bid drink, the alluring fiend, depart,
And yield the Saviour all thy heart—
He'll save thy precious soul.

Memory.

HAT wondrous power our memory shows,
To retain the much-loved forms of those
Whose image tells of scenes long past
Of childhood's joys, of hopes and fears,
Of youth's and manhood's riper years—
Of scenes too bright and fair to last.

How memory still delights to trace
Some bygone scenes, some well-known face—
Dear relics of our life's joys past—
Which it delights to bring to view,
Again pass life-like in review,
Imprest on memory's tablet fast.

I'm pleased that memory will retain
Love's enshrined forms to bring again,
Friends' image stamped upon our breast;
Restores them with all bygone joys,
When memory sweet her power employs,
Those who have gained the promised rest.

We call them back, and then pourtray
Their vivid scenes in bright array.
From forth the stores of memory borne;
What magic power have those wrapt there,
Beyond the scenes each hour so near,
That all is not to oblivion gone.

Is memory soul's connecting chain,
Linking us to earth, scenes to retain,
In all their powerful form and force?
If so, how careful should we be,
That memory only scenes should see
To bring delight with our past course.

Let conscience now then have the sway,
Do good in this our life's short day,
For truth determined e'er to fight;
Like champions bold we'll nobly stand,
Chase sin and error from our land
And fill with heavenly light.





To A. C. Penyson, Asq.,

MAYOR OF HULL.*

RUE liberal men most liberal things devise,
And blessings to their fellow-men arise,
When throb their hearts with patriotic glow,
And on their countrymen their gifts bestow.
Thus liberal Pearson, favoured man of heaven,
The park at Hull so liberally hath given,
That all his townsmen may pure air enjoy,
And their spare hours in pastime may employ.

His name in honour shall be handed down,
In distant years, a blessing to his town—
With Wilberforce and such, that men may see
Who are old England's true nobility;
Whether they be, alas! men who are bent
On self-exalting with no good intent,
Or those who by their merits rise and live,
And wealth and talents to their townsmen give.

^{*} On the occasion of his presenting a park to the inhabitants of the town.

Men who are foremost in each noble cause,
Upholding England's honour and her laws—
True patriots, whose aim it is to plan
Schemes that will benefit their fellow-man;
While labouring in this hive-like world like bees,
Extracting honey from life's flowers, are these
Philanthropists transmitting down to fame
A useful, virtuous, and long honoured-name.

Inhabitants of Hull may safely boast
That of great men it has produced a host:
First, Andrew Marvel, who, two centuries ago,
Its honoured member stood, as all men know;
And Hogge, the sheriff—once a sailor boy—
For people there his talents did employ;
While others, now long dead, once living there
Were patriots all, too numerous to declare.

But there are some who are misnamed the "great," Because, perchance, they own some large estate,— Though how it came to them but few doth know, And they perhaps would hardly like to show; But they have got it, and think life to enjoy, Their means in trifling pleasures oft employ, And, like the butterfly of summer's day, In flitting follies waste their lives away.

O, foolish worldlings! life you can't enjoy— The world's vain pleasures satiate and cloy, Man's many wants in life are very few, And one must strive to do as others do. Must labour to enjoy refreshing sleep, Use exercise, in perfect health to keep; And if he would be wise in life's short day, Be useful unto others as time departs away.

Freedom's blessed time is surely coming on,
When offices alone by merit shall be won;
When birth, rank, or family, however high in caste,
Unless with worth and talent link'd will scornfully be
pass'd;

And men of mind and honour, however mean their birth,

Shall occupy high places foremost through the earth; And men who wisely act will not their lives debase, But labour here right manfully to raise their fallen race.

Pearson! the best proof of thy exalted mind
Is thy desire to benefit mankind,
And ever to do good while thou art here in health,
Distributing aright thy great and princely wealth.
Hull well may proudly speak of such a noble friend,
Its rights to entertain, its honour to defend;
And while this splendid park to pastime may allure,
Shall Pearson's honoured name in memory endure.



The Phipwperk,

ARK! how the storm is raging,
The sea rolls mountains high;
The elements war seem raging,
The vivid lightnings fly.

Borne on the winds are heard The cries of deep despair; And from the sinking ship Ascends the voice of prayer.

For succour now they look,

But seem to look in vain;

They cannot see the shore,

Through storms of drifting rain.

Their sails to atoms torn,

The ship strikes on the rock;

She surely soon will sink,

So fearful is each shock.

Now in the water's roll
She's bilged and on the strand;
The sea breaks o'er her deck,
How can they get to land?

As hope begins to fail,

A boat appears in view,

It is the gallant life boat,

Manned with her noble crew.

They came to save or—die—
All these poor shipwrecked men
And through the raging waves
They pull with might and main.

As through the foaming surf,
They strive the ship to reach,
Around them roars the storm,
And wild the sea-birds screech.

Undaunted on they pull,
And reach the ship at last;
They rescue all the crew,
Despite the roaring blast.

To land them now they haste, Upon the rocky shore; Secure in safety placed The hardy crew once more.

Then up ascends their prayer
For the life boat's gallant crew;
O, God! for ever bless them,
To them our lives are due.

Had they not come to save us, We soon had sunk and died; Our bodies lost and drifting About the rolling tide. Thy blessings give them now,
Let life to them be given,
Numbers more to rescue,
Then land them safe in heaven.

Each sailor perils braves,
Of ocean rough and wide;
Its wonders and its grandeur,
Its ebb and flowing tide.

Friends he leaves behind him,
His children and his wife,
Who anxious mourn his absence,
And pray God spare his life.

When homeward bound he comes,
With honest joy and pride,
His heart with fervour yearns,
To view his own fire-side.

When landed home he bounds,
And brings his hard-earned store,
His perils all he tells,
Since last he left the shore.

Then thankfully they join
In humble, earnest prayer,
To God for His great love,
Their parent's life to spare.

And thus on life's rough sea,
They sail in peace and love,
And brave its every storm,
Till called to heaven above.



The Bouquet:

ITS LESSONS.*

HIS handsome bouquet, formed of very choice flowers,

Has lately been plucked from this garden of ours; It gladdens the heart and it pleases the eye, But its beauty must fade and its loveliness die. Yet there are some lessons which it doth impart, So full of true wisdom to strengthen the heart. How varied its colours! Here's the lily, the rose, Carnations, geraniums—as you may suppose; The violet, the fuschia, camilla and fern, Verbena, the snowdrop and heartsease, in turn, Jasmin, polyanthus and moss-rose I see, All bound up together in this lovely bouquet.

So Christians are flowers, each one in his place, The Church is the garden, the soil divine grace; Opinions may differ in some things, 'tis true, But all have one object for ever in view. Our *National Church* is blooming and fair, For the rose, the shamrock, and thistle are there;

* Written after hearing a speech on flowers by the Rev. ENOS COUCH, F.S.A., Chaplain to the "Mariners' Friend Society."

The Wesleyan Church like an evergreen stands, And this plant is now growing in almost all lands; The Congregational Church like a fuschia is seen, And the Baptist a cactus so lovely and green. May each like a lily in purity prove, And form a bouquet bound together in love.

These flowers I have here, so choice and so rare,
Have been planted and nurtured with every care;
The soil was prepared and the good seed was sown,
Or else this bouquet would never have grown.
Just so in each heart God findeth a place,
To sow divine seed prepared by His grace;
It taketh deep root and upwards it springs,
"Growing up into Christ its head in all things;"
It groweth in grace, in faith and in love,
And the Master comes down from His mansion above;
He watches it grow in His own lovely bowers,
And takes back a bouquet of beautiful flowers."

How lovely each tint—no beauty like this!
'Tis the work of a master—our Father He is;
He designed every petal, each leaf and each stem,
And all their fair colours He gave unto them.
Just so in each soul should beauty be seen,
In its mixtures of colours—red, blue, pink, or green;
Like Moses of old, our faces should shine,
Pourtraying in beauty the glory divine;
Or like a bright angel in features appear,
As Stephen the martyr, bereft of all fear;
And rise to the home of blest spirits above,
To bask in the beauty of perfected love.

There's a fragrance delicious in every flower.
Which it sheds forth so gratefully after a shower;
And the bouquet I hold to all doth impart
An odour delightful—it cheereth the heart.
Just so should the prayers of the Christian arise,
Like a sweet-smelling savour go up to the skies;
For God will receive our prayers if they come
Up sweetly perfumed in the blood of His Son.
Like incense they rise, go up to His throne,
And He is well pleased His children to own;
Like a bouquet of flowers its scent shall be given,
And a perfume impart to our Father in heaven.

How fruitful is every green plant we behold—Some beautiful ones, with their blossoms of gold! The trees of the garden, the corn and the vine, Produce most abundantly for thee and for thine. So we should be fruitful, for this is the test By which we can show our religion the best; In labours of love we should always be found. The fruits of the Spirit should in us abound. We'll plant gospel flowers in every land; United our effort, together we stand; A bouquet then, Lord, we'll present unto Thee—"Here am I and those Thou hast given to me."

If God sent no water these flowers would decay—
No fragrance would come from this splendid bouquet;
The seed would not grow, the plant would not bloom,
But all would be desolate, dark as the tomb.
Just so would all efforts of ours be in vain,
Unless God pour on us the heavenly rain.

This water divine the Spirit bestows,
And so in proportion our piety grows.
The first-fruits of earth, the choicest of flowers,
Are plucked by the Saviour in this world of ours,
And taken above, where they cannot decay,
To form by His love a glorious bouquet.

Lines on the Brig "Gem."*

OUD roared the winds as the ship "Gem" lay
Near the great south rocks of Robin Hood Bay;
From Hamburg they'd sailed, and mistook the
land,

And were near being lost on that rocky strand.

William Storm was up on the height, and saw The ship's fearful danger, as near she did draw To that rocky shore where scores have been lost, And to Whitby for help away did he post.

^{*}The brig "Gem" was nearly lost in Robin Hood Bay, on her passage from Hamburg, getting almost on shore on the rocks, when a friend of mine, Mr. W. Storm, was the means of saving the ship and crew.

But when he got there the pilots did say,
"It blows so heavy, we can't go to-day;"
But he pleaded hard that some should e'en try,
And not these poor sailors abandon to die.

Then forward they went to that fine noble pier Of Whitby ('tis famed for miles far and near); There saw the captain of a steamer afloat, Who offered to go with Storm in their boat.

He determined to go, and they got up the steam, And loosed from the pier, and into the stream; With brave valiant hearts, they determined to save Those poor sailors bold from a watery grave.

Out bravely they went, but the sea ran high, And broke o'er the steamer, and seemed very nigh To overwhelm her and sink them while going out; But well they all knew what they were about.

And soon from the harbour they got clear away,
To steer to the rocky and dangerous bay;
And glad were the sailors when watching them come,
To save them from shipwreck's deplorable doom.

They steer to the ship, and a hawser they take— The anchors are weighed, and now in the wake Of the steamer are towed to a safe harbour near, And grateful they're left at Scarborough pier.

Then success to Storm and the other brave men, Who ventured their lives for their fellows then; And every danger and hardship they braved, That the noble vessel from wreck might be saved.

Long may they live, and their time thus employed In doing others good, still more be enjoyed; And always be ready to venture and save All that they can from a watery grave.

The Poyage of Life.

Y brother sailor, which course do you steer?
Whither you are bound pray let it appear.
Through waves and storms you now are hastening on—

The voyage will soon be ended, life be gone. Tell me what pilot you have now on board, Tell me his name, pray is it Christ the Lord?

You are sailing rapidly along the stream;
The longest life seems but an idle dream.
Engage as pilot Him who rules each realm,
He'll steer you safely if He's at the helm;
With Him is safety, yes, for every crew—
He guides the stars, and every vessel to,

The crew He loves are those who Him obey, Who live unto His glory day by day: Gladly each plies the labouring oar. Striving to reach the golden shore: They come out from among the ungodly here, And o'er life's waves Christ does the vessel steer.

If during life's short vovage vou'd happy be, Then hear the Saviour whisper "Come to Me." Come to Him now-by Him you may be led, He'll feed you constantly with living bread. O, listen to the Spirit's gracious voice, And through the voyage your spirit shall rejoice.

And when with you this life's rough voyage shall end, In Christ your pilot you will find a friend; With Him for ever you shall dwell on high, Above the stars and you bright glittering sky; There you may shout in happy, joyous strain, "I've made the voyage and now am home again."

The Failor's Wife's Parewell.

AREWELL, farewell, my husband dear! You are now about to leave your home; May God protect—be ever near— Till thou unto thy wife dost come!

Thou art bound away to a distant land,
It is a good ship that bears thee on;
Thou soon wilt reach a foreign strand,
And I shall miss thee when thou'rt gone.

The voyage of life we agreed to share,
When we learned to put our trust in Him,
To whom we bowed in fervent prayer,
Hoping eternal life to win.
God has our Guide and Father been—
In Him a constant Friend we find;
Throughout the voyage His hand we've seen—
He smooths the waves and rules the wind.

I'll offer up my prayers for thee
Whilst thou art absent from thy love;
Though on the rough and stormy sea,
My constancy thou'lt ever prove.
I'll think of joys which we have shared,
When the ocean rolls 'tween thee and me,
And pray that thou may still be spared;
Farewell I scarce can say to thee.

How vain the sigh that rends the heart
The ship they now begin to unmoor
Dear husband! you and I must part,
And you must plough the ocean o'er
But though on earth we may divide,
Though thy profession makes thee rove,
My love is like a swelling tide,
To hail thy coming back, my love.

And when at night I lay awake,

I'll think of him who asleep once laid
In the fishing boat on the boisterous lake,
To whom the affrighted disciples prayed.

"Lord, save or we perish!" these sailors cried;
They knew that He had the power to save;
He rose and rebuked the storm and tide,
He hushed the wind and stilled the wave.

I will think of Him, of His power and grace,
And feel that my loved one is safe in His hands;
He made all worlds and filleth all space,
He protecteth His own in far distant lands.
In His care alone can safety be found,
He ever will be a trustworthy friend;
We'll trust Him on water or on solid ground,
Till our voyage of life in heaven shall end.

The Sich Child.

WEAKNESS seizes all my limbs—I struggle to be strong;

But all in vain: I feel, I feel I shall not be here long.

- I would I might abide on earth till spring hath brought the flowers;
- I would that I might breathe my last 'mid April's balmy showers.
- For now the winds are blowing cold, so very cold and sad;
- And yet, and yet, it may be so, I might not like it glad. The snow is drifting into heaps, the ice is on the lake; At night I watch the winter moon, I lie so oft awake.
- I gaze upon the smiling sun, when there is not a cloud;
 I shall never see its brightness when I'm wrapped within my shroud:
- But I shall view a brighter scene when I mingle with the sod,
- For I shall see, unblinded then, the glory of my God.
- I feel as though my spirit had bright wings to fly away;
- O, join my hands together now! O, let me, let me pray!
- My Saviour loved those little ones—with Him I fain would be;
- The merciful to sinless babes will mercy show to me.





The Death of Admiral Lyons.

HE gallant old admiral's gone,
Who the guns of a foe never feared;
A sailor who victories won,
No matter to what point he steered.
From Westminster School he set out,
On board the "Royal Charlotte" he went,
At eleven years old, or about,
As midshipman forth he was sent.

A sailor's life there he began,
That called into action this boy;
His courage had honoured a man,
When serving his country with joy.
When after twelve months he had served
On the ship "Royal Charlotte" at sea,
His practical skill was observed,
And then to the "Maidstone" went he.

Nearly five years in her he remained,
Beloved by each one he knew;
He the friendship of officers gained,—
Was the idol beloved by the crew.
Next to the frigate "Action" removed,
By the Dardanelles' passage so famed,
Where Duckworth so eminent proved,
With honour young Lyons he named.

His promotion he here soon obtained,

To the "Baracouta" lieutenant was sent:
In this little brig honour he gained,

Prized and welcomed wherever he went.
Here success first rewarded his skill,

When the Castle of Belgie was stormed:
To succeed he dashed on with a will,

And feats of bright daring performed.

In this great exploit he displayed
A true sailor's courage so bold;
Though the channel was bad, haste he made,
And took the foe's wily stronghold.
O'er the castle a flag was soon waved,
Placed there by England's brave son;
Cried "Come on!" while all dangers he braved,
And soon showed the vict'ry was won.

The news soon reached this land,

His bravery met a reward;

Warm greetings showed on every hand,

A braver youth ne'er drew the sword.

With Admiral Drury next set sail
To Java, in the "Minden" bound,
As flag-lieutenant ne'er did fail
To make it honoured where'er found.

As the ship of Java was lying off,
From a prisoner on board he learned
They thought an action would come off,
And then with ardour's fire he burned.
With action prompt in midnight hours
He planned his scheme to carry out;
Two boats and five-and-thirty tars
Soon put the foreign foe to rout.

He saw Fort Marrack with its guns
For battle, fifty-four, arrayed;
Though the moon showed England's gallant sons,
They were not daunted or afraid.
The sea was rolling up the shore
As they were landing on the beach;
Undaunted firmly under fire
They pressed and nobly scaled the breach.

Thus onward went the gallant tar,
And charged the foe and gained the fort;
At dawn of day was seen afar
Old England's colours o'er the port.
With victory, commander he was made,
In the ship "Renald" was sent away,
And over to France a king conveyed,
A monarch's sceptre there to sway.

Then back to England he returned,

To bear the allied sovereigns here,

And for this service honours earned—

The treaty of peace did also bear.

In eighteen hundred and fourteen, he
Received post captain's rank; his fame

A terror proved to foes at sea,—

Like Nelson's, they feared to hear his name.

A time then came—he stayed on shore—A time of peace—e'er ready he
To fight, and in the "Blonde" once more
On active service went to sea;
And soon his mind was called to play
In the "Morea" an active part;
Allied to France, he won the day,
And caused the Turks with fear to start.

Twelve nights in trenches was exposed
To the Turks' great guns and muskets' fire;
His bravery the French disclosed,
And St. Louis' order gave to admire;
To reward his merit Greece then gave
The order of the Redeemer rare,
That many a Grecian great would crave
The much-loved honour thus to share.

For the many services performed

He knighted was in "'thirty-five,"
In "'forty" then he was informed

Forthwith a baronet would live.

Again he hears his country's call,
A lofty office of the state
He takes, and on his shoulders fall
A foreign mission high and great.

When ambassador at Athens, he
Upheld his country with his voice,
Of England's glory speaking free,
It made his countrymen rejoice.
At Berne he still upheld the praise
Of Briton's virtues, and her laws;
At Stockholm, too, his voice did raise,
Which gained his country's loud applause.

Again he braves the azure main,
He then the British fleet commands,
And to the Black Sea sails again,
From Russia justice to demand:
The "Agamemnon" led the way,
And with the fleet the foe defied;
The Russian fleet all hid away
Behind stone walls, the coward tried.

To get them out he tried each scheme;
Behind Sebastopol's stone walls
Sent shells, all pouring in a stream,
Which sorely then their fleet appals.
For country always did his best,
Its rights and honours to maintain:
He sacrificed his health and rest
For laurels of the watery main.

Brave Lyons upheld England's fame,
Attacked Sebastopol so strong,
In that good ship of glorious name
He fought with courage firm and long;
Accomplished all that head and heart
Could do against such walls of stone,
And played a dauntless sailor's part,
With brilliant skill, as all must own.

'Twas by his skill, and knowledge too,

That many thousand lives were saved,

And sheltered many a valiant crew,

The raging storm could ne'er have braved;

In Balaclava's harbour they

Securely rode throughout the gale,

While those without, for miles away,

Could tell a frightful, mournful tale.

Some store-ships foundered in the roads,
And all on board were sunk and lost;
The beach was strewn with stores in loads,
And many lives of priceless cost;
But Lyons' wisdom there was praised
By those who lay in harbour safe,
When outside others' cries were raised
For succour, shelter and relief.

But that fine youth, his gallant son—
Young Mowbray Lyons he was named—
Was struck ere Sebastopol was won,
And died a youth for ever famed,

And after peace had been proclaimed, Our queen across the channel went, To Cherbourg fortress, now so famed, The French alliance to cement.

And here Lord Lyons held command,
And honours freely crowned his worth,
With every good from fortune's hand,
That men can know or feel on earth;
But England has this hero lost,
All in the blossom of his fame;
But while she can a navy boast,
Shall honour blazon o'er his name.

Bong of the Pishermen.

E are bound away, at the close of day,
Far off on the briny sea;
All hearts are brave, as we leap the wave,
And joyous as mortals can be.
With favouring gale we onward sail,
And over us flies the spray,
And Zion's song, as we sail along,
We sing at the close of day.

The stars above seem heralds of love,
And the moon, with silver light,
Awakens the fire of fond desire
To dwell in heaven so bright.
Our sails are spread, no fear or dread
Appal each manly breast;
Our songs arise through glittering skies
To God our hope of rest.

We remember of old how Jesus told
The faithful fishermen then
Their nets to forsake and He would make
Them preachers and fishers of men.
They heard His voice, and their hearts rejoice
To leave their earthly store,
The message of love, He brought from above,
To preach it on every shore.

He often had told His disciple fold
That trials and sorrows would come,
Though cares should increase, in Him was their peace,
And this chased away all their gloom.
Him they believed, and His word they received,
Did the meek and faithful band,
Then in Christ's praise our songs we'll raise,
As our boats glide far from the land.

How oft we are made most solely afraid,
While viewing some trial to brave,
But to each wave of ill Christ saith, "Be still,
My power each loved one shall save."

In the darkness of night, when gone is the light, With souls bowed heavy with care, Our voices we've raised, and His love be praised, He has answered our suppliant prayer.

On the storm-crested deep He knoweth no sleep,
But peace to our souls doth He send;
His voice soundeth still, "Fear not any ill,
I'm your firm, your unchangeable Friend."
Though life may be short, you may all reach the port,
All your sins by His mercy forgiven,

Here partake of His grace, then see His blest face,
And gain the bright harbour of heaven.

We will think of the time, in a happier clime,
In the glorious land of the blest;
We shall sing in the song of the triumphal throng,
In the heavenly haven of rest.
Looking back on the past, and each stormy blast,
Shall own that His doings were right;
His mercies repeat, with love at His feet,
For ever to dwell in His sight.





Pines

ON THE DEATH OF HIS GRACE ALGERNON PERCY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

LAS! he's gone from off this earthly scene;
His Christian virtues shone in rays serene;
Though high exalted in this earthly sphere,
He studied well the poor to bless and cheer;
His chief delight to form some noble plan
To benefit and help his fellow man.
No self-love dimmed his calm, benignant days,
His generous deeds inspired all hearts with praise;
And countless blessings showered upon his head,
Throughout the land his noble fame was spread;
And now his mission's done, his spirit flies
To endless realms of joy beyond the skies.

338 Death of the Duke of Northumberland.

But though he's gone, yet as we gaze around,
On good and holy works his name is found;
He passed from earth, his soul hath soared away,
But still he lives in deeds that ne'er decay;
And thousands yet unborn shall laud his name,
While history's page perpetuates his fame,
And truth's pure words bear record of his worth
And spreads his fame abroad through all the earth,
Recording how a Percy nobly stood,
A pattern bright to all the just and good;
Inciting peers among the rich and great
To bless and cherish all of low estate.

His princely wealth he summoned to his aid,
And all the fulness of his heart displayed;
Raised stately temples, dedicate to God,
For in God's fear he ever meekly trod.
The shipwrecked sailors' steadfast friend was he
His life-boats braved the perils of the sea,
Glad tidings bearing o'er the furious wave,
Rescuing poor souls from many a watery grave:
And though his death on all hath cast a gloom,
Yet will his deeds survive beyond the tomb;
His numerous tenants all his loss deplore,
And grieve to think they'll find him here no more.

He passed away to heaven to meet his King, There with cherubim and seraphim to sing; He's landed safely on the eternal shore, Joined the redeemed, his Saviour to adore. Ours is the loss and sorrow,—ours the pain, The change to him is everlasting gain;

From heights of bliss he can with joy look down,
His ducal gems resigned for heaven's bright crown.
With holy joy he joins the glorious throng,
And sings in heaven the hallelujah song!
With golden harp before the throne he'll stand,
And sing God's praises in the better land.

To Mr. Asaac Hunter Clark.*

AIL, noble veteran! thy jubilee we greet,
Thankful that thou art spared with us to meet;
Hail, worthy Clark! we give thee hearty cheers,
For labour in Christ's cause for fifty years.
We meet in crowds to celebrate this day;
That God will bless thee, every one will pray;

^{*} Written on the presentation of a valuable timepiece, bearing the following inscription:—"A Jubilee Testimonial to Mr. Isaac Hunter Clark, from the Ministers, Trustees, Stewards, Leaders, Members, Friends, Teachers, and Scholars of Southwark Wesleyan Chapel, London, in grateful recognition of fifty years of happy membership and useful service, March 3rd, 1865.—'To God be all the praise.'"

We give thee honour, and are glad to see Thee look so well on this thy jubilee. May God thy useful life still longer spare, And ever keep thee 'neath His guardian care!

But in the past what changes thou hast seen;
In a half a century hosts of mighty men
Have gone to their reward! men thou hast known,
Who left the earth to take their heavenly crown.
But God's great goodness kindly leads thee still,
Climbing life's mazy, thorny, rugged hill;
In every storm He kindly shelters thee
Beneath the wings of His benignity;
And here amidst thy friends thou still dost stand,
A child of grace kept by his mighty hand.

Still thy heart throbs with warm desires to plan
Fresh means by which to save thy fellow man:
Thou labourest still in every useful sphere,
A blessing made to all while dwelling here.
With gratitude thy zealous care we trace,
Thy earnest efforts for the rising race;
The labours in the school worth more than gold,
Bringing the tender lambs into the fold;
And for thy patient toil thy Saviour Lord
Will give to thee a glorious, rich reward.

How often at the sick-bed thou'st appeared, And bless'd the dying, and their spirits cheered; Many dear infants to the font were brought, By thee first registered, and after taught. Again as steward, faithful to thy trust,
Thy liberal hand bestowed where'er was just;
And many will thy righteous labours bless,
For turning them from sin to righteousness;
Many through thee will join the glorious throng
Around the throne, and sing the heavenly song.

How many now there are on beds of pain,
While health flows richly through thy every vein!
How many are in want throughout our land,
While thou hast plenty, by God's goodness planned!
Thy faltering tongue unable to express
Thy gratitude, thy love and thankfulness,
For mercies far too numerous to count,
While every moment swells the vast amount;
And here thy grateful heart anew would raise
A fresh memorial to his glorious praise.

Around thee now how many friends we see,
Rejoicing all in this thy jubilee:
United with one heart their joy to prove,
By offering thee this token of their love!
Long may this timepiece, as its hands go round,
A token of their true esteem be found;
And every hour of time, which flies so fast,
Be happier than the one already past,
Till in a better world, when time's no more,
For ever thou thy Saviour Christ adore.



Time Past.

The time I have spent of my life's fleeting day;
And I look on the past like a feverish dream,
With its quick rushing flow to eternity's stream;
I start quite aghast at the path I have trod,
And, prodigal like, I return to my God;
He meets me, receives me with loving embrace,
While tears of repentance roll down on my face;
I am humbled to think of the love I have slighted,
When He falls on my neck, my soul is delighted;

Is there mercy for me, who spurned the love given?

O, yes, to the penitent, mercy in heaven!

O, come now, and taste of my bounty so free!

And drink of the life-giving stream shed for thee;
I have come and found how mercy still blesses
And strews our life's path with blissful caresses.
I have come, and have found the stream in commotion,
I have come, and have drank of love's purest ocean;
Though black in times past was the stain of my sins,
Yet the merit of Jesus for me pardon wins.
I now gaze with joy, as on Pisgah I stand,
On my glorious home in the bright promised land;
I experience with gladness my sins all forgiven,
And look forward with hope to a bright home in heaven.



Death of Mr. Hawkins,

LEADER OF THE CHOIR AT SOUTHWARK CHAPEL.

LAS, he's gone! his voice no more he'll raise

To lead God's people in their hymns of praise;

To thank the Great Supreme for mercies given,
And join with them to seek for peace and heaven.

He sang as leader long in Southwark choir,
His zeal and constancy did all admire;
But now his voice is hushed—his spirit's fled,
And in the grave now lies his weary head.
But though the body lies in mouldering earth,
We trust his soul hath found a brighter birth,
And dwells on high before the eternal throne,
Where sin and care and sorrow are unknown.

Upon the brink of death he trembling stood,
And viewed with anxious thought death's streaming
flood;

Then raised his voice to heaven in earnest prayer, He sought for mercy, and the Lord was there; There to impart sweet Gilead's healing balm, To grant him pardon, and his fears to calm; To soothe his sorrow and to give him rest, And call him home to dwell among the blest.

From seats of bliss the shining angels come, And bear him forth to heaven's eternal home; In blood divine washed pure from every sin, And clothed in raiment white, he enters in. Cheered on by them he passes death's dread flood, Made pure and clean by Christ's atoning blood; And soon he gains the everlasting shore, Where earthly sorrows shall be known no more. And now his voice makes heaven's high arches ring With love and praise towards the heavenly King; Where nought but bliss and bright eternal jov. In glorious lustre, free from earth's alloy, Resplendent reigns throughout the boundless space, With hosts of angels meeting face to face: All journeying, clothed in glory's dazzling rays, Sing lauding anthems to their Maker's praise. 'Tis there again he sings with rapture sweet, All, all the choir his voice and presence greet: There meekly bows with thanks for pardon given, And blesses Christ, through whom he entered heaven.



To a Priend

WHO WAS MUCH CAST DOWN BY REASON OF HIS AFFLICTION.

HY is your heart so full of grief?
What! cannot Jesus give relief,
And ease your troubled mind?

"O, yes," methinks I hear you say,

"If I had but a heart to pray,
I soon should comfort find.

"But now, alas! I cannot pray,
Can only just look up and say,
'Quicken my simple heart;
O, make me what Thou'st have me be,
I would not live so far from Thee,
Nor from Thee more depart.'"

Jehovah hears when thus you groan, And when you make the heavy moan, He knows your every sigh; Though long His mercy seems to stay, He'll not forsake, He may delay— Your faith and patience try.

Acknowledge, then, His tender love—You soon will meet your Lord above,
Beyond the reach of fear;
May Jesu's smile attend your days,
And all your future life be praise,
Until you're landed there.

And when your spirit takes its flight
To yonder realms of life and light,
And at the throne you bow,
Then you'll adore His lovely face,
And doubt no more the power of grace,
Though all is darkness now.

Like some tall ship with crowded sail,
That runs before a prosperous gale,
O, may you enter there!
Triumphant may you greet the throng,
And join with rapture in the song,
Made free from sin and care.





The Righ and the Poor.

"The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all."

SAW the poor beggar while asking for bread, Unheeded by many, passed by; The chill dews of winter encircled his head. And a tear trickled down from his eye. His form told of hunger and withering want, His visage of sorrow and care; His heart that groaned under many a taunt, Seemed breaking with hopeless despair.

He wrapped his old garments his bosom around, And in speechless, but agonized woe, Looked wistfully up to the mansion he found, Thought the master might something bestow. He approached, but was thrust as a thief from the door, "No vagrant would there be supplied;" He pleaded his cause, he was hungry and poor,

And prayed he might not be denied.

He pleaded, "Thy barns may be full to o'erflow,
And fruitful thy flock and each field,
Which God in His bounty on you doth bestow,
That some to the poor you may yield.
Thy clothing the finest, and silver and gold,
Thy goblets all costly and rare;
But I have no clothing my limbs to enfold,
And hunger drives me to despair.

"If it be but the crumbs that fall from your board, E'en to feast with the dogs I would crave!

Then sure thou wilt some of thy plenty afford,
Nor let me sink into the grave.

If denied, then, may plenty be loathsome to thee!

Thy wine-cup soon poison thy breath!

Thy friends every one prove faithless to thee,
And disease soon strike thee with death!

"God's mandate, perchance, may be sent, 'Thou shalt die!'

And the messenger stand at thy door;
The voice of the poor might be lifted on high
Against thee for witholding thy store,
Yet forgive me, O Lord, this curse on him here."
He exclaims, "I will give unto thee!
Come hither, ye needy, your hearts I will cheer,
Take a part of my plenty with thee.

"For I know that before the great Judge I must stand, This record He left upon earth; The souls of the poor and the meek of the land,

He says, are of infinite worth;

And whate'er of your treasure on them you bestow,
Is the same as if done unto Me;
Then blessings for you up to heaven shall go,
As a treasure from moth and rust free."

The Mother's Care.

EAR, all kind mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn my humble, homely style;
You judge it of important weight.
To keep your lovely daughters straight;
For this such anxious care you feel,
You almost case them up in steel;
In fashion's style you wish them seen,
In pompous flow—of crinoline.

For them is brought the foreign cane,
For them the monster whale is slain;
To the body is your care confined,
You leave the nobler part—the mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
With truth and virtue light their heart;
Deformity of soul I call
The worst deformity of all.

Bid their young minds in time forego
The treacherous paths where pleasures flow;
Save their young minds from folly, save!
Bid them in virtue's cause be brave;
Bid pleasure cease its evil sway,
That makes pure virtue fade away,
Beneath the alluring snaring chain,
Whose end is everlasting pain.

When virtue leaves a woman's mind, And honour scorns to stay behind, All noble principle's destroyed, And vice fills up the empty void; Like Syrens they perform their part, To weaken and corrupt the heart; It is a shock to virtue's sight, Oft proves their everlasting blight.

Then sunk in vice of foulest dye,
With father, mother, no one nigh;
What anguish racks the erring breast,
She night or day can gain no rest;
Till maddened by remorse or shame,
The maniac's thrill strikes through the frame;
Beyond the power of aught to save,
She leaps, and finds a watery grave.

Then, mothers, pray of them take care— Those tender maidens chaste and fair, With whom thy God hath blest thy life— The pride of every virtuous wife. O, guard them, tend them, watch them well, That virtue in their hearts may dwell; So that with life's last setting sun, Thou canst exclaim, "My duty's done!"

Poman.

RIGHT star of our being in sorrow and gladness, Lovely woman, so precious, so charming and dear;

Thy warm breathing words chase the bleak air of sadness,

Like a message from heaven they fall on the ear.

Thy love, like the rock standing firm in mid ocean,
Brings the richest of bliss man can know upon earth,
And fills all our bosoms with joyous emotion—

We will honour thy virtue, thy beauty and worth.

When dark disappointment hath filled us with sorrow,
Who so anxious to buoy up our spirits anew,
And lead us to hope for the beams of to-morrow,
With love's melting accents so cheering and true?

O, what would life be were woman not near us? A cold, cheerless wilderness, wretched and drear; No smiles, no embraces, no soft words to cheer us-Man's existence a maze of desponding and fear.

When prostrate we lie on the couch of affliction, What balm is so potent our pains to assuage As woman's kind tending, that wakes the conviction, Our ease and our comfort her thoughts all engage. And when ruddy health once again is returning, From whom doth the prayer of thankfulness rise? 'Tis from woman, sweet woman, who's bosom is burning, With anguish, while watching with tear-flooded eyes.

Alas! in the world how oft we discover What wrongs heaven's creatures are born to endure! When libertines foul around innocence hover, To crush the bright jewel created so fair. O, heaven! 'tis frightful to know the dark calling Of fiends who about in society crawl; How grievous to feel, how sad and appalling! That the fair mould of woman to vice should e'er fall.

But when her whole life hath been crushed with dishonour.

How firmly she clings to the object she loves! Though wrongs upon wrongs are inflicted upon her, Her quenchless affection she constantly proves. Alas! how often remorse overcomes her. In madness her feelings for death's coming crave: The last spark of shame now distracts and benumbs her,

She rushes on wild to a suicide's grave.

Stand forth, noble ladies, whose graces and beauty
Both charm and adorn the high ranks of our land;
To rescue thy sisters, O strive, as a duty,
Show forth a Samaritan's bosom and hand.

O, think of those forms now in infamy dwelling
Who once were dear innocents, pure as the light;

With youthful emotions each bosom was swelling,
Now wanderers lost in the mazes of night.

O, think of the time in their life's gayest morning,
When they bloomed in the pride and the hope of
their home;

With virtues and graces that home then adorning, Spread joy and delight whenever they come.

Then, O, think again on their fallen condition,

Be determined, like Jesus, your sisters to raise;

And save the frail creatures from lasting perdition.

And saints shall attend thee with honour and praise.

Rome, Ancient und Modern,

HEN I think of the glory and grandeur of Rome,

Of her ancient historic renown;
Where science and liberty found a bright home,
And monarchs all quailed at her frown:

When I think of her senator's wisdom and power,
When the nations all bowed at her feet;
And her warriors covered the earth like a shower,
And the ocean was swept by her fleet:

I grieve for her mournful decadence and gloom,
The light of her grandeur's decline;
And mourn her abasement to slavery's doom,
At Popery's idolatrous shrine.
My feelings revolt at the souls of mankind
By antichrist fettered and bound,
To the regions of darkness by terror consigned,
Where priestcraft encumbers the ground.

Thou city once hailed by the nations as queen,
When a Roman was proud of his birth;
In thy temples and palaces splendour was seen,
And thy glory spread over the earth.
How changed is thy state since the Cæsars of old
Issued mandates to govern the world;
When thy seven-hill'd capitol glistened with gold,
'Neath freedom's broad banner unfurled.

O, why art thou fallen, thou city so grand?

And why are thy children in chains?
O, why are thy dungeons a stain to the land—
A blight to thy once sunny plains?
And why art thou prostrate so low in the dust,
Why cringe to the power of thy foes?
Thou'st forsaken the faithful, the true and the just,
Sunk deep in thy anguish and woes.

'Twas the foul brand of Popery darkened thy fame, And brought all thy power to decay;

Cast a stain on thy children, their honour and name, And banished thy freedom away.

The blood of the martyrs, so tortured and slain
By the black inquisition's decrees,

Shall live unforgotten and confront thee again, Till the demon of Popery flees.

Rise again, noble city! thy past deeds efface,
Banish all thy corruption from sight;
Of dark superstition renounce every trace,
Grasp the banner of Jesus so bright.
Let the Bible of Truth be your people's great guide,
True religion your buckler and shield;
And soon shall you stem false idolatry's tide,

To a crucified Saviour in purity turn,
And gladness shall reign in thy land;
The clear lamp of grace in thy city shall burn,
And freedom return to thy strand.
Thy sons and thy daughters, by priesthood opprest,
Shall emerge from their bondage again,

And find in Christ Jesus a haven of rest—Papal terror shall haunt them in vain.

Superstition's dark forces shall yield.

Far and wide shall the tidings of gladness be spread, Every Christian shall join in the song;

"For our fetters are burst, and Popery's fled,"
Shall be echoed by many a throng.

O, bright consummation! to worship and pray,
Unfettered, untrammelled to be;
And the nations shall shout in the light of the day,
"Brave Italy's children are free."

The Report of our days.

THE INDIAN MUTINY DEFEATED.

GAIN Great Britain's banner waves,
Defiant in the breeze;
New glory crowns her valiant arms,
Resounding o'er the seas.
The inhuman traitor's doom is cast,
The tide of murder stays,
Before old England's warriors—
The heroes of our days.

The maiden's shriek, the mother's wail,
The orphan's helpless cry,
Call loud for vengeance on the foe,
For crimes of foulest dye.
For Havelock and his noble band
Ten thousand blessings raise;
Their history then with honour crown—
The heroes of our days.

Brave Havelock, with his valiant men 'Neath honour's standard fell:

To avenge outraged humanity,
They fought, but, O, too well!

All loyal hearts shall sound their worth
In strains of lofty praise,
And shout for England's warriors—
The heroes of our days.

Bugial of a Medical Friend,

WHO WAS GOOD TO THE POOR.

E is borne to the tomb, and tears are now shed.

To hallow the spot where his ashes repose; Who oft to the poor and the suffering was led,

When anguish assailed them and bowed down each head,

And their comforts of life seemed to close.

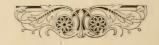
For aided by Heaven he grappled with pain,
Regardless of self, in the fray;
Never fearing disease with its pestilent train—
How oft did his wisdom contagion restrain,
And death was deprived of its prey.

I saw the pale faces, with many a tear,
Of those who looked saddened with gloom—
The index of grief—as they stood by the bier,
And thought of the loved ones to memory dear,
He had plucked as it were from the tomb.

The poor man was there, who felt that his friend
In affliction could visit no more;
The rich man was there, lamenting the end
Of one he esteemed as brother and friend,
Whose loss he must ever deplore.

His loved wife was there in sorrow to mourn—
Who attended his illness with worth;
She mourned that her husband so soon should be torn
Down to the dark tomb, to leave her forlorn,
And to mix with the dust of the earth.

But O, there's a chain nought on earth can destroy,
Though the form lies entombed in the sod,
That will oft cause the thought to fill us with joy,
And oft to the mourner rich comfort employ—
'Tis the thought that he dwells with his God.





The Munderer's Hoom.

AUSE, murderer, pause! though 'tis darkness abroad,

And the blackness of night shroud thy way;
Though revenge goad thee on, or gold thee reward,
Yet the guilt shall be thine, and a voice from the sward
Shall proclaim thee to justice by day.

Though the storm howls around and stifles the cry
Of thy victim, who pleads but in vain;
On the wings of the gale shall a messenger fly,
The watchers of justice to rouse with its cry,
And the murderer's crime be made plain.

Though thy blood-besmeared weapon be cast in the wave,

And corruption disfigure the dead;
A whisper shall steal from the murdered one's grave,
Though hid in a nook, or some desolate cave,
To point out the victim's cold bed.

Where God's beautiful work by thy merciless hand
Lies marr'd and disfigured in death,
Unshriven, unshrouded, a stench to the land,
Till surefooted justice o'ertake and demand
The wretch who deprived it of breath.

Perchance thy grey head might descend to the tomb,
Where earth's honours and men might applaud;
But the dark pent-up crime will gnaw and consume
Thy hopes of hereafter, and fright with sad gloom
Thy thoughts with thy future reward.

It will teach thee 'twere better by justice to die Repentant in Christ than to dwell
In agonized fear, and each heartbreaking sigh
Is wrung with remorse, which all comfort deny,
Till thou'rt banished for ever in hell.

The Dignity of Man.

OW great is man! his intellect sublime!
His traits of greatness known in every clime;
Enduring, searching where man scarce had trod,
Sustained and blest in fellowship with God.

Salvation's heir, on him the angels wait, To cheer his progress through this earthly state; A child of God, joint heir with Christ above, God's choicest work, blest with almighty love. He walks with God on earth, and oft will raise His grateful powers to celebrate his praise; Enjoying life with all its blessings given, And after death a glorious home in heaven.

Antumn.

HEN autumn comes with golden grain,
And gladness tunes the reaper's strain,
Amid the rich, ripe sheaves,
Our barns are filled with bounteous yield,
With produce stored from every field;
But left are withered leaves.

But death, when he the harvest reaps,The young and old for sheaves he keeps,And all to him bow down.O, pray that when death comes for thee,Thou'lt be prepared from earth to flee,Be waiting for thy crown.

And then with joy you'll pass away
To brighter realms of endless day,
A sheaf for heaven's floor,
Where comes no blast nor winter cold;
This granary will ne'er grow old,
Because it is God's store.

With all Thy sheaves, O God, we'll raise
Our hallelujah songs of praise,
Astonished at Thy love;
With rapturous joy low at Thy feet
We'll sing the song so grand and sweet,
And dwell with Thee above.

The Ages of Poman.

We love those accents sweet
That please our listening ears
With sounds we love to greet.
How beauteous, then, to hear
The tiny daughter's prayer;
In words of trust and fear
She asks for future care.

O, little does she know
The pits and snares of life,
What crime the world doth show—
What cares, what pains and strife!

O, it were well that all Should early pray for aid To shun each sinful fall And vice's dreary shade.

At school her mind expands,
And learning's treasures gain;
To virtue true she stands,
Her prayers are not in vain.
Then home from school returns,
A blooming maiden fair;
Where fond affection burns,
To greet her welcome there.

In woman's brightest hour,
With joyous feelings bright,
A sweet uprising flower,
With heart all pure and light.
Ere marriage hopes all gay
Rejoice in maiden pride;
She gives herself away,
A beauteous, blushing bride.

How happy are those days!
Alas! how soon they're past!
Comes autumn's fading rays,
Her life is gliding fast.
Of fancy's charms bereft,
How splendid they appeared!
Have gone and sadly left
But little to be cheered.

In Memorium of my Mother.

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But though time quickly flies,
And onward moves apace,
Her soul with love may rise,
Moved by the power of grace.
Then though her life decay,
Above her soul shall soar
To a home of endless day,
Happy for evermore.

In Memoriam of my Mother.

HE frail, weary body now rests,
Its pains and its sorrows are o'er;
She is gone to the land of the blest,
And safely arrived on its shore.
Through Jesus, her Saviour and Friend,
Who blest her on earth with His love,
She was meekly resigned to the end—
Now she reigns with Him ever above.



Pines

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A BELOVED MINISTER TO ANOTHER FIELD OF LABOUR.

AREWELL, dearest Workman, God's blessing be thine,

Into whatever part of Christ's vineyard you go; We regret that to leave us has now come the time, Still pray God may bless all your labours at Bow.

We pray that His bow may your pathway surround, That thousands of souls be your seals of reward; Souls who through you shall in glory be crowned, And through you shall hail their triumphant Lord.

Your ministry here has been years of great labour,
And many have been by your preaching imprest;
With penitent hearts they have come to the Saviour,
And sought through His blood salvation and rest.

Our circuit has flourished with help from above, Success has attended God's powerful word; The saints have been filled with heavenly love, And wanderers brought homeward to Jesus the Lord. God greatly has blest you, your labours He's crowned,
His vineyard has prospered from toil without rest;
Your hands were upheld by true workers around,
A new chapel is raised in Peckham, and blest.

My pen would endeavour thy virtues to praise,
For labour which beareth the signet divine;
But surely no muse of mine ever can raise
The "Workman" who has in each bosom a shrine.

Go, herald of truth, on thy mission of peace,

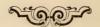
Thy life ever bright with God's covenant bow;

When in thy new circuit may His love increase,

Till each heart their Jesus their Saviour shall know.

Go, disciple of love, the gospel wide sow,
And souls for thy Master continue to win;
Seek His glory alone in going to Bow,
And souls shall be saved from sorrow and sin.

And when heaven's glorious harvest shall come, Your zeal and your labour, so cherished and blest, Shall appear in the hosts of spirits brought home, For ever removed to the mansions of rest.





To \$. Bevington, Esq.,

ON THE RE-OPENING OF BERMONDSEY RAGGED SCHOOLS.

E hail, great God, this bright, auspicious day,
And ask thine aid to help us on our way;
We thank Thee for kind teachers to us given,
To train the young to seek the path to heaven.

Let blessings on our benefactors flow,
And sanctify the seed they daily sow;
A holy mission theirs to teach the young,
To inspire with truth the helpless wanderer's tongue.

Thou gracious God! o'erruling earth and space, O, consecrate this work with heavenly grace! And may this school for many ages stand, To bless the young of this our favoured land.

Father, we thank Thee for Thy loving grace; Thou'st helped our friends to gain the better place; Jesus, we pray, on us Thy blessing send, Be Thou our Shepherd and our constant Friend. Guide us, we pray Thee, by Thy spirit's might, Until we reach the heavenly world of light; Then with our friends we shall Thy name adore, For ever praise Thee on the eternal shore.

Then we shall sing the glad triumphant song, And dwell for ever with the angel throng; 'Midst hallowed light we shall Thy face behold, With the Good Shepherd in our Father's fold.

Pines

ON A RAGGED SCHOOL BOY WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY.

UR ragged schools have bravely stood,
And rescued souls from sin;
Framed children to be chaste and good,
To Jesu's fold brought in.
They've been a blessing to mankind,
To spread the gospel truth,
To cleanse the heart and light the mind
Of many a ragged youth;
Made many hate the haunts of vice,
And Christians they've become;
Through teachers' prayers and good advice,
Have sought their heavenly home.

When ragged urchins throng the street,
How little do we know
The gems there are in some we meet,
They little care to show.
But speak to them one word of love,
Ignite the slumbering flame,
The virtues soon will shine above,
None thought could dwell in them;
That cheers the Christian teacher's heart,
Shows him his toiling days
Are blest while here he does his part
The fallen ones to raise.

Poor children reared in dark recess
Of ignorance and sin,
Where love of parents do not bless,
And them to virtue win;
While from the cradle nought is known
But precepts sad and vile,
And such examples to them shown
As tend them to defile.
But e'en with these Almighty Love
Can light the wanderer's breast,
And by His Spirit from above
Lead them to seek His rest.

One boy I knew, who mischief loved, A most unruly lad, Who often had rebellious proved, By conduct always bad, I spoke to him, and told him plain,
Such pranks I could not have;
He laughed at me, went on again,
My rule he dared to brave.
I told him he must leave the school,
Nor spoil the other boys;
He stared, and jeered me to my face,
And revelled in his noise.

I called the school around me then,
And went on to explain
The fate of wanton, wicked men,
Their lives of sin and pain.
My lecture short he did not like,
And vowed he'd serve me out;
Next day he brought a stick, to strike,
And flourished it about.
I went to him, and kindly told
If he would order make,
I had a coat, which was not old,
He for himself might take.

This kindness won his heart at once,
He was an altered boy,
No more a reckless noisy dunce—
To learn his greatest joy.
And blest by God he forward went,
And spread an honoured name;
To foreign missions he was sent,
And gained a world-wide fame,

Thousands by his righteous life
And fervent words were saved;
They left this land of tears and strife,
Death's terrors fierce they braved.

The Pissolution of the Poyld.

HALL it be so? shall this earth ever fall,

With what it now contains, destroyed withal

By its own elements—dissolved by fire,

And into nothing shall it all expire?

Shall all the works so great by man designed,

That show the power of his ingenious mind—

The warlike battlements and piles so grand—

Cathedrals, spires that rise in every land—

Shall all his works, of which he makes his boast,

To oblivion sink, and be for ever lost?

Worlds and planets—all shall cease their race,

The sun be blotted out from mighty space;

The silvery moon, queen of nature's night,

In darkness quenched, no more shall give her light;

372 The Dissolution of the World.

And our bright earth, man's native place below, Shall be destroyed and into nothing flow; And every planet from its sphere shall fall— Annihilation then shall be the fate of all. And the bright sun, with its illuming ray, That through creation holds its mighty sway— Shall it through space for ever cease to roll, And darkness shade again creation's whole? Shall the moon with its sweet silvery light, Or orbs and planets with their grandeur bright, Be all annihilated with the world. Into chaotic night again be hurled? It must be so! God's word hath passed, so great, His imperial fiat hath decreed their fate. Revolving ages cannot stay their doom-Darkness again shall cover all with gloom; Except the soul of man, for that is sure-It shall through all eternity endure. Time on that shall ne'er exert its power— To live for ever God bestowed the dower: And though all nature's rent from pole to pole, And orbs and planets vanish with the whole, Yet shall the soul live free from earthly clod, An emanation from Omnipotence—a part of God!





An Appeal to the Benevolent.

EAR friends, how noble is it here
The poor and sick to help and cheer,
To bless those hearts who crave your aid,
Help needy souls now wanting bread!
Dreary they sit, their hearthstones cold,
In wretchedness, the young and old;
No food have they, nor table spread,
Their cupboard scant,—with scarce a bed;
They're pining cold in sickening gloom—

How many dwell sunk low in pain, Who ask your aid, and ask in vain! Poor wandering souls, who can provide No home, but in our streets abide

All onward hastening to the tomb.

In poverty and cold despair—
O, sympathise with kindly care!
While eyes are dimmed with misery's tear
Be your delight their hearts to cheer;
While you from hunger and from cold
Are free, O, cheer them with your gold!

O, let me know whose hand and voice
Delight to make poor souls rejoice,
Who often on a winter's night
Leave comfort, home, and fireside bright,
To wend their way to misery's door,
Resolved to cheer the needy poor,
Who've passed the night in bitter cold!
What scenes of misery they behold—
Worn down with sickness, care and grief—
Who search them out and bring relief.

These good Samaritans cheer each heart, Oft with the poor their comforts part; They give them bread, their want to stay, And chase desponding fears away; Then read aloud God's holy word, And tell of Christ, the sinners' Lord; Oft by their bedsides kneel and pray That Jesus will His grace display; The prayer of hope ascends to heaven, That all their sins may be forgiven.

And those enjoy their own much more Who give as Christians to the poor;

The want and hunger they relieve
Will never cause their hearts to grieve.
Thrice noble those who daily go
To visit souls in sin and woe;
Who labour in Christ's hallowed cause,
To show the beauty of His laws.
O, deign, great God, their works to bless,
Their efforts crown with great success.

Then, when the glorious day shall come,
May these poor souls in heaven their home
Rejoice and raise salvation's song,
And swell the bright angelic throng,
And bless those hearts whose Christian love
Did lead them to the courts above!
And Christ shall say to all around,
To all who have His mansion found,
"Come, faithful, of my Father blest,
Rise, enter now my promised rest!"

Hope.

OPE on amidst the storms of life,
Though all its comforts sever,
And valiant wage the battle strife—
Hope on, hope on for ever.

For if dark clouds to-day appear,
The bright will dawn to-morrow;
The sunny beams will come to cheer,
And drive away all sorrow.

For many a care and pain we know,
While through life's path we tread;
And many a storm as on we go
Will break around our head.
But if we look for help above,
To live to God endeavour,
We may with confidence and love
Trust Him and hope for ever.

Let life's battle never daunt thee,
Be a warrior true and brave,
Showing forth a hero's courage
In thy march toward the grave.
When troubles fierce assail thee,
Meet them bravely, falter never,
Though spirits fail, press manfully—
Hope on, hope on for ever.

If life's fair dreams have vanished,
Our friends be lost and gone,
Yet let despair be banished,
Let's bravely still press on.
If friends and comforts perish,
Each pleasure from us sever,
This hope our hearts shall cherish—
We'll dwell with Him for ever.

When death shall come to free us. Our souls shall not despair, For angels shall surround us, And us to heaven shall bear; Our Saviour we shall see, And cares assail us never: But happy through eternity, We'll bless His name for ever.

TO HIS GRACE ALGERNON PERCY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

OST noble duke! accept this humble lay, A tribute to commemorate thy natal day; 'Tis a vain effort to record thy worth-Thy benevolence is well known to all, Who pray for blessings on thy head to fall— Thy bounty has bless'd many on the earth.

378 To the Duke of Northumberland.

"Long live his grace!" we often hear them say,
"May he live long to bless us through each day,
Loved and revered by high and low around;
May every day his happiness increase,
His talents and his life be spent in peace,
And richest blessings to his grace abound."

May sere old age so gently o'er you steal,
While faith and hope the better world reveal,
May you scarce feel time's hand.
In doing good may each day pass away,
A friend to others through this life's short day,
While on your journey to the better land.

May every sacred church endowed by you
A blessing prove to thousands, Christians true,
Frail mortals on their road to heaven;
And as they march to Canaan's happy land,
Pray heaven to bless the liberal donor's hand,
Who hath these sacred shrines so kindly given.

May every life-boat by you placed upon our coast
Be the means of rescue to a grateful host
Of mariners, who but for them would drown.
They trembling watch the life-boat leave the shore,
To bring them safe to land again once more,
Ask God the donor with His love to crown.

Then as the sailor's home meets each one's view,—
The gift of a noble sailor good and true,
That once when landed they may happy be—

Their hard-earned wages there they will not waste, But all the sweets of shore there they may taste, And soon forget the dangers of the sea.

Onward, your grace! may your life's every page Bring blessings unto this and coming age,

And prosperity have cause to bless your name;
Then as the sculptured tomb thy virtues show,
Thousands who read it will most surely know
The record of truth showing forth thy name.

And when your grace's work on earth is done,
May the blest voice of God's beloved Son
Say "Come, faithful servant of my Father blest,
Come, and receive the reward of all thy love,
And share the glories of the realms above,
In my everlasting kingdom now to rest."

There join in happiness with the countless throng,
And sing with the heavenly host the joyful song,
With angels, saints, and seraphim bow down;
Clothed in spotless white, with harps in hand,
They'll bid thee welcome to the heavenly land,

And exchange earth's coronet for heaven's crown.





Pines

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, ON THE DUKE'S BIRTHDAY.

OST noble duchess! may this my humble lay,
To greet thy loved husband on his natal day,
Win a welcome from thy generous breast.

Thou kind promoter of thy good lord's plans,
In every good work strengthening his hands,—
May God's choicest blessings ever on thee rest!

For self alone thou dost not care to live, But the poor do of thy wealth receive,

Blessing with bounteous gifts the peasant's cot;
Thou dost delight to banish pains and cares;
For thee are offered many earnest prayers,
That thou through life may'st have a happy lot.

May Heaven preserve thy life through many a year, Thy husband good to comfort, soothe, and cheer, And help him use the talents God has given;

Then, when thou'st done with earth below, May He call you home, His joys to know,

And then to crown thee both in heaven.



Coleopton Hall,

THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.



LOVELY Coleorton! thy fine hall is seen
'Midst glowing rich verdure and woodlands so
green;

Here nature shines lovely, its scenery so bright, It fills each beholder with rapturous delight. Here bloom the rich flowers, their blossoms so neat, The air around filled with their odour so sweet; New beauties each moment arise into birth, It seems like a paradise here upon earth.

The sun now illumes with its radiant light,
And tinges the clouds so golden and bright;
Now merrily carols the bird's cheerful voice,
All nature in harmony seems to rejoice;
The sky like an arch of celestial blue
Looks softly serene and beautiful too,
Variegating each object, each landscape and flower,
With gorgeous hues by the sun's dazzling power.

Gaze whither we will, o'er mountain or plain,
O'er hill or o'er valley, we'd fain gaze again;
Each scene that we view seems again to invite,
And as we behold them increase our delight.
Coleorton was decked like a lovely young bride,
Majestic and grand in its glory and pride;
So ancient, so fine, no dwelling for gloom.
Amidst the most choice and richest perfume.

The roses were gay with their bright crimson hue,
All floral creation was fair to the view;
The fruit rich and luscious inviting the taste,
With clusters of grapes the hothouse was graced;
Competition or rivals they seemed to defy,
In colour so splendid, in flavour so high;
There's nought could surpass them so rich and so fine,
As they gracefully drooped from each beautiful vine.

At Coleorton we tread upon high classic ground,
And view the mementos displayed here around,
Of men of great genius who in their own day
O'er the mind of mankind held wonderful sway.
With Wordsworth the poet we here live again,
And wander with him o'er the flower-studded plain;
We view the fine trees as stately they stand,
Planted many years since by the poet's own hand.

If we go on to Wordsworth's rock-sculptured seat, Where famous celebrities often would meet—
Mrs. Siddons the actress, who played well her parts,
So much as to please all ears and all hearts;

With Coleridge and Hastings, who here, we may find, Once met and disclosed to each other his mind; Whilst Wilkie and Constable painted each scene, The lovliest picture, so calm and serene.

Here Reynolds the painter lies silent and low—
At his monument here we respectfully bow,
And the tribute we read of his worth from a friend—
Sir George Beaumont the author, by him it was penned—
Who with warm, kindly feelings here gushing forth,
This tribute has left of his genius and worth;
And here, 'midst the lime-tree's silent still shade,
Uprears the stone pillar by his friendship made.

Here, 'midst the waving trees' green shady bowers, On all sides surrounded with beautiful flowers, Sir Walter Scott oft meditated, and wrote His Ivanhoe, famed as a great work of note; He wrote here of knights all fierce for the fray—Near this place they met in battle array, And urged on their steeds to the tournament field, Determined to conquer, but never to yield.

Here is Shakespeare's bust! no praises of mine Can add to his fame—that ever will shine; And Michael Angelo, that sculptor of fame, Whose works seem to throw off a life-breathing flame; And Raphael the painter, whose exquisite art Sent a mirror of nature direct to the heart: These to the memory such emotions will give, That each seems again amongst us to live.

Though great are the beauties that here doth abound, 'Tis very well known the whole country around, The hall is the son's of a fine noble race, Whose fathers the pages of history grace. One was with Exmouth in front of Algiers, His ship into action undaunted he steers; By his courage so brave on the boisterous main He greatly assisted the battle to gain,

Another, whose paintings the people oft view
As they traverse the National Gallery through.
Of the fine arts a patron, to the poet a friend,
Assistance he ever was ready to lend;
To genius distress'd in the time of their need
A friend he was always—a friend, too, indeed;
A genius himself on the bright scroll of fame,
He rich laurels earned, and a much hououred name.

Giver of good, let Thy gifts now abound;
About this fine mansion let peace still be found;
Let Thy choicest love on its inmates e'er rest,
And in blessing others may they too be blest.
May peace, joy, and plenty their portion be here,
Every blessing attend them, life's pathway to cheer;
May they ever live in their people's love,
Till called by God to enjoyments above.



Beath of Agnes Pearson.

HE has gone to her rest, by bright angels surrounded,

All tears from her eyes are banished and gone;
All sorrow is vanished, that here much abounded,
Now bright is her robe and radiant her crown.

She has joined the blest band who proved here vic-

Through much tribulation and sorrow they came; Now, free from all trials, with the spirits made glorious,

She rejoices for ever through the blood of the Lamb.

No more her fond heart shall with sorrow be swelling,
No more shall her eyes be with tears dimmed again;
She has gained the bright mansions, and now she is
dwelling

With her Saviour for ever in heaven's bright plain.

Then let us rejoice that her crown was gained early,
Removed soon from earth and all sorrows to come;
Let us think of her waiting at the gates bright and
pearly,

To welcome her friends to their heavenly home.

Merry little Boys,

OW pleasing are those joyous sounds
That fall upon the ear,
When pleasure's voice our path surrounds,
And happy hearts are near;
When mirth and laughter fill the air,
And nought their peace alloys;
While all seems summer, bright and fair,
With merry little boys.

It sends a pleasure through the mind
To hear each hearty shout,
Amidst the ills of life we find,
And anxious hours of doubt;

It takes us back, again we see,
With all their mirth and noise,
The time returned once more when we
Were merry little boys.

No stoic e'er can pass unmoved,
For memory still will cling
Around the childhood's home he loved.
And bygone pleasures bring;
I love to hear their laughter free,
Their frolics and their joys,
And all the happy pleasures see
Of merry little boys.

The churl may bluster and complain,
Who feels no kindly flame,
Who treats all pleasure with disdain,
And scoffs at childhood's name:
The child-like mind displays the man,
Whom romping ne'er annoys,
Who loves to join the happy van
Of merry little boys.



Re-opening of Southwark Chapel.

HAT sounds are those that greet my ear,
As on the air they hallowed rise,
In notes of praise and earnest prayer,
In anthems loud ascend the skies?

From Southwark chapel once again
Rises the grateful, joyous song;
Its members join in thankful strain,
And mingle with the heavenly throng.

From grateful hearts the songs of praise
Ascend from this fine house of God;
With holy joy His children raise
Love's tribute in that blest abode.

With one accord His people kneel,
United to each other here;
The Holy Spirit now they feel,
Who comes their fervent hearts to cheer,

They've proved, like Jacob did of old,

To them the gate of heaven was nigh;
God does to them His love unfold,

And loud they sing His praise with joy.

O God! we humbly Thee adore,
Thou'st loved us in our low estate:
Help us to love and serve Thee more,—
Thy love to us, we own, is great.

What hallowed feelings seem to swell,
Weave round our hearts, as now we view
The dust of those we bade farewell,
Our intercourse with heaven renew.

A testimony they've left here,

That they through faith the victory won;

Let's follow them to that blest sphere,

And triumph gain through God's dear Son.

Full many here could show the place
Where first they shook to hear the word;
They turned at once and sought God's grace
And mercy through the atoning blood,

While wrestling in the house of prayer,
They earnest sought to be forgiven;
They met their blessed Saviour there,
And found in Him the way to heaven.

Affection fond clings round this place,
Where our sires prayed with holy love;

Ebenezers here with joy we'll raise, Till we join them in their place above.

May many sons and daughters there
To God come while this temple stands;
His people join, Christ's standard bear,
And after death the heavenly bands.

Sabbath Schools.

OME to the Sabbath school, children—we seek you;

Come, for the Saviour hath died you to rescue; Come to the Shepherd for comfort and peace, And then all your sorrow and sighing shall cease.

> Children, press forward, the battle is raging, Hoist up the banner of Christ and His cross; Join with the noble host now who are waging War with all Satan's host, causing him loss.

Love to dear children he showed while on earth,

Laid His hands on their heads, well knowing their

worth;

Rebuked those who hindered their coming to Him, And His heavenly blessing He gave unto them. Children, press forward, &c. Range on Immanuel's side, hell's power defy, Enlisting all you can, and with each other vie; Give Him your early days, Lambs of His fold, Join His blest church before you each grow old. Children, press forward, &c.

Fear not the contest, God is now your friend,
Surely victory must your progress attend;
His powerful protection His children all will save,
Enlist, then, for Christ in the ranks of the brave.
Children, press forward, &c.

Come then, dear children, your love to Him show, Accept of His love, it will make your hearts glow; Fight under His standard, He died you to save, And victory through Christ you surely shall have.

Children, press forward, &c.

The Bountiful Harvest.



BOUNTEOUS Donor! whose kind goodness sends

The plenteous harvest of bright golden grain:
That staple food, upon which life depends,
Waves rich in plenty over dale and plain.

Here every want the soil's best fruit supplies.

While Ceres holds her rich and glorious reign,
Man's labour cheers, and every pain defies,
To ease his heart, and banish all his pain.

'Mid fruitful boughs Ponoma's store is found, Replenished with the season's richest store, To clothe with plenty fair old England's ground, Blessings on the husbandman to pour.

O, how shall my pencil pourtray the rich space, Or picture our now smiling lands? Nature's richest dress is seen in each place, Each sheaf like a gem of gold stands.

With plenty our granaries soon shall be stored, And the crops that our fields now adorn Shall form in our barns a luxuriant hoard Of ripe and well harvested corn.

Kind nature's great bounty's a sacred theme, That our eyes with delight may survey, As we offer our thanks to the Author supreme For the goodness He loves to display.

Can it e'er be that thus favoured man,
On whom all these bounties shower down,
With frozen heart all these blessings will scan,
And fail the Benefactor to own?

Love will forbid that such things should e'er be, But together all mankind should join In praise to the Giver for blessings so free— The bounteous Donor divine.



Beath of George P. Williamson.

AGED EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

NOTHER lovely boy is snatched away,

Leaving his sorrowing friends to mourn him

here:

Angels the innocent did safe convey

To a far brighter—a celestial sphere.

How many lovely flowers thus early come Into existence, nipped in the opening bud, Seem born to cheer their parents' hearts and home, But death is sent to call them to their God!

The parents watch with ever anxious joy,
With fondest love their infant son they view;
Son of his father's hopes, his mother's boy,
How beautiful to see such love so true!

But thoughts of one loved so much from his birth Will venture in and mark his mother's brow; She thinks of his sweet dear caress and mirth, Recalling thoughts of anguish even now.

The time of infancy, when once he leant
Against her breast, or sat upon her knee,
And lisped his little prayer, while down she bent
Her ear to list with kindest sympathy.

There is no love like a dear mother's love,

Throughout the earth a greater love's not known;

The infant, nestling like some gentle dove

Upon his mother's breast, lies calmly down.

Yea, language fails, with all its powers sublime,
To express the feelings of the mother's mind,
As watching o'er her child she sees the time
When in the grave an early rest he'll find.

How hard it seems for death to take away

The infant child that was her happiness!

She felt immensely rich, both night and day,

When to her heart she could her dear boy press.

Like to some beauteous flow'ret filled with dew
Was this dear boy—short with us was his stay;
Death cropped the faultless bloom when fresh and new,
And called this lovely one to heaven away.

Then, father, mourn not your departed child; Fond mother, dry your tears and weep no more; O, calm your grief by resignation mild—Your son is rich, he might have here been poor.

Thus link by link the earthly chain is broken,
And friends and children vanish from our sight,
And time, like some kind monitor, hath spoken,
"Get ready for those glorious realms of light."

And soon you'll leave, too, this terrestrial ball,
And haste to meet the young immortal there,
Where grief and sorrow are not known at all,
But happiness supreme dispels all care.

Could you behold him in that better land,
Arrayed in white, with golden harp and crown,
With cherubim and angels see him stand
For ever blest, you could not wish him down.

The harp he strikes—the sounding notes vibrate, He's free from sickness now, and restless pain; Sorrow is banished from that realm so great,— He sings with rapture in the heavenly train.





Pabez Bunting, D.D.,

ONE OF THE GREATEST CHAMPIONS OF METHODISM

AND MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

ESCEND, poetic muse, with hallowed fire,
Into my heart with sacred love descend;
Help me with judgment now to strike my lyre
In praise of him, the missionary's friend.

'Tis Jabez Bunting—noble-minded man!
The friend of all who truly love our Lord;
Well worked he in the Methodistic plan,
And well therewith did his pure life accord.

In freedom's cause he lifted up his voice,—
That sacred source whence all rich blessings flow;
To free the slave and make his heart rejoice,
Employed his time and labour while below.

Around his brow the wreath of pious fame
Shall like a beauteous evergreen be placed;
And many souls shall bless his honoured name,
And think of him who every virtue graced.

The record now is borne away on high,

How hard he for his sacred Master toiled,
With heavenly love and earnest sympathy,
And loving-kindness like a little child.

For such a man 'tis real joy to raise

The voice of friendship, so that it may sound
A grateful tribute to this hero's praise,

Who ever in his Master's work was found.

His highest joy to elevate mankind
With judgment sound, and earnest love sincere
With energetic zeal and thought refined,
The good of all he sought while dwelling here.

The fight of faith right manfully he fought,
And conquered boldly with his valiant heart;
Christ's honour conscientiously he sought,
And when called hence was ready to depart.

Pastor and friend, thy loss we all deplore—
The Lord on high beheld thy truth and love;
Thou art not dead, but only gone before,
And now art blest eternally above.

Taught by thy life, may we from sin refrain, And honour Him who took thee to that shore, And grateful own that Christ alone is gain, Till life is past and sin can stain no more.

Shall we then mourn when God's great heroes die?

Shall nought but sorrow fill the tender heart?

Shall only tears be seen and heard the sigh—

When from such honoured ones we're forced to part?

Forbid it, faith! though memory holds them dear, And shrines their image fondly in our breast, We should not mourn, although we drop a tear, For they have gained the everlasting rest.

This our Elijah has gone up on high,

And passed the bourne that leaves the world behind,
To that blest home where sin and sorrow die,

And love with peace and holy joy's entwined.

The righteous crown he's summoned to receive— The glorious crown that ne'er shall fade away, Laid by for those who in their Lord believe, In that blest world where there is no decay.

But, praise to God! His mantle falls on those
Who still are left in zeal to labour here,
The blessed portion of the Spirit choose,
To keep them in the cause of Christ so dear.

We see not now his well-beloved face,
But still rejoice his holy joy to know;
He has gone home to that delightful place,
Where there is neither grief, nor pain, nor woe.

But still there stands the same, his old arm chair, The holy Bible which he used to read, Where oft has risen his spirit's earnest prayer For help to come from God in greatest need.

We can no longer hear his well-known voice,

Now heard amid the joyous hosts of heaven,

For with that noble throng he doth rejoice,

In the bright mansion that his Lord hath given.

His mortal frame will very soon decay,

Soon from the bones the withering flesh must sever;
But the last trump shall call to glorious day,

Where the immortal soul shall bloom for ever.

O, what would life and all its joys be worth,
If perished here the body and the soul?
If blank annihilation reigned henceforth,
And foul corruption seized upon the whole?

Thanks to our Father, such is not the case—
The immortal spirit boldly death defies;
The changeful body, in that narrow place,
When we give up, the spirit only dies.

Though *tempus fugit* 's stamped on all below, And the swift minutes from us quickly fly, Yet loving God, we may rejoice to know, He has prepared eternal bliss on high.

Faith whispers to our souls that we shall rise, And soon our hearts with holy joy shall glow; The starry crown shall gain, O, glorious prize! Unfailing bliss on us shall God bestow.

Then let that faith be ours that scatters wide
All fear or doubt of Jesus whom we love;
For soon the veil between He'll draw aside,
And saints shall view their glorious home above.

And so, although we deeply mourn his loss,
And sleeps his body in its earthly bed,
As Christ hath conquered death upon the cross,
We are assured his spirit is not dead.

No, he has only gone awhile before,
And looks down from his blest abode above,
On those whose minds he filled with gospel store,
To see if they still work with God in love.

O, what would he now say to those still left, Could but his voice speak to us from the sky! How would he urge them to improve each gift By winning souls each day for Christ on high!

How would he urge to labour in the cause,
And the pure seed of gospel truth now sow!
To pluck from ruin those who break God's laws,
For whom the Saviour suffered while below.

And if in faith they sow the holy seed,
O, may it all a hundredfold bring forth
Of souls for whom in mercy Christ did bleed,
That priceless are beyond all things on earth!



The Miser.

HAT form is that which walks along,
With head bent down amidst the throng,
And shuns each gaze he meets,
Of busy men who're labouring on,
From early morn to setting sun,
At work in crowded streets?

What anxious cares seem on his face!

No joys are in his earthly race,

He lives to hoard up gold!

'Tis the miser—yes, that wretched elf,

Who thinks of no one but himself,

And want will not behold!

The starving child he passes by,
In vain she holds her hands to try
To move his heart of stone;
He passes on, heeds not her prayer,
Although in accents of despair,
Nor e'en her dying groan,

The blind appears with hat in hand,
And begs an alms where he may stand—
He's dead to each appeal;
Dead to all sense of other's woe,
And when from hence is forced to go,
No friends around him kneel.

Dives, who fared in regal state,
Who spurned the beggar at his gate.
Denied the crumbs that fell,
How soon his days of joy were past,
And from his splendour he was cast
To tortures low in hell!

And there in torment lift his eyes,
And Lazarus saw above the skies,
On Abraham's bosom lay;
"O Father Abraham, Lazarus send,
In water dip his finger end,
And cool my tongue, I pray."

But Abraham told him, when on earth
Of good things he'd received from birth,
And Lazarus nought but bad;
No more the dogs shall lick his sores,
No more he'll lie at rich men's doors,
His heart is now made glad.

Ye tyrants! why oppress the poor,
And load them with such burdens sore,
And grind them in the dust?

The reckoning day must surely come, And vengeance soon will be your doom, With all your mammon's lust.

O, what in history shall be said
Of one who ne'er would lend his aid,
Or fellow's woes assuage?
Methinks his history soon is told,
There on his tombstone you'll behold
His date of birth and age.

A wretched tale he leaves behind,
Likewise the curse of all mankind,
That near around him live;
Doing good's a joy he never knew,
And passed his life in misery too,
No heart had he to give.

When he stands at the Judge's bar,
His trembling soul will fly afar,
And shun his Maker's frown;
Mercy from God he can't expect—
The poor's appeal he did reject,
Nor e'er had mercy shown.

Many, once poor, will then receive
The welcome sound, "Come ye and live
With your Eternal King;
You had but little when below,
But still with that did mercy show,
Which caused sad hearts to sing."

But O, a different sound you'll hear,
As you stand before the Judge severe:
"Depart to endless fire,
With fallen angels there to be,
In racking pain eternally,
Your soul will ne'er expire."

If I have, reader, told thy case,
Thank God thou art not in that place,
There's time still to repent;
O, let the horrors of that state
Reform thy heart before too late—
Thy life be wholly spent!

O, turn at once, put off no more
God's Holy Spirit, but adore
His wondrous saving love;
Though hard thou'st been, now mercy show,
And humbly walk with God below,
That thou may'st rest above.





Pope Pay.

WAS pope day, 'twas pope day, huzza! for its mirth

Was the wildest our hearts ever knew, And though but a mite to the great ones of earth Was the trifle we owned, 'twas to us of great worth; To joy unalloyed in our hearts it gave birth,

For our sorrows were short-lived and few.

We paused not to ask why so named was the day,
Nor what our dead idol pourtrayed;
'Twas joy as we puffed at the noisy old horn,
And shouted our speech with a yelling huzza,
At some well-known door in our ogre array,
Till our toils by their hands were repaid.

The rich and the poor assembled to gaze,

The child and the grey-haired old man,
As the fire-mounted serpent illumined the haze,
Or the wild hissing rocket sped forth in its blaze
To toy with the clouds, and lend them its rays,
Our glorious pastime to scan.

What was honour to us and the garland of fame,
Or the glittering garments of pride,
The deeds of the hero or patriot name?
Our old swords, like their owners, discarded in shame,
Held a charm o'er our hearts in young life's giddy
game,

Worth the world and its baubles beside.

And where are those forms whose hearts with mine own
Hailed this day as their flood-tide of joy,
And knew not the anguish which gnawed to the bone
In the bosoms of those who battled alone
For us in life's conflict, uncheered and unknown,
While we danced round our ogre toy?

O, that time had not changed, and the curtain where care
Hid its lean haggard form ne'er been drawn,
To tempt our young hearts, and lure with the glare
Of its poor painted pleasures, each armed with a snare,
By want, grief, misforture, or gloomy despair,
All strangers to boyhood's loved morn.

And what are the great ones of earth but the boys?

They toil for the charms of a day,

To build them an idol a breath may destroy,

And gloat with delight o'er their poor tinsel toy,

Which to-morrow some other as a curse may employ

To embitter life's dark chequered way.



To the Rev. R. M. Wilcox.

ELOVED pastor! must we now say adieu?

Have three years gone, for ever passed away,
That each must take a fond farewell of you,
And with us now you can no longer stay?

It must be so: the rapid flight of time
Compels us now to breathe the word farewell;
Though we at your removal may repine,
For you our hearts with pure affection swell.

But there are scenes that memory brings to view,
Scenes on which the mind will love to rest,
Of holy hours we've oft enjoyed with you,
In which our spirits have been greatly blest.
And there are those who'll one day join the throng,
Through arduous labours you have had while here,
Shall raise their voices in the immortal song,
With blood-washed saints they shall in heaven appear.

* Written on his leaving Southwark Circuit, after a stay of three years.

With grateful hearts we have our offering brought,
To show our sense and honour of your worth;
But to souls compared it is a thing of nought,—
Souls you have won for Christ while here on earth.
Our prayers for you shall still to heaven ascend,
A blessing to each circuit may you prove;
Where'er you go may benisons attend,
And may God bless you with almighty love.

And may you, by His Holy Spirit's sway,
With earnest, loving zeal perform your part,
Upraising mankind in your life's short day,
Directing heavenward many a drooping heart.
May God's best blessing ever on you flow,
And in His church may you have great success,
Spend many a year of usefulness below,
And thousands more have cause your name to bless.

Though other scenes your labours now invite,
And other flocks require your watchful care,
Yet Southwark's flock will oft think with delight
Of your devotion, zeal and earnest prayer.
And when your labours here on earth are o'er,
And God shall call you to your heavenly rest,
May all your flocks join with you on that shore,
And with your Saviour evermore be blest.



Past, Present, and Future.

ASKED the aged man, whose head was bald and grey,

Whose fading form was bent with hoary age, About his time for ever passed away, And what concerns should most his life engage.

He parts aside his snowy whitened locks,
And mildly, earnestly looks in my face,
And says: "If you would wish to shun the rocks
That often bring to others sad disgrace.

"You must avoid the evil paths of sin,
And in your own strength never put your trust;
But trust in God, and in this earthly scene
Resolve in all things to be true and just.

"Let all your actions be correct and good,
To bear reflection, chaste as morning dew,
As you would wish they should be if they stood
In heaven's pure light before you in full view.

- "And like a traveller, take the unerring chart
 Of God's most holy word—that heavenly guide—
 And bind its noble precepts to your heart,
 And from its holy laws ne'er turn aside.
- "Have faith in Christ, and follow after those Who now possess the glorious promised land; They, while on earth, had very many woes, But now before His throne they happy stand.
- "If called to suffer while on earth below,
 With patience suffer—'tis God's holy plan
 The vanity of earthly things to show,
 Make you a good, a holy, happy man.
- "But do not rush along life's road to meet Troubles that haply ne'er may come to you; But fight life's battles like a man discreet, And conquer sin and keep the end in view.
- "Like Moses, try and mount to Pisgah's top,
 And there by faith behold the promised land,
 And never in your heavenly progress stop,
 Till near Christ's throne you ever take your stand."
- I asked the young man in the prime of life,
 Whose hardy vigorous frame and healthy look
 Seemed truly formed for every pleasure rife;
 But he bade proud defiance to the Book

That speaks of earthly changes and his end,
And tells him time will quickly pass away;
He looks not at it as a faithful friend,
Because it warns him life's joys all decay.

With vigorous step he seems to spurn the foe,
That steals on man unknown and unperceived;
And seldom thinks of death, who deals the blow,
Glad by a treacherous world to be deceived.

As health sits glowing on his manly brow,
I ask him what should best my life engage.
"Enjoy," says he, "life's pleasures here and now,
And leave all serious thoughts for riper age.

"Quaff the o'erflowing bowl of ruby wine,
And join the merry dance and festive throng;
With jocund mirth in the gay circle join,
And sing with them the bacchanalian song.

"Let all your life be like the flowers in May,
That deck the earth and beautify the spring—
Like a fair garland with its hues so gay,
For this to you will present pleasure bring."

I turn, and ask the future if in truth
It can reveal aught good that I have done;
Or will it prove I have misspent my youth,
When for all this there must a judgment come?

And as a part of time's already gone, To me declare, as sojourner below, Whether that future bids me to atone, Or trifle longer with the subtle foe?

He says, "Put off; for time enough there's yet, You can repent and seek for mercy here." Satan, depart! me you shall never get; Come Saviour, then, and be for ever near.

Come Thou, and guide my erring feet that stray Away from paths of righteousness and truth; O, Thou who art the light, the truth, the way, Lead me aright and guide my early youth.

Thou glorious pattern of what man should be, Direct my future steps with love divine, Help me with humble love to follow Thee, And all my lifetime in Thy lustre shine.

When old age comes, Thou wilt not me forsake, Nor let the king of terrors me affright; But angels send my happy soul to take, Ever with Thee to live in realms of light.



The Worldly Man of Business.

AN it be fully true what preachers say,
That life is a probationary day,
Given for trial to each mortal here,
And that each moment spent will surely prove
Great with importance while on earth we move,
To fit our souls for an eternal sphere?

And do the Holy Scriptures tell the truth— Man's heart is evil e'en from earliest youth,

And only tends to lead his feet astray?

He bows to mammon as a sacred shrine,
Only for riches does his heart incline,

For these he labours hard both night and day.

He heeds not reason's voice, his head and brain Are full of plans how he can get most gain,
And thinks but little of the end of life;
For his soul's safety seemeth not to care,
And if perchance he utters words of prayer,

'Tis for more gain in this our worldly strife,

414 The Worldly Man of Business.

It is a fearful thought, how chained to earth
Are men of business, while their souls are worth
More riches far than this whole world can buy;
And never seem they conscious of their state,
Unless o'ertaken by afflictions great,
Or told by their physician they must die.

Then O, how vain do all their gains appear,
When on a sick bed laid they're made to bear
The constant racking pain, the throbbing brow;
The pearl of greatest price they have despised,
Have quenched the Spirit, and have never prized
The gospel they'd give all they have for now.

The mart and the exchange engrossed each thought,
With studious care his goods were ever bought,
His greatest joy has been to store up wealth;
And while he made it thus his greatest care,
Each faculty of mind it would ensnare,
Alike regardless of his ease and health.

O, man of business! what would it be to thee
If thou could'st gain the world, or owner be—
Or part, thou ne'er could'st gain the whole—
And found, when all thy earthly race was run,
Thou hadst a shadow grasped, and wert undone,
And lost for ever thy immortal soul?

Dear reader, have I here described thy case?

If so, look up, I pray thee, now for grace,

Ere 'tis too late, and ere God's Spirit leaves,

Saying, "He is to idols joined, let him alone, For him no more shall Jesu's blood atone, Who often thus the Holy Spirit grieves."

I cannot think of a more fearful state

Than his who on his death-bed cries, "Too late—
I've trifled all my precious life away;

For when God called and warned I would not hear,

And now He grieves and sorrows for my fear;

My heart is hard, I cannot, cannot pray."

It is a fearful thing God's love to grieve,
And all our life without its influence live;
God surely will in time give up that man.
Turn sinner, turn, His mercy now implore,
Strive ne'er to grieve His Holy Spirit more,
Resolve to love and serve Him all you can.

Friendship.

RIENDSHIP! what is it? is it an idle word,
Oft in the mouth of those who would deceive?
A thing of hollow meaning, which has oft deterred
Others from forming it, lest they should after grieve

That they had such a union sought with those
Whose constant aim seemed how they best could get
All that they had, and that whene'er they chose,
Leaving at last just cause for deep regret?

Friendship! what is it? is it the flatterer's voice,
The lying tongue of him who seeks for gain?
Who would your downfall plan, and then rejoice
That he had been the cause of all your pain?
One that would have you sign a bond for him,
With earnest pleading would assail your heart
Until you have signed it—would surely seem
The best of friends, yet act the villian's part?

Friendship! what is it? is it the spurious thing
Of fiend-like men, entering a happy home,
With the seducer's subtilty, to bring
Deep wretchedness and woe where'er they come?
One that would grasp the hand of trusting friend
And plot to ensnare his daughter or his wife,
And, like a cunning snake, to gain his end
Would sting the hand that warmed him into life?

A friend—who is he? not the man who'd fail
To tell his friend if he discerned a fault,
Or him who'd suffer others to assail
His character and name with fierce assault.
I hate the man whose tongue is ever found
Slandering his neighbour's good repute and fame;
But love the man whose friendly words abound,
Who ne'er speaks evil of another's name.

A friend—who is he? is it he who clings
Fast to another while with plenty blest,
But quits him soon as dire misfortune brings
Its troubles, and he's with woe opprest?
Counterfeits these of what a friend should be,
For, like base coin, they never stand the test;
They're soon detected, that others then may see
Of all mankind they love themselves the best.

True friendship is a bright and holy flame,
Which all may have if they are so inclined;
Even a cup of water in Christ's name
Given to the poor a sure reward shall find.
It is adversity that tries one's friends,
And not prosperity, when all is peace;
The true man faithfully his friend defends,
And happy should he feel to give release.

True friendship is to dry the mourner's tear,

To alleviate the sorrows of the poor,

To have compassion on the orphan here,

And bring true comfort to the sick one's door;

To help the widow in her time of need,

And all console who feel affliction's rod;

The beggar who is starving haste to feed,

And mercy love, and be the friend of God.

Him thou canst have as friend, to whom

Thou canst make known the secrets of thy heart;

One that is tried and true; O, to Him come,

And fully all thy joys and fears impart!

He will uphold thee through life's chequered scene, And lead thy pilgrim steps in the right way, Help by His power to fight life's battle keen, And when 'tis over take to endless day.

Ashby-de-la-Kouch.

An ancient place of great renown,
As chronicles still vouch;
Old manuscripts record the same,
That "ash trees" to the place gave name,
Called "Ashby-de-la-Zouch."

First settled there some Saxons bold,
And Danish men in search of gold—
Fierce Norsemen from the north;
With stockades fast they fenced their ground,
Dug moats that ran their dwellings round,
O'er which they sallied forth.

Rough warlike chiefs whose hardy bands Would till and cultivate their lands, In rude unlettered state; Gurths and Beowulphs they were named, For tilling ground these men were famed, Although of ancient date.

In Edward the Confessor's reign
Fourteen yardlands was the plain
Of this quiet ancient place;
Here herds of swine would search for food,
The husky acorns in the wood,
And flocks of sheep would graze.

The cattle on the hills and plains,
Attended by the rustic swains,
Would browse their time away;
Till William came—the Norman lord—
Conquering with his powerful sword,
Gained everywhere the sway.

'Twas then these men, before so free,
Submitted now the serfs to be
Of De Greutemaisnel;
These bondmen laboured on his land,
And sallied forth at his command,
And fought his battles well.

The population then was small,
Scarcely a hundred men in all,
Bordars and Socmen named;
Whose rent was always paid in kind,
Poultry and eggs were bound to find,
Both which their masters claimed.

In Ivo's time they much increased,
We find they had a parish priest,
St. Helen's church and hall;
At morning called by priest to prayers,
And "vespers" closed their evening cares
Such was the life of all.

Then Phillip de Beaumais had sway,
And to some priests he gave away
A large extent of land;
The lands of Suart cliffe he gave,
Hoping his parents' souls to save,
By charity's free hand.

He left no son to hand his name
Down future history's scroll of fame,
But left one daughter fair;
She wedded with the first la-Zouch—
This fact historians all avouch—
And made him master there.

And in those ancient feudal days
Were witnessed chivalarous displays,
And prowess of gallant knight,
Who'd bravely herald far and wide
Battle to all on every side,
That should their ladies slight.

And oft amidst those lovely dales, Were whispered love's enchanting tales, Down through the flowery dells; O'er beds of violets oft they strayed, Whose perfume scented many a glade, Bedecked with hyacinth bells.

These knights their ladies did adore,
And on their arms rich scarves they wore,
The work of lady-love;
And often valiant knights have there
Entered for trifles light as air,
And dropt the challenge glove.

His love looks on with anxious eyes,
Her bosom heaves with fluttering sighs—
As her knight to the combat goes;
Now sadness rests upon her brow,
Alas! she is unhappy now,
Her heart is filled with woes.

Now see them meet upon the plain,
Their falchions soon with blood they stain,
To uphold their lady's fame;
But one soon sinks, no more to rise,
His blood the grass with crimson dyes,
While death surrounds his frame.

And in the records of this place,
A fearful deed of arms we trace,
Of vengeance and of blood;
"Folville" and "Roger Beller" strong—
The one had done the other wrong—
In deadly combat stood.

From hour to hour they fiercely fought,
With rage and hate they madly sought
Each one his foe to slay;
But wounded they together fell,
A wretched sight for those to tell,
Who saw this dreadful fray.

Their effigies e'en now remain,
The sword and daggers of the slain,
With helmets of these braves;
One in the lady's chapel sleeps,
Kirby churchyard the other keeps,
At peace in separate graves

And Smesby's village still doth show
The fields upon whose verdant brow
The tournament was fought;
While further up, on higher ground,
The fight was viewed by those around
With dread and anxious thought.

A market near this time was gained— By Hugh la Zouch it was obtained— For husbandmen and trade; Farmers and merchants there did meet, Each other there would warmly greet, Where bargaining was made.

On Wednesday there, in every week, The farmers would the market seek, With produce of their lands; With corn and cattle brought for sale, And fruit from orchard, hill and dale, The labour of their hands.

The great Lord Hastings now held sway—A valiant knight both brave and gay,
King Edward's favoured lord;
His bosom friend he soon became,
And rose to rank of highest fame
In England and abroad.

The king and knight were near of age,
In friendly games they'd oft engage,
Each others trusty friend;
Both confidants in stately cares,
Consulted on all grave affairs,
To succour or defend.

For Hastings' zeal in works of state
King Edward made him rich and great—
A baron of great might,
And showered high favours on his head:
In all designs great Hastings led,
And shone with honours bright.

And when for pleasure Edward sighed,
The baron e'er was at his side,
To tend his monarch's call;
In dalliance with the young and fair,
The favourite he was ever there,
In town or stately hall.

He still bore Ashby in his mind,
As near about this time we find
Two fairs by him obtained;
He rode in state like king or prince,
As seldom seen before or since,
He like a monarch reigned.

His fame resounded far and wide;
Whate'er he asked was ne'er denied
Of worldly grandeur vain;
To him was granted power to raise
The noblest castle in those days,
Whose ruins still remain.

But all this show and grandeur gay
Was destined soon to pass away
In misery and gloom;
At Edward's death his fame declined,
To treachery's clutch he was consigned,
And found an early tomb.

For Glo'ster's minions all conspired,
By hate and jealousy inspired,
To work great Hastings' end;
Of treason high he was accused,
All law and justice were abused,
He'd scarce a single friend.

So great and fierce was Richard's hate, To dine he vowed that he would wait Till he saw Hastings dead; They bore him quickly to the ground, Where soon a block of wood was found, On which he lost his head.

Thus this great man, who'd fought and bled,
And hosts and armies proudly led,
And foreign foes defied,
Though almost worshipped in his time,
In favour passed his earthly prime,
In ignominy died.

But Hastings' name revived again;
Although the first great lord was slain,
It rose again to might;
Distinguished much his race became,
And left a noble, honoured name,
As champions of the right.

And when the war with France came on,
When Theroanne's and Tourney's fields were won
And Hastings rose to fame,
For his great service to the crown
He gained much honour and renown—
An earl he then became,

As Earls of Huntingdon, for years
Their name in highest ranks appears,
Wise counsellors of state;
Some more obscurely passed their days,
And revelled in gay pleasure's ways,
Right hearty and elate.

When Ashby Castle loud would ring
With entertainment for the king
And lords and ladies fair;
Whilst all the nobles in the land
Sat at the board where plenty's hand
Gave every luxury there.

With feudal pomp and grand array,
In dignity, though blithe and gay,
They lightly tripped the hall;
While troubadours with harp and song
Would charm the glittering fairy throng,
As they led off the ball.

Whilst each brave knight and lovely girl
In the gay waltz's giddy whirl,
Joyous in heart and hand,
With nimble feet and sylph-like air,
Would smile with eyes and lips so fair,
The beauteous of the land.

When ended is the enchanting dance,
To the banquet hall they all advance,
Where feast and mirth go round;
Where blaze the chandeliers so bright,
And gaily pass the live-long night,
'Midst music's raptured sound.

Whilst rapture fills the brilliant throng, And sweetly sounds the minstrel song Of deeds of days of yore; Of heroes bold who fought and bled, The Crusades 'neath the red cross led, And songs of olden lore.

And many a needy soul hath felt
That charity in Ashby dwelt,
 In ages passed away;
Where food and raiment were bestowed,
And institutions there endowed,
 That since have ceased their pay.

And often do these works decline—
Are sunk and lost through ages' line—
The donors all forgot;
When poverty doth lose its dole,
The young their once free-granted school,
And find a pauper's lot.

But such in Ashby's not the case,
For numerous bequests here we trace,
Of doners wise and good;
Which time hath hidden not away,
But hold their good and useful sway,
And have for ages stood.

The schools of Ashby stand renowned,
They've education spread around
To men of lowly birth,
Who by the help of learning's aid
Have honours won and fortunes made,
Good men of truth and worth.

Whichever way we turn we find
Rich food to cheer and please the mind,
On Ashby's ancient ground;
Its church, its park, and scenery bright,
Refreshing to the stranger's sight,
With interest all abound.

The castle is in ruins now,

And on its walls green ivies grow,

But still it looks sublime;

Though roofless now, its rare old towers

Still stand the fiercest tempest's showers,

And mock the flight of time.

And though the grass grows in the aisle,
And ivy-wreaths surround the pile,
With sad and sombre ray,
Still through each niche the sun's bright beams
Of mellow light in genial streams
Sends rays of glorious day.

It tells of ages now no more,
When all the crimes of civil war
Drenched England's plains with blood
When York and Lancaster lay claim
To England's crown and kingly name,
Through many a crimson flood.

But happily such days are o'er, We feel no fearful shocks of war; Our country's peaceful home No feudal serfdom now doth know—
A free and open heart we show,
With no desire to roam.

Old England is our boasted land,
Where all may live with honest hand,
And love both God and man;
Where all may strive to reach the goal,
That happy mansion of the soul,
Free from oppression's ban.

Co a Sister,

ON GIVING HER A BIBLE.

EAR sister, accept this inspired book of old,
A book of more value than rubies or gold;
A volume most precious, in rich mercy given,
By God sent to man to prepare him for heaven.

Come sister, dear sister, dig deep in the mine, Made blest by its precepts may you ever shine; May you find the pearl, the one of great price,— Salvation for you through the mercy of Christ. When this life is over may you and I meet, Rejoicing for ever at our Saviour's feet; May this book through life your best comfort prove, And lead you safe home to His glory above.

Authen.

EFORMER great! thy name shall honoured stand

Among the annals of those mighty men
Who were pre-eminent in their native land,
And in great deeds have always foremost been.

With noble courage for the truth didst stand,
With might unwavering didst denounce the creed
That sold "indulgences" throughout the land—
Wolves in sheep's clothing, thus their flocks to feed.

Whilst Papal gloom was lowering all around, Brave martyrs died for Jesus and his truth; These heroes to the fiery stake were bound, And not a few whilst in their early youth.

Nobly thou camest forward in his cause,
His standard bearing with a spirit bold;
Against the Pope's anathemas and laws
A valiant protest thou didst ever hold,

And when at Worms before the priests and king,
That protest famed, of which our boast we make,
Thou didst not fear before them all to bring,
Which caused the pope and Papal power to shake.

Still does that protest like a beacon shine,
Dispensing blessings o'er the human race,
Entwines round England like a beauteous vine,
With holy fruits our noble country grace.

What blessings to us have in time come down
Through thee, thou champion of our rights so dear;
And ages yet unborn thy faith shall own,
And o'er thy dust shall shed the hallowed tear.

There was a time when our forefathers paid
Dire penalties for faith—their blood was shed;
But now we worship, and are not afraid
Of our religion bringing evil on our head.

Time past the Bible was a sealed book,—
Was chained to altars, or in Latin read,—
And artful priests alone could at it look:
The people learning only what they said.

But now, thank God! it is sent everywhere— Published in every tongue is now the plan Of God's salvation—sent to every sphere, Showing his love to helpless fallen man. England is called by providential love

To spread the gospel o'er the whole wide world;

It fits believers for the home above,

Where'er its glorious doctrines are unfurled.

Luther! thy name shall ever honoured be,
'Mid freedom's sons shall shine with glory bright,
While our posterity have cause to see
Thy protest with a cheering ray of light.

Long as the life-blood through our hearts shall flow,
We'll think of blessings that through thee once came,
We'll bless thy memory while our bosoms glow,
And deck thee with a deathless wreath of fame.

Though centuries with rapid wing have passed
Since thou wert laid within thy grave's low bed,
Yet long as memory o'er this earth shall last
Shall men esteem thee of the mighty dead.





The Idiot Boy.

PASSED an idiot boy one day,
He looked at me with vacant gaze,
He was so childish in his way,
His antics caused me much amaze.
I thought on God, whose guardian care
Through all creation is displayed,
And wondered why a form so fair
With such a mind should e'er be made.

I never pass the asylum gate,
Where dwell the poor, the lost insane,
But thank my God for bounties great,
For intellect, for mind and brain;
While thousands live who never can
Lift up their hearts and prayers above,
For God's great goodness shown to man,
The countless blessings of His love.

What mysteries in His works appear,— How little can the mind discern Of God's great laws and purpose here, The wonders found at every turn! Good hast Thou been, O God, to me! For reason's blessing to my mind; Whilst others void of sense I see, I've felt Thy love, Thy mercy kind.

Reason, the greatest, noblest gift
That God has unto man bestowed,
That we to Him our souls may lift—
Our voices raise in praises loud.
Wondrous to us when deep in thought,
To think how soul and body blend:
The soul that life to Adam brought,
Which God into his clay did send.

What is our life without the mind,
Where reason holds its mighty sway?
'Tis but a blank, to feeling blind,
That withers and departs away.
We wonder how such things can be;
As God o'errules the universe,
His wise intents we fail to see
In what appears to man a curse.

Thus earthquakes seem an awful blight,
Destroying thousands on the earth;
The cholera, too, 'midst human fright,
Brings misery oft to many a hearth.
And fearful shipwreeks on the main,
With howling storm's destroying rage;
While many a sailor brave is slain,
Who does at sea his life engage.

We think of fields where thousands fall,
Throughout the battle's deadly strife;
We think of tyrants crushing all,
And think how vain a thing is life.

Hush, mortal, hush! and learn to trust
In Him thou canst not understand,
And bow down humbly in the dust,
And learn how wise all nature's planned.
He guides the planets in their course,
All nature feels His sovereign sway;
The winds from Him receive their force,
And at His word the zephyrs play.

His lightnings flash along the skies,
And through the earth His thunders roar;
Thus when His works we'd oft despise,
They ought to lead us to adore.
His servant Job He told to stand
In front of Him, to charge his mind,
That he God's works might understand,—
But still 'twas little Job could find.

Attached to nought in endless space,

The orbs move round the glorious sun;

'Tis He appoints each one its place,
As through the sky they quickly run.

Men must be idiots who'll not see
His power as shown in works below;

'Tis He directs the things that be,
To man His love does richly show.

His works are all in wisdom made— All glorious in our eyes appear; We see His goodness e'er displayed, In bounteous harvest every year.

From Him we all our gifts receive—
The Benefactor let us own;
O, may we to His glory live,
And bless and make His goodness known!
With solemn awe His works behold,
And view His reign in all supreme;
Adore Him and be of His fold,
While round us His rich mercies stream.

Forgive, O, God! our prying thought,
That seeks in vain Thy paths to see;
O, grant we ever may be brought
Humbly on earth to trust in Thee!
O, fill our souls with Thy rich love!
O, let our faith in Thee abound!
Our finite minds Thy goodness prove—
The infinite cannot be found.





Pove.

OVE! mighty love! ah! who can tell
Its powers? 'tis known on earth to dwell;
It mocks all language to unfold;
Its full delight can ne'er be told.

It dwells in glances of the eye; Is borne on zephyrs from a sigh; It penetrates the guarded heart, Does gladness to the soul impart.

Love works its wonders on mankind, Exalts us and refines the mind; The star of hope to our fond youth, And maidens' guiding star of truth.

A feeling chaste, when used aright, To worthy hearts it brings delight; With pure emotions ever rife, It decks with flowers the path of life.

Its hallowed joys, its anxious fears, Hope's richest boon our life endears; Bright gems of feeling o'er us cast, Holy the flames that life-long last. And after death the joys of heaven, The hope to every mortal given; Let us on earth its joys improve, That we may taste the full of love.

Hines

ON SEEING A MAJESTIC ELM UPROOTED BY THE WIND.

SAW it uprooted and torn to the ground,
With its leaves and its branches all scattered
around,

The majestic fine elm brought low by the storm, Its foliage all withered, and shattered its form.

This tree had stood centuries by the roadside, Year after year, in its beauty and pride; Through numberless storms it still had stood fast, Sheltering its kind from the power of the blast. And oft in the storm it hath bowed down its head,
When the hurricane came and the gale through it sped;

But the more the tree shakes the more the wind blows, The wider it spreads, the stronger it grows.

A mysterious power, of mightier strength, Humbled its greatness and verdure at length; 'Twas the power of the wind, by mankind unseen, Rushing on in its might, with blast strong and keen.

Thus man seemeth firm in the flower of his age,
And earth all his powers and his thoughts doth engage,
While round his spirit a false halo's shed,
And he says, "Take thine ease, joys round thee are
spread."

The Bailon's Grave.

E died far from home in the ship,
As she sailed o'er the watery main;
He has taken his last homeward trip,
To yonder bright heavenly plain.

No fond parting words from his friends, No dear wife to wipe his cold brow; Released, his spirit ascends, Triumphant he dwells above now.

The poor sailor's for ever at rest,

He sleeps low in some coral grave,
And the wild waves beat over his breast,

No more the rough storms will he brave.

Though the place where he lieth be deep,
To mortals for ever unknown,
Bright angels watch over his sleep,
The Omnipotent guardeth His own,

Though we cannot bend over his grave, Or hallow his dust with our tears, Assured that he now is moored safe— 'Tis that which allayeth our fears.

Moored safely from all this life's harms, Sleep tranquilly, thou sailor bold, Through storm, winds and peace-giving calms, Through summer and winter's drear cold.

The wife, as she walks the sea-shore,
And sighs for his loss morn and eve,
Thinks of him she will never see more,
And mournfully doth her heart grieve.

There's a time thou shalt see him again, In that glorious dwelling above; There to sing in a loftier strain, That God did all in His love.



Pangh and be Menry.

ET'S laugh and be merry, in innocent mirth;

'Tis really a pleasure of infinite worth.

Indulge it, then, fully; we still may be wise,

With a radiant brow, and a smile in our eyes;

Then laugh and be merry, child, woman and man—
God's pleasure ordains it, so laugh while you can.

Let's laugh and be merry, it is good for the heart, Though stoics and churls at our merriment start; Heed not the poor soul who frowns like a boor, Nor the pelf-scraping miser, e'er yearning for more; Then cast off for ever the unbearable ban Of ill-natured feelings, and laugh while you can.

Let's laugh and be merry, and bury all gloom;
'Tis a pleasing companion in every home;
Though lowly the dwelling, 'tis easy, I'm sure,
To live, love, and labour, in cheerfulness pure:
Then laugh and be merry; 'tis an excellent plan,
Though cares may surround you, to laugh while you can.

Let's laugh and be merry, no pleasure we find
In grief and desponding; they injure the mind,
Destroy all that's noble, that's manly and good,
Which have but to be felt to be understood:
I know it, I've proved it, and thus as a man
Say laugh and be merry—yes, laugh while you can.

A Pelcome to Christmas.

ERE'S a welcome to thee, old Christmas!

We will greet thy presence here; Thou art come again to cheer us, At the happiest time of year. This is our family gathering,

And we'll join once more with glee To celebrate thy loved return,

And a welcome give to thee.

Here's a welcome to thee, old Christmas!
We will greet thy presence here;
Thou art come again to cheer us,
At the happiest time of year.

Here's a welcome to thee, old Christmas!

While gathering round home's hearth,
To take our childhood's place again,
And tell life's varied path:
How God through life hath blessed us all
With His great mercies here,
And brought us all together now
To take our Christmas cheer.

Here's a welcome, &c.

Here's a welcome to thee, old Christmas!

We will happy be at home,

Treat every one with kindest love,

Both children and friends, who come.

Thus we'll all rejoice together,

All care and sorrow chase,

And bid them all be cheerful

As we greet each welcome face.

Here's a welcome, &c.

Here's a welcome to thee, old Christmas
Hang round the holly berry,
And raise the loving mistletoe,
And let us all be merry.
Let gladness, mirth, and laughter,
All bosoms warmly cheer,
And we'll wish that dear old Christmas
Came twenty times a year.
Here's a welcome, &c.



The Wife's Compel.

Y dearest love, despond not,
Though cares our course assail;
O, dearest husband, sigh not,
Nor fortune's frowns bewail.
Come, raise thy spirits cheerly,
And cease thee to repine;
I'll prize thee ever dearly;
My heart is ever thine.

It matters not to me, love,
Though cold the world may stare;
Whate'er befalleth thee, love,
With cheerfulness I'll share.
Have courage, I implore thee,
For brighter days may shine;
The world is still before thee;
My heart is ever thine.

Be firm, and meet all crosses,
And chase them from thy mind;
Let not our worldly losses
Thy noble feelings blind.

O, smile! and dreary sorrow
To oblivion consign,
For joy may beam to-morrow:
My heart is ever thine.

'Tis cowards only murmur,
And sink beneath despair;
Our hills shall make us firmer
To grapple with our care.
Sore pains make ease the lighter,
To work our grand design;
And darkness light the brighter:
My heart is ever thine.

Believe me, nought can alter
The emotions of my breast,
Or make my fond love falter,
Or lower affection's crest.
In weal or woe my bosom
Around thy path shall twine,
Still full and fresh in blossom:
My heart is ever thine.

And when old age o'ertakes us,
All senses fail and dim;
When health and strength forsake us,
In intellect and limb;
Thy worth and truth I'll cherish,
Through all our onward line;
Though youth and beauty perish,
My heart is ever thine.



To Miss Plizabeth &—

OF HULL.

ITH glowing beams Aurora decks the morn,
Like gold he tinges every radiant flower;
The fields and gardens choicely doth adorn,
And throws new beauties over each sweet bower.

The lark soars high with clear melodious song—With lively voice he warbles forth his lay,
While hills surrounding echo it along—
The glorious harbinger of opening day.

The hedges sparkle with the morning dew,
Like diamond gems in brilliant lustre shine;
The violet peeps forth clothed in purple hue,
Enriching the air like fragrant eglantine.

The blushing rose salutes the morning sun,
In balmy fragrance seeks the monarch's aid;
The sunflower turns where'er his course is run,
Gladdening upland, pasture, glen, and glade,

'Tis fit that I should thus call to my aid
The richest beauties of each fragrant flower,
To describe so fair and beautiful a maid,
Whose form delights in hall, or room, or bower;

Whose mind, with stores of learning richly graced,
With magic power glides in upon our heart;
In nature's finest mould each feature traced,
It causes deep regret when we should part.

Thy life seems woven by some fairy loom;
Sweet as the heather flower at early morn
With aromatic odour seems to bloom;
O, may it flourish free from every thorn!

May every year thy happiness increase,
And time, as on it rolls its rapid course,
Bring nought to thee but happiness and peace,
And may'st thou ne'er on troubled seas be tossed!

May truth and virtue shine around thy life,
And sorrow flee for ever from thy breast;
Whether as maiden pure, or virtuous wife,
May'st thou in every path of life be blest!

And may the poor around thee bless thy name;
And memory, as it tells of good deeds past,
Give thee a title to a virtuous fame,
And a bright heaven for thy lot at last!





Pines to my Wife.

ON OUR TWENTY-FIRST WEDDING DAY,
November 22nd, 1859.

NCE more, dear wife, has time's incessant wing Traversed the seasons, and returned to bring November round, with winter's early ray:

This is the annual of our wedding day.

Years twenty-one their varied course have sped, Scattering joys and sorrows o'er our head, Since love presented us at wedlock's shrine, And Hymen bound thy hand and heart with mine.

Then, in the gay and blooming time of youth; We pledged our vows of constancy and truth; As age arrives we happy record bear—Our plighted vows were mutually sincere.

Throughout my life, in retrospective view, I've ever found my thanks to Heaven are due; Nor least of all my gratitude I pay For that blest one that cheered my wedding day:

When God, to soothe my rugged path through life, Sent me my faithful friend and loving wife; And with her care, by tender precepts charmed, My mind has been with prudent counsel armed.

By whom advised in all things for my good, In virtue's footsteps steadily I've trod; A watchful guard when dangers did surround, In her a faithful counsellor I've found.

Highly esteemed for prudent conduct most, She proves her husband's highest pride and boast; To her my grateful thanks are always given— I hope and trust her recompense is heaven.

The nuptial cup, by Providence prepared,
Of sweets and bitters mixed, by both is shared;
Our share of sweets thus far our thanks should call—
We've found the honey much outweigh the gall.

Though humble has our lot in life yet been, We've happier kept by shunning each extreme; Though riches we could never boast much store, Adversity has always kept outside our door.

By mutual striving for each other's good, We've kept away that fiend, domestic feud; And may the future days we've yet to come Still find us cheerful in our happy home!

And when arrives the inevitable doom,
May we find peace beyond the earthly tomb!
Long as we hold our life's declining way
Shall grateful memory bless our wedding day.



To \$. Gurney, Esq., M.P.*

OBLE Gurney! accept this humble lay;
Let these few lines an earnest tribute pay
Of respect to one who dares be good.
We thee admire, whose taste refines,
In judgment chaste, of polished mind,
As patron of ragged schools hath stood.

And in thy breast what constant pleasure springs
From doing good, what comfort e'er it brings
Into thy kind and generous heart!
Thou'rt happy in the treasures of thy mind;
In peace thy soul soars free and unconfined,
Still resolved in life to do thy part.

Though affluence surrounds thee with its beams,
Yet on the poor thy bounty nobly streams,
Desiring firmly their sad state to raise.
True patriotism this, to gladden those
Bowed down by sin, by poverty and woes—
This shall redound for ever to thy praise.

^{*} Written on the occasion of his taking the chair at Foster Street Ragged Schools, April 24th, 1860.

May'st thou of good the patron ever stand,
With noble Shaftesbury and a Christian band,
And a blessing to thy country prove!
May Heaven its richest blessings shed,
While thou art living, on thy honoured head,
And fill thy worthy soul with heavenly love.

And when thy noble mission's done on earth,
May many records of thy truth and worth
To ages yet to come be handed down;
Then may thy noble spirit calmly rise,
To enjoy the blessed mansions in the skies,
And Jesus give thee an immortal crown!

An Appeal for the Poor,

TERN winter now draws on with nipping cold,
With icy grasp throughout our land doth reign!
How many clothed in rags do we behold,
Worn down by sorrow, sickness, and in pain;

Who seem to plead with those who can bestow,
From their abundance, alms to cheer and bless:
And pleading hard that they will mercy show
Unto their fellow creatures in distress!
For the Saviour from His throne now sees
Your acts of love and charity;
And says, "Whate'er ye do for these,
Ye do it also unto Me."

How racked their minds 'midst many earthly cares,
 With hungry children crying wanting bread!

For those who give they offer up their prayers,
 That God will all His choicest blessings shed.

O, you that are with plenty blest at home,
 And ne'er experienced hunger's bitter pain,

Now benefactors to the poor become;
 O, do not let them cry to you in vain!
 For the Saviour from His throne now sees
 Your acts of love and charity;
 And says, "Whate'er ye do for these
 Ye do it also unto Me."

And you will thus enjoy your own the more,
If widows poor and orphans you relieve;
You'll ne'er regret thus giving from your store,
And for the wealth thus spent you'll never grieve.
When on the bed of death you come to lie,
With joy you'll think upon the time that's past,
When oft you've listened to the orphan's cry,
And o'er the widow rays of joy have cast.

For the Saviour from His throne now sees
Your acts of love and charity;
And says, "Whate'er ye do for these
Ye do it also unto Me."

O, ye of wealth and fortune of our land!

Have mercy, we beseech you, on the poor;

Your charity bestow with ready hand,

Be friends to those who wander to your door.

Think of your wealth as talents to employ

For other's good, when they are most in need;

'Tis in your power to make them sing with joy,

For you have plenty while the poor you feed.

For the Saviour from His throne now sees Your acts of love and charity; And says, "Whate'er you do for these Ye do it also unto Me."

The Ragged School.

T was not the rich scholars and clean
At a school in a certain street,
But the ragged and poor that were seen,
With scarce any shoes to their feet.

Their clothes were all ragged and torn, Their faces all covered with dirt; Abject they looked and careworn, And many had scarcely a shirt.

Their hair was all matted and rough, Strangers to brush and to comb; Hoarse were their voices and gruff, Cold and forlorn was their home.

If you only had heard in that street
Their language so wicked and wild,
You'd say as your ears it did greet—
"O, who is there cares for this child?"

But there are some here with kind hearts,
Who have pity on children of sin;
In the ragged school they take their parts,
Stray lambs of Christ's flock to bring in,

For the love of their Lord who once told
Peter his dear lambs to feed;
And they try to bring home to His fold
Young children who stand in much need.

Though rough and unpolished, they are Like jewels just dug from the mine;
These teachers prepare them with care,
As gems in Christ's kingdom to shine.

The Scriptures do truly declare
Christ died for the whole of the race;

And their angels, so bright and so fair, In heaven receive a blest place.

It is their Father's blest will

That none of these young should be lost—
Then to save them, O, try all your skill!

Redeemed as they were at such cost.

The fact is quite painful, though true,

That thousands go down to the grave—

They're cared for and pitied by few

Who've the power to endeavour to save.

Ladies wearing their jewels so rare,
And much earthly comfort beside,
If they shrink from these labours to share,
Can a part of their wealth put aside,

To assist the kind teachers who go
To labour in this noble cause,
To lessen much sorrow and woe,
Save children from breaking God's laws.

Those who would patriots be,
Their country who love to hear praised,
Education's rich blessings must see,
'Tis the lever by which it is raised.

Such patriots I very much doubt,
Whate'er their fine works may declare,
If they coldly look on, and without
A desire in these labours to share.

There's only one life to us each,
So let ours be a well written book,
That to others good morals may teach,
As over its pages they look.

May none of the pages prove blanks,
And those left behind us all own
We deserved all their blessings and thanks,
For example we had to them shown.

And then when they gaze on our grave,
They'll look on our dust with a tear,
And tell how he laboured to save
Poor sinners while sojourning here.

Retrospection of Life.

IFE'S meridian is past! the future's unknown!

I will try to review what I have here sown,

And what the next harvest is likely to be:

Eternity surely will prove this to me.

Solemn thought! what a term of this life there is gone! And a more solemn thought—how little I've done! Much time I've mis-spent, and my talents abused, And little for God or for man have been used!

I stand quite amazed when I look on the past, And fear o'er my spirit a gloom has now cast; Retrospection to me very clearly doth show I have wasted my time much while here below.

O, thou God of mercy! let time ever past Admonish me; grant that it may be the last In trifles consumed, or in vain worldly care; Made wise by the past, for the end I prepare.

I see nought within to in any way trust, Of my own righteous works, in no action just; And ofttimes I think I have lived but in vain And wish that the past I could live o'er again.

But vain is the wish, and therefore I'll try
To live well in the future, for soon I must die;
As I look back in grief upon time vanished now,
To my mind it brings many a past broken vow.

Now lost I may be, and for ever undone, Unless saved by mercy through God's only Son; Uncertainty's stamped on the lives of us all, For none know the hour that death may them call.

If we go to the churchyard, there we may scan On the tombstones the different ages of man.

How very few reaching a hundred lie there! But children and youth a large portion share.

Many fathers' fond hope, or mothers' best joy, In some beautiful girl, or fine blooming boy, Have caused poignant sorrow their features to shade, To see their dear treasured ones sicken and fade.

Some were in vigour, in life's fullest bloom, Struck down by fever and borne to the tomb; Others, unwarned, dropping suddenly dead, The spirit from out its frail tenement fled.

Solemn thought! if this should now be my case,
O where should I go? and which be my place?
What stern, solemn lessons these tombstones all teach!
A lesson which all our emotions should reach.

The time that's still left, O, use with great care! For the eternal world thyself now prepare; Work while it is day, and do all you can To accomplish salvation for each fellow man.

O, Thou, whose great love still to me endures, And mercy still unto my soul assures! Hear, O my Father, hear my vows to-day! Forgive my broken vows to Thee, I pray.

I firmly desire now, with glad heart and free,
Myself and possessions to offer to Thee;
My weakness Thou knowest; then O, guide my way,
That never again from Thy side I may stray;

But love Thee and serve Thee with penitent heart, Away from thy precepts no more to depart, Till landed all safe on the heavenly shore, I will praise Thee and love Thee in bliss evermore.

Beath of Rev. G. B. Strangeways.

RIEND George is gone-from us hath taken

And winged his way to yonder realms of light; His voice on earth we never shall hear more— He's safely landed on the eternal shore. While he here in the paths of virtue trod, And all his talents exercised for God; Who to reward him sent a heavenly band To bear him vonder to that better land.

Cherubic legions at his bedside wait To bear him to the ever blessed gate Of heaven high, in beauty to behold Its pearly portals and its streets of gold;

460 Death of Rev. G. B. Strangeways.

And there, arrayed in robes of spotless white, The redeemed he sees; with rapturous delight On his dear Saviour doth he fondly gaze, And sings with joy his Maker's hymns of praise.

Poor invalid! while he was dwelling here, Alternating long 'tween hope and fear, How meekly borne by him the Saviour's cross! Without which counting all things here but loss In judgment good, in taste was most refined, Serene and chaste his high and polished mind; With glowing zeal and ever earnest prayer He laboured here for souls with yearning care.

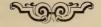
On learning e'er his studious mind was bent—
To become a missionary his intent;
But while his studies hard he thus pursued,
Disease his sinking wasting form subdued;
And o'er his friends it cast a chilling gloom—
They grieved to see him hastening to the tomb.
He is now gone! as we look back we trace
His memory decked with every virtuous grace.

Most eloquent was he in Scripture's might,
To preach the gospel was his chief delight;
His graceful manners all with love did blend,
Delighting all to know and call him friend.
Blest spirit, now accept my humble lay,
The only tribute I to thee can pay,
For all thy friendship and thy love on earth,
Is to record just homage to thy worth.

Death of Rev. G. B. Strangeways.

And oft from earth my thoughts will upward rise,
To think of thee now blessed in the skies;
And looking forward to that blest reward,
Purchased for us by Jesus Christ our Lord;
Meekly following in thy footsteps blest,
Strive t' attain, like thee, the promised rest;
United then our thankful voices raise,
And sing for ever in our Saviour's praise.

Now of eternal life hast thou made sure,
Thy happy spirit dwells among the pure;
And every falling tear is wiped away,
In those bright realms of everlasting day.
Cease mourning, friends! weep not for him again!
He is now freed from every care and pain;
Wish him not back here from his high abode,
He rests now in the bosom of his God.





Death of Alfred Hammond,

AGED TWO YEARS.

HE lovely flowers of spring are blooming round,
And nature smiles, all clothed in verdant hue;
But Alfred's lovely form lies in the ground,
Waiting the resurrection, to arise anew.

The mother, as they lowly laid him down,
Wept at the thought of his once fond caress;
No more will he on her fond bosom bound,
His happy spirit dwells among the blest.

O could his voice be heard from heaven above, He'd tell his parents now to weep no more; The little angel sings the songs of love, And joins with rapture the angelic choir.

"Rejoice, O father! mother, shout for joy!
Give thanks to God that He has taken me!
Praise the dear Saviour, with your darling boy,
And where I am ye both may ever be!

"And when earth's scenes for ever close with you, And death releases you from every care, As heaven's bright gates unfold before your view, To receive and welcome you, I shall be there.

"And as the plains of heaven we roam along,
We'll talk of Him, and of His love we'll tell;
Sing loud hosannahs with the heavenly throng,
And shout, 'My God, Thou hast done all things
well.'"

Tenus.

HILE passing through this earthly sphere
How often do we shed a tear!
The rugged path of life, we know,
Is wet with tears as on we go.

Here first we find the infant's tears, When in the world its form appears; Its helplessness the tear declares, For it requires the mother's cares. When infant life begins to crow The mother's tears will often flow, To see how soon that joyous strain Is changed into a wail of pain.

As onward then in life he goes, He's subjected to many woes: Sheds tears when he to school is sent, Though done with parents' best intent.

And then in learning's path severe, Acquiring knowledge brings the tear; Through life how oft 'tis clearly shown No royal road to learning's known.

And then there are fond lover's tears, Who often are depressed with fears, When the desired and lovely maid Smiles not on him, and he's afraid.

He thinks some rival's gained her heart, And from her he'll be forced to part; There's jealousy within his breast, The green-eyed monster breaks his rest.

He sees no sunshine in the skies, He wants the sunshine of her eyes: All joy and gladness from him go, Love's passion makes the tears to flow.

And when in gentleness she turns, With rapture his fond bosom burns, And tears of joy by him are shed, Invoking blessings on her head. Soon partners they become for life, Together blest as man and wife; Together blending hopes and fears, And sharing in each other's tears.

And there are, too, the mother's tears, When near the close of life appears; Her form is wasting fast away, She feels her health and strength decay.

Then up to heaven ascends the prayer—"O, God, do for my children care!"
Around her couch she hears them sigh,
To see their kind good mother die.

Her husband at her bedside stands, With kindest words he clasps her hands; Around her bed they lowly kneel To show the love they for her feel.

They pray to God, (who always hears), In broken words with sobs and tears, Through Jesu's blood to give her peace, And grant her longing soul release:

For her to soar above the sky, Wherein she never more will die; Where her dear Saviour she will see, And live with him Him eternally.

Then for our friends we shed the tear, Who meet with trials most severe; And when we see they are bowed down, And fortune on them seems to frownWhen all against them doth appear, 'Tis then we shed soft pity's tear; None can refrain when those we see Borne done by want and misery.

'Tis no dishonour to the wise, If oft a tear bedim their eyes; For suffering virtue, when distressed, Down many cheeks a tear is pressed.

Or when we follow some loved form, The burial ritual to perform, Can we restrain, when o'er the bier, In friendship then to shed a tear?

All scenes like these will cause a sigh, And draw the tear from many an eye; Death touches our hearts' chords, and brings A sad vibration to its strings.

Then there are the poor widow's tears, When thinking, in her fading years, Of him who was her prop and stay, By death from her now torn away.

Her kindness lavished could not save His life from hastening to the grave. But where could he have found a friend Like his fond wife his wants to tend?

How softly through his room she goes, And tries in vain to soothe his woes: Ne'er of his fancies does complain, Does all she can to ease his pain, How faithful does he find her now! She gently wipes his fevered brow; And as the vale of death he nears, She leaves his bed to vent her tears.

His spirit takes its heavenly flight, And wings its way to realms of light; His widow lives to mourn him here, And o'er his corpse to shed a tear.

She thinks of happy days now past, And o'er her mind a gloom is cast; Some valued relic meets her sight, Left by her loved one—taken flight.

Beholding it, she sheds her tears— Her comfort lost, no hope appears; And fast the crystal drops o'erflow— She's lost to all but care and woe.

Her heart seems breaking now with grief— In tears she seeks her best relief; She reads her Bible, finds it there— God always hears the widow's prayer.

In trouble He will not forsake, Has always promised care to take Of those who trust in Him by faith; And to the widow thus He saith:

"Come, trust in Me, all's for the best; Thy husband's gone to heavenly rest; Keep on awhile this war of life, Soon you will quit this worldly strife. "You'll meet again on that bright shore, For ever blest, to part no more; Then throw off all thy gloomy fears, Thou'rt going where there are no tears."

Then there are the penitent's tears, Whene'er the wrath of God he fears: When on his knees he's meekly found, Uttering the penitential sound.

They shout aloud in highest heaven, "There is another soul forgiven!" With joy the courts on high resound, "The dead's alive, the lost is found!"

And now he feels he's blest indeed, And from all punishment is freed; By faith he views his Saviour nigh, Can "Father! Abba, Father!" cry.

But oft he'll shed the repentant tear, When far from Christ he'll wander here, Whom he has vowed he'll never leave, Or never more His Spirit grieve;

But weak when dark temptation came, And some there are deny His name; They hear it treated oft with scorn,— His name, who hath their sorrows borne.

They stray sometimes like wandering sheep, Till Christ looks on and makes them weep, Like Peter then they sadly mourn, Who make His love so base return. Then there is the despairing tear Of him who slights salvation here, When, with wan cheek and hollow eye, He feels he is about to die.

He knows that he is near the grave, And never tried his soul to save; An awful task to look within, And feel the cursed sting of sin.

He thinks of mercy oft despised— The love of God he never prized; Through life His counsel set at nought, And now is to his deathbed brought.

His body's racked with pain and care, His soul is filled with deep despair; 'Tis now he feels the bitter rod Of a justly angered God.

His tortured soul would like to fly Away from God's all-seeing eye; His deep-felt anguish who can tell? Forewarning of the pangs of hell.

O, may we never feel the smart
Or anguish of a broken heart!
To look back on a life mis-spent—
And lose the soul, for which 'twas lent.

O, may we never have to trace,
As memory looks on life's spent space—
We've had more care upon the whole
To save the world, and lose our soul!

While passing through this vale of tears, We come at last to end our years; May it through life have been our care, At last to have nought to despair.

Our lives with trouble seem beset,
And bubbles everywhere are met;
But as our life thus onward rolls,
We here through Christ may save our souls.

But oft our minds are sunk in gloom— Man's history reads upon the tomb; His birth and death the words declare, His ashes now they moulder there.

But search the records of the earth, For anything this man was worth, While in this world the life he led, He might as well been with the dead.

He was ne'er known to dry, while here, The orphan's or the widow's tear; No love did in his bosom burn: His body moulders 'neath the urn.

Charity never known to give,— No goodness in his heart did live; He was a creature God did choose To have without the will to use.

Through all his life was pleasure's slave,— Ne'er had the virtue to be brave: No benefit to any one, Except to point the course to shun; And when before God's bar severe, To give account of life spent here— The talents he had oft abused And ne'er for good of others used.

'Twill be no use for him to say,
"The talents I have hid away!"
God then will mock the coward's fears,
And send him where there's nought but tears.

And there is, too, the Christian's tears, When Calvary to his sight appears; That scene by faith brought to his eye, The cross whereon his Lord did die,

To save his soul the sinner's chief, Good news almost beyond belief, That thus the Son of God was given, Poor fallen man to raise to heaven.

O, glorious truth! for man He died, And God's just claim has satisfied; That all poor sinners here might prove The value of Almighty Love;

To feel on earth their sins forgiven, And have their title sure for heaven. I pray you, fellow man, believe, Do not the Holy Spirit grieve!

Then tears of saints, they often flow, As their glad hearts with true love glow; And when advancing near their end, They find in Christ a faithful friend. They feel his blood hath power to save, And over death they victory have; Through Christ the spoiler's power defies, To gain their mansion in the skies.

They wish they had Him better served, And ne'er from such a Master swerved; He's better been than all their fears, And now for joy the saint sheds tears.

He good to them through life has been, His mercy to them oft they've seen; And now He calls for them to come Away unto a glorious home.

By faith he sees the better land, And knows that there he soon will stand, With all the ransomed hosts above, To sing the wonders of His love.

For on that glorious shining plain They sing a nobler, loftier strain; And no more tears they ever shed, A crown of glory decks each head.

Robed in pure white the saint behold, All hear him strike his harp of gold; When he in that blest land appears, Banished for ever are his tears.

The tears that fell on his death-bed Were the last tears he ever shed; From thence to heaven away did fly, Where God wipes tears from every eye. Then let us follow Christ below, Religious joys while here to know; That when our Saviour shall appear, We'll have no cause to shed a tear.

To the Rev. P. A. Punshon, A.A.*

REAT lecturer and preacher, thou art inspired! With eloquence thy tongue seems always fired, And thousands listen to each glowing word, That pleasure to the minds of all afford. From out thy lips the sacred words of truth Inspires the mind of many a wavering youth; Thy counsel often caused them to leave sin, And forward press, eternal life to win.

Into Christ's church thou oft hath many brought, To make them converts earnestly thou'st sought; It is surprising, also nobly grand, To see thee 'fore a crowded audience stand,

^{*} Written after hearing a lecture by the above-named minister.

And hear thine eloquent and flowing tongue Enchant thy hearers all, both old and young: They listen to thy powerful words intense, Thine oratory chains their thought and sense.

Thou canst before our mind such pictures draw;
To thee we listen with a breathless awe,
And wonder how it is thou canst so bind
With potent spell the cultivated mind.
How didst thou gain those mighty thoughts sublime,
To bring forth in thy lectures every time,
To sway our judgments and our thoughts refine?
A masterpiece is found in every line.

Virtue in such forms thou canst pourtray,
That makes us wish it ever held the sway;
That 'neath its spell our lives might all be brought,
Its peaceful sceptre o'er each act and thought.
And vice thou picturest with hideous glare—
Its base allurements which so oft ensnare—
That makes us tremble for the worldly gay,
Who shun truth's path and fritter life away.

How faithfully thy preaching doth reveal God's love to man, and makes each conscience feel; Christ's saving grace to all thy flock convey, Or warn with terrors of the judgment day. Punshon, we bless thee! trusting thou mayest see Saved souls above converted here through thee; At heaven's blest gate may many angels come With heavenly greeting, "Welcome, brother, home."

Enter with them into thy Saviour's joy,
Through all eternity thy voice employ,
Which was thy pleasure ever here to raise,
So nobly in thy glorious Saviour's praise.
There may'st thou sing in far more noble strains,
And make it echo through the heavenly plains;
With seals of ministry—blest souls above,
Rejoice for ever in a Saviour's love.

A Mindly Pord for All.

OW seldom mankind stay to think,
Or, thinking, care to feel,
The power possessed by kindliness
The pangs of woe to heal!
How much ought we to guard the tongue,
Considering well withal
To always have upon the lips
A kindly word for all.

Pure kindliness, by narrow minds,
Too oft is laid aside
As something lowering to their state—
Their dignity would hide

But pitiful must be those hearts,
Who thus ignobly fall
Before false pride, and cease to hold
A kindly word for all.

Tell me, ye connoisseurs of joy,—
Ye searchers after bliss,—
Who roam the world in pleasure's quest,
The cheeks of peace to kiss:
Tell me, I say, does there exist,
Throughout gay pleasure's hall,
Bright gems to equal souls that breathe
A kindly word for all.

But as the noblest minds on earth
Have shown and led the way
To live and love in truth and peace,
Our homage let us pay
To each warm heart where goodness finds
An echo at its call,
Who ever does as sacred hold
A kindly word for all.

Though harshness may confront us oft,
With cold relentless stare,
Let's still be wise, and calmly show
How men can breathe, "Forbear!"
In whispered accents to himself,
That nought can e'er appal;
Christ's path he treads, and, like Him, has
A kindly word for all.



The Horrors of War.

The blood-red flag's again unfurled;

Ambitious men their armies lead

In deadly combat fierce to bleed.

O, what a sickening thought! that man, So noble, should delight to plan Destruction's horrors through the earth, And life destroy as nothing worth.

All history's page presents to view Foul scenes of carnage—ghastly true; 'Tis glory called where murder's done, And heroes those who've battles won.

They've headlong rushed 'midst fire and din, With blood-stained steps the day to win, And to their brows a laurel add; No care for child or widow sad:

Nor thought upon the orphan's tear, The brother or the sister dear; And all the mourners left behind, Who curse foul war that kills mankind. Fond husbands fall amidst the strife, And brothers in the prime of life; Victims 'midst war's terrific sounds, All covered o'er with piteous wounds.

How eager, see! they meet the fray, Press hotly on and clear the way; And now they close as on they fly, For victory bent, or nobly die.

To martial music tramps each steed, Their riders urge, some fall and bleed; And for such strife the warrior's name Is blazoned on the scroll of fame.

The cannon roars, the fight's begun,
Death flies from each exploding gun;
The grape-shots rush across the plain,
And spread the ground with warriors slain.

Still on they go till man to man Engage in centre, wing, and van; The rifle's aim is brought to bear, Which causes death and deep despair.

While horses neighing rush apace, Their riders bring in closer space! Distinctly sounds the clashing steel, As they the blows of death now deal.

They sound the charge with clarion shrill,
The trumpets sound from hill to hill;
At each man's breast the bayonet's aimed,
Whilst red blood flows from dead and maimed.

Before the fight earth green appeared, But now with purple gore is smeared! O'erspreading now the spacious plain With hosts of bleeding warriors slain.

Proud troops that came with haughty tread Lie numbered with the hosts of dead; Their plumes that waved so proudly round Are trampled bloody on the ground.

Those hearts that throbbed to meet the foe Are still—in death's embrace laid low; That powerful arm, the warrior's pride, Lies powerless by his breathless side.

That form the nation's flag that bore, No flag shall ever carry more; Perhaps some marble pile will tell He fought for country—but too well.

But seek the house where once he lived, Where the fatherless and widow grieved For him once happy in that place, Amidst delight in every face.

His knees his children loved to climb, And now they feel how long the time Since father romped with them at home, And mirth and laughter filled the room.

They to their mother oft appeal, Whose heart doth most acutely feel; For well she knows her hopes are vain Their father ne'er will come again, O, no! for now that form is laid Where war a charnel house hath made; He now lies buried 'neath the sod, And unprepared to meet his God.

His soul thus hurried swift away,
For pardon finds no time to pray;
Sent to his final dread account,
No hope received at Christ's blest fount.

What hellish furies urge them on! All thoughts of life and home are gone! 'Midst pain they struggle, and the ground Is red with blood from many a wound.

Whilst cannons roar, and horses fall, Death shades the earth with funeral pall; The warrior sleeps his last long sleep, Leaves comrades over him to weep.

But where's the host that in the morn, Their colours o'er the field had borne? Each steed and rider now lie low, All lifeless on this field of woe.

It inconsistent seems to me,
And little short of blasphemy,
For priests to call on God with prayer,
To bless those flags that cause despair.

'Twould better far befit their place, To plead with God for special grace To be poured out on all mankind, In bonds of love all lands to bind. The wars at sea, when each great fleet Of ships from rival nations meet, As from their sides the cannons roar, Are dreadful as the wars on shore.

Of each ship's crew it is the pride To crush each other side by side; They board the foe at duty's call, To win the prize, or dying fall.

But often, too, we hear the tale Of vessels foundering in the gale; The crews all sunk in ocean deep, In coral beds or graves to sleep.

Of magazines of powder burst, While ships blow up, death does its worst; Some hundreds fall, ships rend in twain, Whilst fighting on the surging main.

They'll lie until the last trump sound The judgment summons shall resound; Through earth and sea it will be heard, When God sends forth the almighty word.

A noble boon are ships to man, Whose intellect contrived the plan; The bonds of peace they ought to bind, And link in commerce all mankind.

But oft they're used for ends most vile, To increase the bulk of mammon's pile; The negro slaves they bear away, Pent up like cattle night and day. When father, mother, children all, 'Midst shrieks that must all hearts appal, Are torn from home and thrust on board, Where none are near help to afford.

What hellish work! what fiends that can Presume to sell their fellow man!

To scorch their flesh with brands to show
The perpetrations of their woe.

How long shall cruel torture last?
When, when shall tyrants' sway have passed?
How long, O Lord, wilt thou look on,
And see such monstrous outrage done?

O, righteous God! when shall this cease, And earth exalt the Prince of Peace? When shall the sword a ploughshare be, And man no war on earth shall see?

O, when will mankind learn and act
The golden rule in heart and fact?
That tells, "What we would have men do,
The same ourselves to them should show."

Nor like the wretch who basely sold His hopes of heaven for sordid gold; But like a righteous creature try To point the way to bliss on high.

And who but must the tyrant hate Who'd crush the rights of every state; O'ercome with might man's liberty, Cause war and crime and misery? To increase his own dominions vast; And fetters round his fellow cast: In bars of slavery to be bound, And crushed in bondage to the ground.

We, Heavenly Father, beg of Thee To set Thy suffering children free; By Thee we're made all of one blood,—Direct all men to actions good.

Let's hope each ship will soon become A house of prayer, Thy blessed home; Thy Spirit light each sailor's heart, That from Thy love he'll ne'er depart.

To all mankind unfold the plan
Of Thy great love to fallen man;
Thy word to preach, the world to raise,
Till every land resound Thy praise.

And may our soldiers here be found To fight for faith on Christian ground; And after death victorious rise To join blest armies in the skies.

We pray now for our country's peace, That true religion may increase, And ghastly war keep from our land, By God's all-wise protecting hand.

Till landed safely by His side,
For ever in His care abide,
Where war is hushed and conflicts cease—
The land of happiness and peace.



Poss of the "Royal Charter."

RIENDS, mourn for the lost on the dark rocky coast

Of the rough Moelfra's bay;

For shipwrecked there were the brave and fair, Where the ship "Royal Charter" lay.

We feel for those left, of their comforts bereft, The loss of their sires and their sons;

We would banish the fears, and dry the sad tears Of the widows and fatherless ones.

'Twas here the rough surges howled funeral dirges Of sailors both hardy and brave;

And as the ship creaks heard the passengers' shrieks
As they sank to a watery grave.

How solemn the thought! this noble ship brought Many so near to their home;

Then with awful shocks was dashed on the rocks, There soon a wreck to become! The ship was well known, and her power was shown In each voyage so quickly sailed;

Each heart beat with glee as they put out to sea, Hoping England ere long would be hailed.

But how little we know, while dwelling below, What ills are about to befall,

When we leave the fair shore, no friends to see more Till the last congregation of all.

Some had laboured for wealth, and sacrificed health

To spend it in comforts at home;

They thought of the place, and each smiling face With welcome to meet them would come.

But on came the gale; they reefed in their sail, And strove to make everything sure;

Fierce blew the blast, away went each mast,
Unable the storm to endure.

They the anchor let go, 'midst confusion and woe,

To keep the ship off from the shore;

But the wind rent in twain the stout massive chain, And we have her loss to deplore.

One Rogers so bold, through the water so cold, To the shore did nobly swim;

The rough waves he braved, and some, by him saved, For life are indebted to him.

We cannot now see why such things should be, And often may think them all wrong;

One day God will prove He did it in love— Such mysteries to Him belong. They now praise each hour His love and His power,
They're now free from every snare,
On that happy shore where time is no more—
Eternity's fulness is there.

Mappiness.

And our whole lives, do they abound?
With nought but sorrow and pain?
Must toil and care our portion be,
And we on earth no pleasure see,
And ne'er contentment gain?

Is there on earth no magic ground,
Where peace and happiness are found?
O, where is the sweet place?
Through every race and tribe of man
Are any known who have a plan
To cheer the human race?

Exists there a sequested spot Hid from us, and we know it not, Amongst us here below, Where favoured friends together meet, Enjoy true happiness complete,— Say, who doth this place know?

Is it found amid the sunbeams bright,
Or 'neath the silvery moon's pale light,
At all throughout the world?
Shall we seek it in the silent glen,
Away from busy haunts of men,
In still seclusion furled?

Or shall we seek where violets grow,
Or where the fragrant roses blow
In gardens' lovely bowers?
Is it found in earthly friendship sweet?
In worldly love do we it meet?—
Thorns grow on earthly flowers.

Or does it grow in the palace gay,
Or in the lowly cottage? Say,
Where, where can it be found?
In the parterre where gay flowers bloom,
That shed around their sweet perfume—
On some enchanted ground?

Shall we seek it where the ocean roars,
Dashing their waves on the island shores,
All sparkling in the sun?
Or seek it by some rippling rill,
Meandering gaily down a hill,
As glittering crystal run?

Shall we seek it where the hawthorn blows,
Or where the rich sweet briar grows,
That scents the evening air?
Or in the ball, 'midst fashions gay,
Where mirth and pleasure hold the sway,
Where dance the young and fair?

Or is it found in music's strains,
In the fair one's glance that thrills the veins
And chains the lover's heart?
Or search the miser's heart so cold
For happiness, while hoarding gold,
And from each comfort part?

O, seek for it in none of these!

They wither as the autumn trees;

The storm the sunbeams hide;

Violet's perfumes are waft away

By zephyrs breeze that o'er them play;

Day throws the moon aside.

The full rich rose that glads our eyes,
When plucked, it withers fast and dies—
Fit emblem of our sphere;
In love and friendship bright and gay,
Though oft in life we own their sway—
True happiness is not here.

In the palace high and humble cot The gem you'll seek, but find it not; It dwells in higher ground, Where faith and hope and charity, With pure religion's light, we see: There happiness is found.

And Thou, great Father! who surveys
This earth and man, teach him Thy praise,
To soar with heavenly wings;
Inciting his best thoughts to rise
To happiness beyond the skies,
Above all earthly things.

The Rose.

EAUTIFUL rose, broken from thy parent tree,
How sweet thy fragrance falls upon our sense!
The balmy odour we inhale from thee
Brings back our thoughts to Scripture's frankincense.

Though, fragile flower, thy life is very short,
Thy beauties fade and wither all away,
And vanish like a dream of passing thought:
Thy lovely blossoms hastily decay.

And such is life, with all its varied cares,
How short and transient, like the dew of morn!
And all our paths are oft beset with snares,
Surrounded, like the rose, with many a thorn.

Although the rose be crushed, it will not lose
Its sweet perfume, though withered it may be;
Sweet on our ear will fall the voice of those
Whose lives were spent in works of charity.

All those who strive to do what good they can,
Though death may come, their names shall ever live,
And they shall leave behind to living man
A fragrance lasting far beyond the grave.

The Chart Bistgibuton.

Christians with little books, who kindly greet
Each passer-by, and offer them a book;
Receiving which, how pleasantly they look!
And why is it that Christians time thus spend?
Because they wish to be the sinners' friend;
Lead men to seek for Christ's redeeming love,
And fix their hearts on better things above.

The love of Christ by their own souls possest—
That love the principle that rules their breast,
The reigning passion, leading them to good,
To exalt Christ's cross, as all good Christians should;

Sin to dispel, with all its blight and gloom, And righteousness in place thereof to bloom; This is the way all Christians ought to shine, Which proves they are endowed with love divine.

Hail, Christians all, who in this work engage! In doing good fill up your life's short page; Your Saviour knows of all your arduous toil, And will repay you for each weary mile. Still labour bravely for your Lord on earth, He will repay your constancy and worth; How oft 'tis proved a soul is born above Saved by the little messengers of love.

Great Sovereign Lord! how we Thy mercies bless That Thou hast granted us the least success! 'Tis Thy blest work that we desire to do, And Thou art with us in the way we go. But we beseech Thee, in Thy mighty power, Bless tract distributors with a glorious shower Of Thy great Spirit now; and may we see That we are prospering while we trust in Thee.

O, grant religious tracts may ever prove
To all a boon, and lead men all to love
Their Saviour Christ, and every mercy find,
Through Him alone light beaming on the mind.
May tracts dispel sin's gloomy clouds of night,
And shed on all the beams of gospel light;
Tract dissemination is a glorious plan
To reach the heart and bless the home of man.

Those by them blest once had a wretched home,
Till the distributor dispelled the gloom,
And left a tract, by means of which they found
Our Saviour died for all mankind around.
They read it o'er till they for mercy cried,
Pleading the merits of Christ crucified;
And soon by wrestling was God's mercy shown,
In pardoning them through Christ Himself made known.

And thousands now in heaven's high glorious plain, Know well that tract diffusion is not vain; Their minds by heavenly influence imprest, They see salvation, and in Christ they rest. They'll ever bless those Christian men who took To them that precious priceless little book; Blest instruments they were on earth's cold sod, To lead them forth to heaven and to God.

We see them oft, from house to house they go, 'Midst scenes of wretchedness, of sin and woe; As missionaries 'tis their joy to tell The power of Christ to save all souls from hell. All worldly frowns and sneers they boldly brave And strive all guilty sinners' souls to save; They labour in the vineyard of their Lord, Who'll give His labourers a rich reward.





Affection.

OULD true love tell its simple story,
Full oft romantic it would seem;
Rough clouds will often dim its glory,—
Shut out emotion's tenderest beam.
But there is a power imparted—
When affection's placed aright,
On the loving and true-hearted.
Rendering life a scene most bright.

Its sunbeams fall on youth and maiden,
Despair's dark clouds soon pass away,
Though with threatning tempest laden,
Beneath affection's sparkling ray.
'Tis sweet to draw forth from its fountain
Love's nectar, rich to sweeten life,
To make affection like a mountain,
On which to climb through every strife.

O, for its rays upon us beaming,
While through this life we travel on,
Around our path its glory streaming,
To cheer the heart that's lone and wan;

It brings a brighter bliss unfading,
A hallowed light throughout all time,
To lead us where no clouds are shading,
Right onward towards the heavenly clime.

Onward and Phward.

UR lives are great and noble,
If we live for deeds sublime,
And thus impress our footsteps
Upon the sands of time.

And while we run our earthly race, Work well in God's great plan, And be most valiant heroes For the benefit of man.

'Tis thus the noble-hearted
Pass on through every strife;
Labouring for the oppressed,
And consecrate their life.

They love the cause of freedom,
And round her altar's fire
They raise their voices high,
With heaven's enraptured choir.

For peace and home and duty,
They lift their thoughts above;
For Religion in its beauty
To bless this earth with love,

When tyrants are oppressors,
And do the people wrong,
Their voice is raised against them,
Bold, faithful, earnest, strong,

'Tis thus the reign of darkness
Is banished from our earth,
And flowers of glorious freedom
Thus bloom with heavenly birth.

'Tis thus that earth's great temples
With beauty shall be crowned,
And peace and liberty, with joy,
Through the whole world abound.

Thus men of noble valour,
Armed in the cause of right,
Do battle with the evil,
And for the good they fight.

Thus do these blessed heroes
Win for themselves a name,
Bequeathing to posterity
A bright and lasting fame.

Each year of theirs is passed, They noble triumphs win; Trampling down oppression, Conquerors over sin. And they shall gain the crown Promised by their Lord, For their valiant fighting, And heaven be their reward.

Andecision.

OW wide and great the ill that flows
From indecision, which often shows
Man, blest with large and powerful
mind,

In all good works far, far behind; By want of proper courage shown, To take the right path to them known.

How many live in this our day
Who love to walk in error's way!
They, when admonished by some friend
Their path will in destruction end,
Like Felix, say, "Let conscience be,
And when convenient I'll seek thee."

'Tis strange man should be such a dupe, And let his mind so lowly stoop: Like the drunkard back to virtue's strain, Admires its truths, but falls again; To drown his conscience vainly tries, Unhappy lives and wretched dies.

The gambler knows the wretched fate His lawless deeds so oft await; He knows his wicked course must tend To bring a dark untimely end; But still persists and risks his all, By his own hand at length to fall.

And oft we find the forward child Pursues his course unchecked and wild; Oft good advice falls on his ear From parents kind, whose love is dear; He still pursues his wicked ways, Till ignominy ends his days.

And many a daughter, brought up well, Spurned good advice—she sunk and fell; Her mother's counsel heard with scorn, By vice and folly onward borne; She thought she could all conscience brave, Her end has been a self-sought grave.

We might go on, of numbers tell, Nought could induce them to live well; Passed undecided all their days, Resolving still to mend their ways; By death they undecided fell, Their lives but paved the way to hell.

They might have lived and loved the right,
And left a name both pure and bright,
Their good deeds handed down to fame,
A pure life and unsullied name,
To lead the minds of rising youth
In duty's path, 'midst love and truth.

Dear friends, one life is all you have, Probation time your soul to save; If life's allowed to pass away All reckless 'midst the worldly gay, You'll surely find out, to your cost, Your soul 's by indecision lost.

The Poolish Moth.

OOR helpless insect! attracted by the glare,
Thou'st found how soon thou mayest be deceived;

Thou'st fallen 'neath that bright but dangerous snare, That lay behind the brightness unperceived, And thus in life the gay alluring charms
Of pleasure's sound too often will ensnare;
And late we find that sinful folly harms,
And to our lives brings many a saddening care.

The youth roams through the summer's sunny fields,
On the gay butterfly to lay his hold;
Its gaudy plumage to him pleasure yields,
Decked as it is with tints of purest gold.

How often man the shadow but pursues,
With airy thoughts he sails along life's stream;
With wild ambition oft his mind imbues,
As baseless as the fabric of a dream.

But there are some who, like the busy bee,

Extract some good from every balmy flower—
Who cause delight when we their virtues see,

And bless mankind as with a genial shower.

And thus we may improve our life's short day,
Do all we can to do our fellows good,
That when our mortal powers fade away
We may regard the past as good men should.

And then our lives will not be spent in vain,

If to our race a blessing we've been made;

This to ourselves will surely be the gain,

And leave a name that time will never fade.



The Old Covenanters.

ONG be remembered thy patriot band,
Who scorned thy religion to yield,
And set at defiance the monarch's command,
Left home for the mountain and field.

Strongly thou'st fought against darkness and blight, Though oppression laid heavy on thee;

And borne the blest Bible, thy armour of light, Thy sons and thy daughters to free.

And then thou didst fall along the dark moor, Yet the blood that did hallow the soil Struck a blow for the freedom of Albion's shore, Shed a light to illumine our isle.

Though thou wert cut off in the midst of thy days,
Yet thy deeds have enkindled a flame
That shall burn through all time in thy patriots

That shall burn through all time in thy patriots' praise,

All Christians revering thy name.

Such brave men as thee are a boon to the earth,
Their lives and their virtues shall shine,
Proclaiming such men from heaven had birth,
To establish the kingdom divine.

Thou art the men that bid conscience soar free,
Spite of monarchs' and tyrants' command;
'Tis such as thou wert, though oppressed they may be,
Who're the glory and pride of our land.

Chanity.

AIL, glorious work! Jehovah sees thy toil,
And mercy wafts each action to the skies,
Thine alms dispensing throughout Albion's isle;
Let thy good works as holy incense rise.
Do all thou canst to benefit the poor;
The widow's mite was welcome to the Lord,
He saw her heart, He knew her scanty store,
And bade her mite receive its rich reward.

The rich man's barns were full, on him bestowed
To feast himself, but not the poor refuse;
Yet unto Lazarus no charity he showed,
To him denied the crumbs he could not use.
Self was his God: he bade the wine cup flow,
But poison lurked within the fatal bowl,
And death was hovering round this feast below,
And God that night sent for his selfish soul.

Not so the gentle Saviour of mankind,

He sought the wretched but to soothe each sigh;
Bade children in his heart sweet peace to find,

And owned them cherubs for His court on high.

Take Christ's example, all friends of the poor:

The bread ye cast upon the waters now,

Though small, shall be unperishing in store,

And meet you when at Jesu's throne you bow.

Then shall the poor who did your bounty feel,
With tears of joy around their father's throne,
Your deeds of love and mercy there reveal,
And hail thy entrance into bliss unknown.
There, too, shall mercy stand with humid eye,
And blot thy sins away with tears of joy,
And sign thy passport to the realms on high—
Where bliss eternal reigns without alloy.

Aver be Cheenful.

VER be cheerful, 'tis good for the mind;
With a countenance beaming with tenderness kind,

Be ever forgiving, delighting to show How lovely the streams of affection will flow, Let no evil feelings disturb your career,
Pursuing your duties with consciences clear;
Ever be cheerful, and hold to the truth,
'Tis the charm of our childhood, our manhood, and youth.

Ever be cheerful, encourage all good,
And lighten the sorrows we meet on our road;
To leave the world better let all of us try,
That we may be cheerful when summoned to die.
Let our lives be all free from dishonour and guile,
That reflection may ever return with a smile;
Ever be cheerful and open as day,
And banish all sorrow and frowning away.

Ever be cheerful, and trusting in Him
Who passed through the grave, with its terrors so
grim.

To atone for our sins, with the life He had given, And open the portals of mercy in heaven. Keep steadily treading the hard narrow path, For the broad one allures to destruction and wrath; Ever be cheerful, life soon will be past, You will gain the bright diadem promised at last.

Ever be cheerful, no terrors hath death
For the saint who in Jesus resigneth his breath;
Where reflection and conscience together will blend,
His pillow to soften with peace to the end.
While a smile decks the features now soaring away
To the realms of an endless celestial day,
Ever be cheerful, and banish all doubt,
For heaven will open with welcoming shout.



Tunth shall Conquey All.

HROUGH all life's varied passing scenes

Deception haunts our way,

And o'er the world's designing craft

We stumble day by day.

For falsehood's made to look like truth,

The memory to enthrall,

Though baseless proving in the end,

For truth shall conquer all.

The gaudy surface often hides
A spurious thing beneath;
As gilding cloakes the counterfeit,
And covers base deceit,
That will not bear the honest test,
But into fragments fall,
Which fills the false heart with dismay,
For truth shall conquer all.

An hour can scarcely pass away,
But cause have we to find
That to escape from falsehood's snares
Requires a subtle mind.

For lies will stare us in the face, Behind our backs will crawl, Our names and honour to destroy; But truth shall conquer all.

One half the bulk of Mammon's wealth,
That glitters now so bright,
Is gained by means, if rightly traced,
Would shrink from honour's light.
Duplicity and wrong oft lie
Beneath its gilded pall;
When death approaches, conscience stings;
Thus truth shall conquer all.

Angland's Spennity.

F war should come to mar our peaceful land,
And cause the orphan's and the widow's tears to
flow,

Still that firm base on which secure we stand
Shall bid defiance to each mighty foe.
For England's faith have martyrs bled and died,
Strong in the power of Him who made them free,
His presence with them, they have death defied,
And champions been of glorious liberty.

And Britain then would from the flame rise out.

And nations hear her powerful voice once more;
With freedom's voice again her sons would shout,
Religion's voice re-echo to each shore.
Ten thousand thousand liberated bands,
Whose sires were bondsmen born to be,
Would rouse the world and raise their loosened hands,
And aid Great Britain's power the world to free.

The traitor foul might rear his serpent crest,
Unfurl the blood-stained revolution's flag,
And try the sceptre from her grasp to wrest,
Before her face the tongue of scorn to wag.
Yet lofty would her dauntless spirit tower,
With freedom's flag triumphantly unfurled,
And laugh at every haughty tyrant's power,
And shake her stainless trident o'er the world.

Her faith shall blossom till the end of time,
And 'neath her flag shall never dwell a slave;
Her rule shall men admire in every clime,
And her religion's power their souls to save.
In the cause of liberty we've forward stood,
And from her path all obstacles have hurled;
A fadeless title built, approved by God,
And deeds have wrought to magnify the world.

For God and true religion and our home, This, this our motto for each soul shall be, For liberty we'll fight while here we roam, It makes us all so happy and so free. And ne'er will we our birthright sell for nought,
But worthy followers of our fathers prove,
Who with their blood this precious freedom bought,
And now are happy in their home above.

Childhood.

CHILDHOOD, childhood! happy stage!
How oft does fancy roam
Amidst the cares of riper age,
To trace on memory's faithful page
The scenes of boyhood's home.

When doom'd in other lands to dwell,
Through scenes all strange to roam,
'Tis then we feel the magic spell
Steal o'er the soul, and fondly tell
Of boyhood's happy home.

Though pomp and splendour call me guest,
Beneath ambition's dome,
A hallowed grief assails the breast
The weary spirit sighs to rest
Again in boyhood's home.

Though wealth may crown the exile's schemes,
And monarchs seek his smile,
The brightest of his earthly dreams
Are those when fancy's golden beams
Those happy dreams beguile.

If sorrow or dismay arise

To blight each earthly tie,
The wanderer turns his weary eyes
To those bright scenes and sunny skies,
He wishes there to die.

Though tyrants drag the swarthy slave
Far from his darling plains,
Behold the dangers he can brave!
The felon's doom, a nameless grave,
To burst his galling chains!

O'er pathless wilds and burning sands,
Untiring will he roam
Through hostile tribes and stranger lands,
Until amidst those scenes he stands
In happy boyhood's home.

Home! home's the watchword, home's the prayer,
Where'er our footsteps roam;
In vain may spread the gilded snare,
We turn from lordly halls to share
A humble cot at home.



Children at Play.

EAR children, play on, 'tis thy joyous time now,
Thy young hearts are strangers to guile;
The finger of care hath not passed o'er thy brow,
Nor sorrow yet clouded thy smile.

All is pleasing and fair to thy innocent eyes,

No grief can thy pleasure destroy;

For the tear that one minute thy sorrow supplies,

In a moment is changed into joy.

But I think of the days of thy manhood to come,
When each scene shall be chequered with care,
And the visions of childhood, and loved ones at home
Are passed like a bubble of air.

Like phantoms departed, and left but their name, Our memory's page to enshrine;

Still the bright beams of hope on our hearts have a claim,

Too dear for us e'er to resign.

Reflect on thy pleasures, though passing away,
Thy frail bark is launched on life's sea;
Take Christ for your pilot o'er earth's rocky way,
He your guide to the haven shall be.

And O, when the storms of adversity lower,
May the clear beach of reason arise,
And faith grasp the helm, and sin lose its power,
And hope brightly beam from the skies.

In adversity's hour, when sorrow and pain
Wring thy heart, may it still find a balm
In God's pages of truth, till life's stormy reign
Is exchanged for eternity's calm.

Aupochisy.

HE innocent and trusting heart,
How oft 'tis lured away
By simulating sanctity,
That fills life's busy way—

That brings sharp scandal's daggers forth Against God's holy word; And 'neath its foul envenomed dart The scoffer's tongue is heard.

Among the blackest evils known,
That haunt the walks of men
Is heartless base hypocrisy,
Emerged from Satan's den.

With fulsome words and aspect sleek
It works its loathsome snare,
Then leaves its victims to repine,
And die in cold despair.

For, thrown upon a heartless world, When virtue thus hath flown, Without a friend or succour near, Scorned even by their own.

Houseless, foodless, wanderers now, Cold, frantic and forlorn, Stalk life-like fiends, and curse full oft The day that they were born.

'Tis true, 'tis true, alas, too true!
Such things we daily see;
The effect of that dark monster fiend,
Man's vile hypocrisy.

How well the Scriptures such describe,
Their actions dark and mean—
"Like ravening wolves they're inwardly,
Though in sheep's clothing seen."

How guarded then we ought to be
Against this baneful thing!
Where 'neath the honeyed flattering tongue
There lies a poisonous sting,

That fires its venom forth and blasts,
'Neath friendship's seeming guise,
An unsuspecting honest name,
With meanly-whispered lies;

But shows a surface all the while
Of cordial genial care,
And throws its victims off their guard,
And hides the hateful snare.

Beware! and know and mark the man Who'll praise you to your face, And coincide with all you say With meek approving grace.

Confine not aught with such a one, This truth you may believe, His pliant manner's but a cloak, The better to deceive.

But rather trust that diamond rough Who'll challenge your ideas, Contest with firmness for his own, Unbought by smiles or fears:

Who hates a hypocrite like gall,
Suspects each canting word,
And from whose lips unvarnished truth,
Though rough, is ever heard.





The Wish.

AD I the mind to will mankind,
Each one to be sincere,
All tongues to tell with lofty swell
The heart's emotions clear—
Bright bliss should beam in endless stream,
To warm each heart and hand;
What sweet relief!—how little grief
Should spread throughout the land!

The claims of right should rise o'er might,
And merit forth should shine;
I'd form a plan to measure man,
And worth should be my line.
I'd say to all—"Let nought appal,
Behold the pile of fame!
Advance like men—brain, arm, and pen,
And grace it with your name."

I'd strike a blow, aside to throw
All envy from the world;
The lips I'd close where vice o'erflows,
And truth be wide unfurled.

514 Brave Old Greenwich Boys.

Then should we find, as God designed,
Our life become a boon;
And peace would reign on earth again,
Like Eden's brilliant noon.

Brave Old Greenwich Boys.

RITAIN! thy naval frame-work stands
Supreme throughout the world;
Thy hearts of oak and dauntless hands
Still hold thy flag unfurled.
Our sailors' noble deeds of yore
No lapse of time destroys,
Their fame resounds on every shore,
Our brave old Greenwich boys.

Our sea-girt home they've held secure
From dark invasion's dread,
They've kept our envied freedom sure,
And sounds of terror spread.
Those staunch old hearts I love to sing,
Who 'midst the battle's noise
Have victory borne on honour's wing,—
Our brave old Greenwich boys.

Their hoary locks I love to see,
And hear their tales of war,
Of stirring scenes of strife at sea,
And listen to their lore.
Their veneration for their chiefs
One hears and oft enjoys;
They boast of guns, and yards, and reefs,—
Our brave old Greenwich boys.

All honour to our nation's name,
Who noble deeds applaud,
While grateful to her sons of fame,
Forgets not to reward.
When strength and health with age decays,
Where nought their ease alloys,
A home they find to end their days,—
Our brave old Greenwich boys.

O, may this monument so grand
Benignly rear its head,
An honour to our native land,
When years on years are fled.
And may old England's rising worth
Maintain her glory's prize,
And emulate the pride of earth,—
Our brave old Greenwich boys.



Our Chelsen Pensionens.

HEN wars have passed and peace returned,

And sounds of joy have filled the land,
And patriots' hearts for country burned,
And gladness beamed on every hand;
When victory's wreaths have crowned our arms,
And Britain's fame abroad hath spread,
And stilled the rush of war's alarms,
And strife and dark invasion's dread:—

Our thoughts revert, with sorrowing pride,
To those brave heroes on the field,
Who died for country side by side,
Than shrink, or to dishonour yield.
With greatful hearts we see again
The maimed and lamed in battle's strife;
Their wounds we soothe and ease their pain,
Although disabled now for life.

The glorious liberty we boast
By British arms hath been preserved;
Who've rendered safe our sea-girt coast,
Our love and gratitude deserved.

Compare our free and happy land
With many a tyrant-trodden soil,
Where mind is crushed by despot's hand;
Like beasts of burden, sons of toil.

Where no man's home is free from spies,
Where plots and secret murders rage,
From which the exile patriot flies,
And in our 'midst in life engage;
Where priest-craft dark in bondage holds
The minds and consciences of all,
There weak impostures to uphold,
With terrors that men's hearts appal.

No civil wars distract our isle,

No frightful carnage here we see,

No slaves against our laws revile,

And freedom smiles where'er ye be.

And glorious beams of liberty

Swell British hearts on land and wave,

And who the men who've kept us free?

Our Chelsea pensioners so brave.





Acquestiq.

BY MR. J. CARR, OF IPSWICH.

G OOD fellowship reigneth wherever thou art,

E ver ready thy counsel and aid to impart;

On the platform thy presence is welcomed with pride,

R evered with warm feelings by friends far and wide,

G iving words of calm solace to mankind oppressed,

E ver pointing the road to the haven of rest.

J ustice and truth in thy nature abide,

O 'er life's rugged path so cheerful to glide;

S orrow ne'er daunts thee, no care on thy brow,

E ver checks the warm streams in thy bosom that flow,

P erseverance hath raised thee, aye thousands above,

H eaven smiles on thy efforts with bright rays of love.

W henever thy presence can banish a sigh,

I mprove a sad heart—thou art ever nigh;

L ike a beacon of hope 'midst the sea of despair,

L ight'ning the burden of sorrow and care.

I n humanity's cause 'tis thy pleasure to speak

A mong every class, young, aged and weak;

M ercy proclaiming the glad tidings of grace,

S ends a halo of peace to despondency chase;

O may thy blest works meet a lasting reward,

N earer each day bringing souls to the Lord.



Another

G REAT and glorious beams of love

E ach hour shine radiant from above,

O ur course of light to cheer and bless,

R eplete with heavenly tenderness;

G race—the rich balm to hearts opprest,

E ternal peace our promised rest.

J oyous and brilliant the rays that shine

O 'er all creation's works divine;

S uch bliss is found in truth's sweet words,

E ach line inspired such calm affords,

P oor souls delight to hear their sounds,

H igh heaven's best hope their life surrounds.

W ho can then despise the way

I n which our helpless fallen clay

L ooks up towards the realms of light,

L amenting sin's distressful sight,

I n pious, tranquil, greetful mood,

A spiring to the just and good!

M y friend, I grieve so oft to find

S atan enthrals the human mind;

O may your efforts, firm and bold,

N ew converts bring to Jesu's fold!



Gaqibaldi.

RAVE Garibaldi, whose wide-spread name
Throughout the world illumes the scroll
of fame;

Brave advocate of liberty, in whom we trace Desires of freedom for the human race; Posterity shall bless thee, hero brave, Who strives to rescue every human slave. O, God of goodness! Garibaldi bless, His work of freedom crown with great success,

May Italy, that country long oppressed, By his great mind with freedom now be blest, Religious liberty exert its peaceful sway, And Italia's children see a brighter day; The banner of the cross be wide unfurled, And wave in beauty o'er this sinful world, Each child of Adam rescued from sin's thrall, Find freedom in the Lamb who died for all,

And may the time arrive mankind to free, Blest with glorious heaven-born liberty, When not a nation's flag again shall wave In all the world above a down-trod slave. When Poland, fettered Poland, breaks her chain From Russia's yoke and lifts her head again. O, God, for Poland work with power and might, Chase slavery's darkness, give her freedom's light!

O, dear old England, what shall we say of thee, Who leads the van to bid the world be free? Thy flag of freedom wherever wide unfurled, Offers the boon of liberty to all the world. God prosper thee in this thy mission grand, To break the oppressor's chain in every land; Blest land! in freedom's cause still lead the van, Till liberty blesses every race of man.

Fapewell to the Rev. R. Sellens,

MISSIONARY TO AUSTRALIA.

AREWELL, friend Sellers! we grieve to part with thee,

Thy form on earth we never more may see; But yet our earnest prayers shall still ascend For God's protection till thy missions end. Thy home and friends in zeal thou'st left behind, A more extended sphere of work to find; Another continent thy voice demands To preach the gospel through Australia's lands.

Though hard it is to part from those we love,
Thy solace and reward are stored above;
The God that called thee to a better part,
Shall bring the rays of gladness to thy heart.
Ordained by Him to swell His courts above,
And thousands bringing to partake His love,
May God's high hand surround thee all thy days,
And shower the beams of bliss through all thy ways.

May fire from His high altar touch thy tongue, Converting sinners all, both old and young, Till thousands feel the gospel's purest flame, And bow their knees and praise His holy name, Proclaim the Saviour's love with Christian fear, And shout salvation's glory far and near; And may the land thou art approaching now Before truth's light with grateful spirit bow.

Go forth, as did the holy men of old,
Redemption's tidings to the world unfold,
Till all those trackless regions joyous ring
With loud hosannahs raised for Zion's King,
May countless blessings rest upon thy head!
And peace and love around thy path be shed;
And when thou'st ended life's short fleeting day,
Thou'lt find a home that passeth not away.



The Exile,

E scenes of my childhood, O, nought can disever
The bond that embraces thy charms to my
heart,

Though early life's moments have vanished for ever,

There's nought from my memory thy beauties can
part,

Long absence but strengthens the tide of my yearning, And summons each picture in freshness to view; Old scenes and old faces, and friendships returning In cherished remembrance, warm, welcome and new.

Full oft passing objects recal to my senses,
Rich gladdening thoughts of some happiness past;
In those seasons of life ere its trial commences—
Those unalloyed seasons, too fleeting to last.
The mignonette's fragrance, the lilac's chaste blossom,
Awaken the charm of past innocent joy;
While soft, soothing rapture creeps over my bosom,

In silence I wander as night closes o'er me,
When the sun sinks away in the far distant west;
With no hope of peace on the morrow before me—
No prospect of Fatherland's solace and rest.

And calmly I wish I were yet but a boy.

Enchanted, I pause, as sweet tones meet my hearing; Whilst a glow of affection swell full in each vein, As distant bells chiming bring feelings endearing, Of home and its joys all returning again.

I reverence as holy those treasured reflections That bring to my vision the features of yore; That twine like the ivy o'er my mind's recollections Of loved ones departed from life's busy shore. O, call it not weakness, of age unbefitting, That thus to the scenes of my childhood I cling; Each hour I prize dearer, though life's wane is flitting,

The emotions that bygones to memory bring.

The cold-hearted stoic may laugh in derision, Who knows not the warmth of humanity's bloom; In whose chilly slumbers ne'er comes the sweet vision Of paradise passed in sweet infancy's home. O, could I but feel that when life had departed, And peace with my God and the world I had made, What solace 'twould bring the exile lone-hearted, That my dust would repose where my fathers are laid.





On receiving an Ankstand

AS A PRESENT.

O my table thou'rt welcome, new friend of my muse,

As the donor from whom thou art come;
A new link of friendship thy sight doth infuse,
That will gladden my heart and my home.
Thou remind'st me of one ever generous and kind,
Whose friendship is firm and sincere;
Who loves to do good with the stores of his mind,
With a conscience exalted and clear.
And while my poor verses in peace I indite,

While I study the learned and wise,
Happy moments thy presence shall bring to my sight,
Thee, my inkstand, I ever shall prize.

Thee, my inkstand, I ever shall prize.

Beside thee my fond aspirations shall flow,

To the high and the holy and good;

As of old the bright vein of my muse it shall glow,

As through the night watches I've stood.

I'll think of those days when adversity's gloom

Cast the mantle of sadness around;

When sorrow and sickness o'ershadowed our home, When solace nor peace could be found; And then I'll regard thee with gratitude's gaze,
Whilst thankfulness beams from my eyes,
To think that I'm spared thus to write in the praise
Of him whose true friendship I prize.

What solace an object, though simple may bring, In our bosoms awaking a theme,
That about the domain of our memory doth cling, Like the features imprest in a dream.
Associations will gather—the object around, Though inanimate, calls forth our love;
The charms of a fond veneration are found That will draw our affections above,
To loved ones departed whose presence we feel, That we see in the object arise;
But between thee and me, in woe or in weal, Thee, my inkstand, I ever shall prize.

The Peparted Pear.

ARK! the solemn midnight bell

Tells me another year has fled;

And to us all it says, "Farewell!"

How quickly has it from us sped!

Thou'rt gone for ever, past old year,
And all thy joys and cares are o'er;
That sounding bell reminds us here,
That year is passed for evermore.

But, O, what changes in the time
Have happened, of the last year's round;
Some friends are in a distant clime,
And some lie in the silent ground.

And can we let the year that's past
Escape our memories like a dream?
No, rather let us view the last
As one more gone from life's short stream.

Some whom we here did fondly love,
Have gone, and left us here below;
They faded, died, then soared away,
And now a Saviour's love they know.

Hath worldly love engrossed our mind—
Ambition been our greatest aim?
And tried in these our peace to find,
And sought nought else but earthly fame?

If so, what broken cisterns we
Have hewn ourselves, that will not hold
The stream of life; nor could we see
That life's allurements were not gold.

Still there are scenes that now are gone,
Our memories can with pleasure greet,
When souls to pure devotion won,
Together kneel at Jesu's feet.

'Tis past and gone, but each one shall
It meet—he at God's bar appear,
To testify he lived it well.
May we improve each coming year!

To Chomas Paymen, Esq.

ARMER, most worthy, my muse will rehearse
Thy deeds and thy virtues in this humble verse,
I'll endeavour a record of thy worth to raise
That time may go down to tell of thy praise.

What pleasure it must be to feel and to know Thy bounty hath helped missionaries to sow The seed of the gospel in every clime, Like a farmer awaiting the good harvest time.

Throughout thy whole life thy deeds are all famed,
Of the faith of Christ's cross thou hast not been
ashamed;
.

Thou'st done all thou could'st through the breath of the land,

To help and to spread the great Wesleyan band.

And ofttimes with pity thy feelings o'erflow,
That our race so benighted doth Jesus not know;
A very large portion ne'er heard of His name,
Their bosoms so wretched, ne'er felt His love's flame.

Farmer, what love thou didst ever display, In sending the gospel, whose life-giving ray Shall in triumph dispel the evil of sin, Every son of old Adam to Christ's fold bring in.

When the heathen are given to our blessed Lord, And from earth's widest bounds His name is adored, From heaven thou'lt see the seed thou hast sown, In tablets of life o'er this earth will be shown.

And though in a good Master's cause thou art grey, Thy harvest thou'lt see in that blessed day; When the whole of mankind shall stand before God, O, glad thou wilt be for the path thou hast trod!

To see saints redeemed from each land and clime, Through the blest works of thy life's sowing time; Through all the future, O, may'st thou be found Working for God, with honour still crowned.

And when thy body from earth fades away, May thy spirit ascend to bright realms of day, And join the pure host redeemed above, With them to praise the Saviour's great love.



The Rifle, the Poice, and the Pen.

HEN country requires all the aid of her sons

Its freedom and soil to defend,
Through its ranks a bright spirit of loftiness runs.
And warm aspirations ascend.

For the noblest of sentiments lighteth the soul Of the patriot, where freedom is known;

He scorns the idea of ambition's control,

And burns for the land of his own.

'Tis our duty when Fatherland calls to the field, To answer as Britons and men,

And grasp each the weapon he's fitted to wield— The rifle, the voice, and the pen.

Where confidence reigns and ambition's unknown,
The voice and the pen may be strong;
But when the reverse is so frequently shown,
To repose upon these would be wrong.
That war is unholy—a terrible curse—
No one in his senses denies:

But serfdom of souls 'neath a despot is worse, When the angel of liberty flies. Then let's be prepared at all seasons and hours, No matter our station or when;

Be armed with those weapons akin to our powers, The rifle, the voice, and the pen.

O, where is the land that can equal our isle?

Where the monarch—our pride and our boast?

Where the hearts who have reared so immortal a

pile
Of glory and fame on our coast?

'Tis no wordy affair that dissolves on the lips,
'Tis no fanciful myth just to please:

We are rich, we have freedom, trade, commerce and ships,

And a monarchy over the seas.

I hold, then, 'tis noble, deny it who may,
To regard our position as men,

And preserve our much-envied pre-eminent sway, With the rifle, the voice, and the pen.

The Engen's Pourney to Beefls,

TO OPEN THE TOWN HALL.

REAT sovereign lady, forgive my muse so bold,

I'll humbly try thy virtues to unfold,
And write in praise of England's noble queen;

My pen requires a more than magic art

To tell how nobly thou'st performed thy part,

As the best of monarchs England's ever seen.

What blessings 'neath thy sway do we enjoy! Thy every care, thy talents to employ

For all our good that we may happy be.

A boon to all thy people dwelling here,

To be well governed and to have no fear

Of tyrants' will—and dwell in liberty:

When those who govern do it all by love,
And in their movements or their actions prove
They seek the happiness of all around;
And those beneath them gratefully do show
They value those who govern, for they know
They try to do them all the good they can.

Beloved queen, all this thou triest to do,
Pursuing virtue with a courage true—
That path alone which happiness will make,
With queen or subject seeking it aright,
In all things act as if in God's own sight,
Who will a righteous people ne'er forsake.

Thy court so chaste above all other lands,
Where virtue's ever prized and love commands;
Wisdom and uprightness guard the throne.
Thrice happy soil, what land is blest like thee
With warriors brave and senators so free
Thy people happy more than any known!

Where'er you journey 'tis a cheering thing
To hear thy subjects make the welkin ring—
They pray for blessing on your head to fall;
Which shows you are to every heart most dear,
With honour all your movements they revere,
A welcome homage you receive from all.

At Leeds town hall some thousands did her greet,
All glad in heart their much-loved queen to meet,
For Leeds it was a most auspicious day;
The queen then made a kindly-worded speech,
Which to her subjects' hearts did quickly reach—
She knighted Fairbairn in a queenly way.

Her noble heart, no doubt, with rapture beat,
When, marching forth, Her Majesty to meet,
Were thirty thousand ruddy children seen,
From Sunday schools—of which the town is proud—
And sung, with voices clear, and strains so loud—
"God bless and save our most illustrious queen!"

Their song was wafted high into the air,
The King Almighty listened to the prayer
That called down blessings on her noble head:
And from our hearts I'm sure we all can pray
With pure affection—every one can say—
"O, Lord, on her thy choicest blessings shed!

"May her dear children all be precious in thy sight; Her family blessed with every virtue bright, Where'er there home, be blest with peace and

love.

And after she has finished reigning here, May we all meet her in the heavenly sphere, And reign with God eternally above!"

Trial by Bury.

NGLAND, beloved country! whose just laws
Uphold the light of truth and honour's
cause;

Trials by jury prominently stand A lasting honour to our native land.

The noblest scheme that ever man devised, And by us all it should be highly prized; Oppressors rich, however great in might, Can never trample on the poor man's right.

An English jury never will be sold, They value honour dearly, more than gold; And English judges, like Sir Matthew Hale, Impartially will balance Justice' scale.

Those who uprightly their decision give Among their fellows howoured men will live; A star of liberty to leave each son— The Magna Charta which their fathers won. A heirloom right securely handed down, A brilliant jewel bright in freedom's crown; The right of Englishmen supremely free, Begirt our island like the mighty sea.

To other lands a pattern through all time, If copied 'twould bless every other clime; Till slavery, wherever it may be, Would break its chains and every man be free.

O, haste that time, thou God of nations! bless Those patriots good, who never will oppress Their fellow men, but striving all they can For freedom's rights to every race of man.

The Rifle Woluntgers.

UR native soil, so blest, so free!
First nation of the world,
Whose standard fair on landard sea
Is ever wide unfurled.
Whose sons would rather yield their breath

Than lose one spot of ground;

Where loyalty in life and death
With every rank is found.
When foes designed against our shores,
And raised the nations fears,
Up rose a new and ardent corps,
Our rifle volunteers.

Though doubts and obstacles at first
Were scattered in their way,
Nought damped enthusiasm's burst,
And loyalty held sway.
In face of resolutions strong,
Opponents changed to friends,
And now united march along,
And bright success attends.
High emulation lights each breast,
Excelsior is the word;
They all contend with manly zest,
Whilst friendship's voice is heard.

Whene'er they meet their presence calls
Forth loud and hearty cheers,
In spacious plains or stately halls—
Our gallant volunteers.
And may the day be distant far,
When duty's voice shall call
To scenes of deadly strife and war,
Our country to appal.
For peace has been our joy for years,
With commerce, art and trade;
But woe betide him who appears
To bring invasion's shade.

And should some base invaders tread
Once press upon our shore,
Our arms would make them flee with dread,
And dare to come no more;
And show that Britons, every man,
Are jealous of their right,
Alive to every means and plan
To assert their country's might.
Then let us join with heart and voice,
And give three loyal cheers;
For queen and country let's rejoice,
And our brave volunteers.

To Baroness Burdett Coutts.

OST noble lady, now of the titled great,
Thy deeds of charity exalt thy fame,
And tell of worth's benevolent estate,
United with thy good and virtuous name.

Thou'rt one amongst us of the pious few
Whom wealth hath favoured, ever doing good,
To soothe the ills of life with love so true,
And cause religion to be understood.

Home missionary, we hail thee in thy cause;
Thy country's welfare ever near thy heart,
To uphold the honour of its righteous laws,
Thy wealth and talents with the needy part.

Honoured is thy name throughout the land;
In every humble school in England's realm,
With ragged and with Sunday schools shall stand,
Till chaos comes and all the world o'erwhelm.

Open is thy hand to those who need,

To lend thy succour to the poor distressed;

Thy bounty often hungry souls doth feed,

When by dire poverty they're sore opprest.

Columbia's sons will hail that noble deed

That gave the means a bishop there to send,

To the Good Shepherd many souls to lead,

That proves how great thy wish to be a friend.

Thy talents for thy Lord thou dost employ,
In mercy's path thou dost perform thy part;
The widow's heart thou mak'st to leap with joy,
Whilst cheering up the orphan's sorrowing heart.

Go forward, lady, in the way thou art,
Thy sympathy for human woe maintain;
As Christian heroine perform thy part,
The time will come to meet thy acts again.

No marble shrine shall be required then

To spread thy deeds or chronicle thy fame;

Thy virtues here historians will pen,

And tell to those unborn thy virtuous name.



The Harvest.

The corn is all full in the ear,

The birds are all singing, the bees gaily hum,
Ripe fruits in abundance appear.

Let us lift up our hearts and our voices in praise
For this plenty's all-bountiful reign,
To the God of creation as thankful we gaze,
And hail the blest harvest again.

The husbandman looks now with pride and delight
On the fruitful reward of his toil;
The sun in rich brilliancy dazzles the sight,
And gladness o'ercovers the soil.
Provisions thus sent by the Almighty hand
Will remove all discomfort and pain,
And rouse every soul in our much favoured land
To hail the blest harvest again.

The reapers all joyously hie to the field

To bring in the year's luscious store,
Unto every dwelling subsistence to yield,
And banish distress from the poor.

What a glorious treasure our earth, yielding food,
Like a beautiful gold-spangled plain!

While our praises arise to the Author of good,
We hail the blest harvest again.

The God of our being, the great God of nature,
Transcendant in mercy, in bounty and love,
Every moment provides for the wants of each creature,
And will nourish their souls for the bright home
above.

O, let not His bounty and fatherly care
Be extended so largely to mortals in vain,
But still His great goodness in thankfulness share,
And hail the blest harvest again.





The Village Chunch.

UR village church with ivy mantle crowned,
Whose tapering spire points upward to the skies,

As though to whisper, "Peace may here be found,"
A hallowed place from whence our praises rise.

Dear is the spot, a holy charm pervades,
With solemn feelings as I tread the place,
The Spirit whispers and my soul upbraids,
Because so cold in seeking for His grace.

A solemn joy, sad, yet sublimely sweet,
Steals o'er my feelings as I linger here;
The Saviour and the sinner seem to meet,
And words break forth of solemn, earnest prayer.
'Midst all around a death-like stillness reigns,
The lettered tombs record of those whose breath
Forsook earth's cares for heaven's eternal gains,
And proved victorious through the hand of death.

Perchance the mind reverts to bygone days.

When youthful health in full and lovely glow,

Would smile around us in benignant rays

To bless life's course and make it happy flow;

When dear companions, then in joyous glee,

Would mingle with us in each well-known game,

And we were happy as the young could be,

And thought through life 'twould ever be the same.

I view the graveyard, read each mouldering tomb—
One name I mark who used to labour here,
Who sleeps beneath the aged yew tree's bloom,
Who in this church had oft engaged in prayer.
How calm he rests, the holy reverend sire;
The voice is hushed that once its precepts gave,
But there are those his precepts did inspire,
And led to seek a home beyond the grave.

'Twas not ambition lured him in his toil,
'Twas not to gain a worldly sounding fame;
For souls' salvation laboured here awhile,
And others left to gain an earthly name.
We think of former years for ever fled,
How fervently he toiled 'midst hopes and fears;
We show respect for him, the worthy dead,
His grave we reverence with our silent tears.

In memory fancy paints his saint-like smile,
When God in mercy did his labours own,
In gratitude his voice rang through the aisle,
As ripening were the loving seeds he'd sown.

'Twas his delight God's mercy to declare,
The sacred truths revealed in His word,
The village flock engaged his earnest care,
While still he taught the love of Christ his Lord.

The village poor could of his labours tell,

How oft he hastened to the bed of pain,

Pointing to Him who loves the sufferer well—

And heaven will prove he laboured not in vain.

For many a sinner, by his teaching blest,

Sought after mercy from the Lord of love;

And now they've gained the everlasting rest,

And with the Saviour dwell in peace above.

The flaggy greensward covers rich and poor;
Death spares not wealth nor title on his way,
Though sculptured arms record great deeds of war,
Under the turf all sink beneath his sway.
There's no distinction now 'twixt high estate
And humble poverty within the grave;
The unknown mound is equal with the great,
From which a soul may rise for Christ to save.

The rustic porch vibrates a hallowed sound,
Wherein we feel in contact with the dead;
The faintest whispers through the place resound,
The sun's bright rays are through each window shed.
There is a something in a holy place
That falls upon our senses fixed and keen,
And holds us firm engaged in thought's embrace,
And fills our souls with loftiness serene.

For ages past the dear old pile hath stood,
A beacon mark to souls now passed away;
Who first in childhood sought the Fount of good,
And tottered there in age's last decay.
The bells' familiar tones recall to mind
Old scenes and faces now for ever fled;
Who up the path to Hymen's court would wend,
But now they sleep among the silent dead.

Spring.

AIL, hail, lovely spring! we greet thee again,
With thy offerings of beauty and flowers;
Thou appearest to gladden and cheer us once
more

In this beautiful dwelling of ours.

Sweet nature her tribute of gratitude brings
And empties her lap at thy feet;

Through mountain and valley sweet melody rings
With the songs of thy warblers so sweet.

To soothe and to cheer us, and banish away
The dark clouds of gloom and despair;
Thy face woos the sunbeams to gladden the day,
And the sweet flowers to perfume the air;

The scenes of our childhood, life's earliest spring,
In memory we wander them o'er,

And remembrance displays the sweet days of our youth,

When we drank from each spring's joyous store.

But changing is life like the seasons of time, Or like the gay rainbow it fades;

What is brilliant and gay at the dawn of the morn, Ere evening's all tinged with deep shades;

Then as all things below are subject to change, And rapidly time from us flies,

Let us build upon Christ, our unsearchable friend, Till He pilots us home to the skies.

To the Rev. Paniel Peagson.

AREWELL, dear Richmond! I soon shall pass away

From thy institution dear and every lovely scene;

^{*} Written on his leaving Richmond, as a Missionary to the British Army in India, October 15th, 1859.

Farewell for many a long and far-off distant day,

To all thy dear sweet valleys and all thy meadows
green.

Yet shall my memory still dwell upon the past,
The many happy hours I've spent while staying here;
But now to climes away my lot in life is cast,
To labour for my God in a far distant sphere.

Long time shall pass away e'er I shall stray again
Across thy flowery meads or by thy rippling streams;
Or roam at dawn of morn along thy lovely plain—
All scented with sweet hawthorn—as the morning beams.

Full often have I mounted up thy verdant hills,

And gazed with fervid rapture upon thy river bright;

New happiness and health my glowing bosom fills,

But I must now depart where other scenes invite.

Yet often shall my memory conjure up the name,
The countenance and form of some beloved friend,
With whom I've often studied or enjoyed some game,
When o'er the verdant fields our wayward steps
would wend.

Blessed are the scenes where memory loves to rove,
And bring before the mind the scenes of early youth;
Some angel sister's voice, or dear fond mother's love,
Who ever strove to lead us in the path of truth.

And long as memory holds her seat and power with me,

I'll love to think of those that I have left behind;
And whene'er, Miss Wylde, my thoughts shall turn to
thee,

I ever shall remember that thou hast been most kind;

For thou hast e'er been anxious, as a mother would,

To make me always happy with each kind gentle
plan;

Conducing to my comfort with feeling kind and good, To render me through life a happy, useful man.

From governors so kind and true 'tis hard to part,
And all my brother students whom I dearly love;
And while I bid adieu with sorrow-swelling heart,
I feel a consolation I shall meet them all above!
But if with health and strength we boldly labour on,
Winning souls to Christ, and each one ever tries,
To do his best to serve God's dear and only Son,
We shall then increase the army of the skies.

Glad then we shall be that our lives had been spent
Within the Wesleyan College which we all love most
dear;

Of learning gained while there we never shall repent, But try to use it always, poor drooping souls to cheer.

And when each one hath run his mortal earthly race,

Having preached through life the blessed gospel

Word,

The glad sound he shall hear, "Come, and take your place,

Enter, faithful servant, the joy of your dear Lord."



Candour.

LOVE the man whose open heart
And countenance the rays impart
Of sterling truth and worth:
Who scorns to flatter or deceive,
And fears not those who disbelieve,
Where cringing ne'er had birth.

'Tis he, I mean, who never shrinks
From telling plainly what he thinks
Our faults' or merit's due;
In whom we can our thoughts confide,
Who sternly will our case decide,
Impartial, just and true.

Pure candour ranks a virtue high;
'Tis formed the mind to dignify,
 Alike with friends and foes;
It throws a halo round our path,
Courts no forced smile, shuns no man's wrath,
 But dwells in calm repose.

Though little favoured by the world,
And oft about as worthless hurled,
From grasping love of gain,
It still preserves its priceless fame,
Sets honour's signet on each name
That follows in its train.

Home's peace for years is oft destroyed,
With pain and sorrow life's alloyed,
By hiding trivial things,
Which, when discovered, ofttimes lead
To words, and even blows indeed,
And sin and misery brings;

That had the truth at once been told,
By mean deception uncontrolled,
Had led to peace and love;
The light of truth our path will cheer,
And candour banish dread and fear,
And life's firm guardian prove.

Then let us strive with manly grace
To meet the world with honest face,
And no man's favour buy;
A course straightforward still pursue,
Keep honour's landmark e'er in view,
And scorn to breathe a lie.

What comfort else can spring from life? How much we find of cruel strife, Where men the truth disguise!
But O, how loveable are those
Who candidly their hearts disclose—
How good, how great, how wise!

Grumbling.

HOUGH Providence supplies the earth
With all of man's requiring,
And sends us stores of bounteous worth
With goodness most untiring,—
Yet some, as they pass on through life,
Are very often stumbling;
They're full of discontent and strife—
These men are always grumbling.

They never feel the Saviour's love,
Which God intends to cheer them
Both night and day, below, above,
Each moment ever near them;
Regard each blessing as a right,
Though weak and undeserving;
Live thanklessly from morn till night,
A sullen mood preserving.

Now of such men what shall we say,
To darkness always turning,
Who pass through life the thorniest way,
A grumbler's misery earning?
We say 'tis wicked thus to act,
To live in constant sorrow,
By one day's cares be pained and racked,
When joy may come to-morrow.

Talk not so much of care and woe,
But nobly undertake them;
Life's joys or sorrows, as we go,
Are mostly what we make them.
The stream of life still onward flows,
The course is none the brighter
For all your wretched grumbling throes,
Nor is your heart the lighter.

Cares at times we all must have,
Of little use is grumbling;
Then let us meet them, firm and brave,
And not be always mumbling.
You know a calm contented mind
Requires a deal to test it;
It rises proudly and refined
O'er all that hath opprest it.

If e'er a friend should you deceive, Fear not to trust another; But if true friendship you receive, Your friend treat as a brother; And of his feelings take great care, His conduct never humbling, But let him your affection share, Without deceit or grumbling.

We have a Friend to trust above,
His constant care is o'er us;
And when we reach our home of love
We'll join the heavenly chorus.
Rejoicing in that glorious rest,
With saints enthroned in heaven,
We'll ever own that all was best
That God on earth had given.

Sensation.

OW strange, in this enlightened age
Throughout our favoured nation,
We find an universal rage
For every new sensation!
Folks seem as though they could not rest
Without some new attraction,
To keep each panting fluttering breast
In constant feverish action.

Thus every day brings within range
Of constant observation
That all the world seems on the change
With some new-born sensation.

Not long ago we'd Pepper's ghost
That optical illusion,
Which daily drew a gaping host
In wonder and confusion.
At Blondin's fearful daring feats
Crowds on crowds assemble;
Each shuddering heart with terror beats,
While nerve and muscle tremble.
Exiciting sights and harrowing scenes
Seem good to feed the nation,
And each one strives by every means
To live admidst sensation.

The Davenports their freaks have played—
They baffle all solution;
Some say the spirits' power displayed
Mysterious revolution
With fiddles, ropes and tamborines;
'Midst darkness all enshrouded
They witnessed these great spirit scenes,
Yea, many a hundred crowded.
Now all this tends to fan the flame
Of reason's indignation,
For reason is aghast with shame
At every new sensation.

Then Banting, too, has made a noise;
The corpulent in each station
Have tried his plan—pronounced it wise
To reduce their "corporation."
The plan, though new, need but be seen,
To call forth admiration;
And many have its subjects been,
And great their exultation.
For if we ruin health and strength
That's no consideration,
So long as taste can run its length
With every new sensation.

There's dress, again. What fops we meet,
With airs and ostentation,
Like monkeys walking through the street
In fashion's decoration.
Their faces overgrown with hair,
High in their estimation,
They strut and smoke and rudely stare,
All seeking admiration.
Disgust must fill true men to hear
Their senseless conversation;
They think what dandies they appear,
To cause a great sensation.

The ladies, too, through fashion's change,
Are every day expanding,
Just like balloons, a mighty range,
With graces most commanding.
Ridiculous customs seem the rage
In this our generation;

What follies govern in this age,
And gain high approbation!
Now let me close this truthful tale
With just this observation,
That for our good nought can avail
By causing a sensation.

The Pleasure Trip.*

OME Wesleyan friends agreed one day

Forth from their native town to stray;

Each, on a trip of pleasure bent,

On board the boat "Victoria" went;

And all was joy 'tween friend and friend,

To Ramsgate steered the day to spend.

The steamer lay at Chatham pier, Friends flocked on board with hearty cheer; To see provisions come on board, In hampers large and nicely stored,

^{*} Written upon the occasion of going Pilot to the "Victoria" Steamer to Ramsgate with a party of Wesleyans.

You would have thought our friends at least Where going a voyage to the East.

Hampers were filled with beef and hams, Mince pies and tarts, and lots of jams, With piles of cake, and fruit and wine, Off which a king would like to dine; And the whole party seemed to be Determined they would pleasure see.

And then to see how all were drest—Surely they wore their very best. The sun shone out with beaming ray, And sparkled on the waves so gay, Which threw a gladness o'er the scene, Filling each heart with joy serene.

With smiles our friends each other meet, With salutations warm they greet. But time flies fast—the clock points eight, Our captain can no longer wait; Some there will be too late to-day, For time and tide for no man stay.

So after they a hymn had sung, Off from the pier the steamer swung, And with fair wind and favouring tide, They down the river Medway glide; In social friendship close they sat, Engaged in lively friendly chat.

Said Mrs. A——to her friend Miss B——
"A nice man is our preacher C——

He's ever in the path of duty; My dear, I think him quite a beauty! He tends his flock with anxious care, To God he offers earnest prayer.

"But there's Miss G——she cuts such capers, Enough to give a friend the vapours; To see her dress and mincing walk, No wonder that some people talk, To see her crinoline and flounces, As she into the chapel bounces.

"But still in her there is some good,
For children she did all she could;
For when our Sunday school was raised
Her conduct good was highly praised,
Collecting money from her friends,
To carry out good Christian ends.

"And Mrs. M——, who there you see, I'm told a termagant is she,
And leads her husband such a life,
He wishes oft he had no wife;
But all I hear I don't believe,
I think she could not so deceive."

Such words as these, and other matters, Each friend unto the other chatters. The steamer now is going fast, And very soon Sheerness is pass'd; But as they drew towards the Nore Old Boreas loud began to roar.

The rain began in drops to fall; Into the cabin one and all For shelter ran, but, sad to tell, Found everything below pell-mell, For as the steamer rolled and tumbled The hampers all got sadly jumbled.

Poor S—— sat in some apple pies; From others there were heard loud cries— One for the bucket loud did call, Who wished he'd never come at all, And promised he would next time fast, Or else this trip should be his last.

Said Mrs. J—— to J——, "My dear, Pray hold my head—I feel so queer; I know, in spite of all my wishes, My breakfast must—O!—feed the fishes; O, husband dear, pray be my nurse—O dear! I'm getting worse and worse!"

Poor J—— was in the self-same plight, Could nothing do—poor helpless wight— To help his kind and loving spouse— Both wish they had not left their house; For stern old Neptune never wavers, But shares to all his briny favours.

The steamer now took such a lurch,
That sent poor J—— right off his perch;
And then there were such shrieks and bawling,
As 'midst the crockery he lay sprawling,

The sailors cried, "O, what's the matter?" On hearing such a noise and clatter.

The weather now began to clear,
As near we came to Herne Bay pier;
The glorious sun began to shine,
Inviting all on board to dine,
The sailors up the awning got,
And soon all troubles were forgot.

The hampers from below were brought,
All fell to work as quick as thought;
Their breakfasts lost, as I'm a sinner,
They took a double lot for dinner;
With weather fine they where quite jolly,
And bid adieu to melancholy.

With freshening wind and favouring tide, The steamer on did gently glide, And very soon Herne Bay was passed, Likewise the buoy they call "West Last;" Next, the Reculvers soon were seen, About which so much talk has been.

A church two sisters there did found In memory of a brother drowned; The ship, the crew, and all things in it Went down and vanished in a minute. They built this church just near the spot, To show the world how sad his lot.

We steamed away now through the "Gore," And kept our distance from the shore;

And here some porpoises did play, And gambolled, throwing up the spray; Some time our company they did keep, Sporting on the briny deep.

And thus we went the passage down,
Passing by fair Margate town,
We kept in closely to the pier,
To see the company walking there;
And soon came to that headland famed,
The extreme of Kent, North Foreland named.

This place is known through many lands, For on the cliff a lighthouse stands; 'Tis seen by sailors when at sea, Though twenty miles from land they be; They're ever anxious first to sight This well-known welcome beacon light.

And as the Foreland we went round,
The wind was getting high, we found.
For hats and caps were blown away—
We saw them roll along the spray;
"What flats!" cried they, whose hats were gone,
"To think we did not tie them on!"

Proceeding, off Broadstairs we came,
A fishing place of note and fame;
Soon as this place we'd quickly passed,
Then Ramsgate came in sight at last,
The Goodwin Sands are seen from here,
Where ships are wrecked, aye, every year.

And many a gallant sailor brave
Has found therein a watery grave;
Who, after a prosperous trip, has come
Towards these sands, so near his home;
To meet his death upon this spot
Has ofttimes been his fatal lot.

And many a gallant ship lies there, Wrecked upon those sands so drear, And many a cargo has been lost, Though purchased at enormous cost; I have no doubt these treacherous sands Are richer far than many lands.

Into the harbour now they came, And all were bound to have a game; Some went on to the bather Foat, In Ramsgate waves to have a float; Some of the party walked the sands, Whilst others went to hear the bands.

Some into the bazaars did stray,
Some went up Jacob's Ladder way;
Whilst others on the cliffs did stride—
Some on the sands the donkeys ride:
And every one was blithe and gay,
It turned out such a pleasant day.

But time, that never will stand still, The sun going down behind the hill, Told all, on board their way must find, If they'd no wish to stay behind: Now on the steamer's deck they stand, Ready once more to leave the land.

The sun was quickly going down When we left fair Ramsgate town, The people on the shore did shout, To see us joyfully steaming out. Another steamer got on shore—She never had been there before.

But for her then we could not wait,
And for the Foreland steered out straight;
And as we progressed on our way,
The band began to sweetly play;
Its charming strains were plainly heard,
As we round the Foreland steered.

We now repassed famed Margate pier, Our homeward way direct to steer; It then came on so dark that night, That we could scarcely use our sight; Our compass we'd to use, and lead, We could not see our way ahead.

The sailor at the lead cried out—
"By the mark, three!" we heard him shout;
And as our rapid course we sped,
One shouted, "There's a light ahead!"
The light is proved to be the Nore,
And then we stood in for the shore.

Then up the river Medway went, And every one seemed quite content; And when we got to Chatham pier, And spoke the friends who met us there, We enjoyed it so, we all did say We'd go again some other day.

Podies.

OME folks there are who can with ease
Twist words and meanings as they please;
But let their taste be what it may,
On "bodies" now I'll weave my lay.

How many curious things, we hear, Take place around us everywhere; And some we find so lost and weak, Against all other bodies speak.

And one would think, to hear them rail, And all their slander vile retail, That them to please none could be found, Search all the town and country round. The man of whom we've read in fable, Try all he could, was quite unable One of the folks to satisfy Who saw him and his ass pass by.

His aim was to please every one, But left off worse than he begun; His efforts all were without use, He met with nothing but abuse.

But still to please some friends I'll try, And to the task my thoughts apply; Of bodies dwelling in this sphere I'll write, as often they appear.

On learned bodies I'll not dwell,
Of such 'tis nought I know to tell;
But human bodies is my theme—
With some odd ones my muse shall teem.

There are some very silly noddies, Who think that they are "everybodies;" But men discerning often find They've shallow heads and little mind.

Some bodies think that they inherit All there's in this world of merit; Determined, in their own dear mind, In others every fault to find.

Above all men they'd set their sense, And boast with lordly consequence, No good or use are such on earth, Devoid of manliness or worth, They look on others with a frown, And run their fellow creatures down; To feed and sleep is all their aim, And slander every good man's name.

They say the world in which we live Is the best in which to lend or give; But if you want to beg or borrow, 'Tis "Go away, and come to-morrow.''

Others there are who every day Style all "nobodies"—'tis their way; Some such in every town we see, Who seem to say, "Look up to me."

In topmost seats they take their place, Which often sadly they disgrace; Such when in power and in their pride Cause better men to stand aside.

Men sometimes doubt their sanity, To see their pomp and vanity; Their ignorance they deem profound, To see them puff and strut around.

But they of their learning boast, Of their virtues make the most, Rank themselves among the great, And think they should appear in state.

But "nobody" 's a term much used, A word that's often much abused, A common word, but by its aid A deal of mischief may be made. But who did ever "nobody" see, Though everywhere he's said to be; A scapegoat upon whom is laid All faults and sins of every shade.

There are "somebodies," who let you know it, For every pains they take to show it; Now lifted up from want's low door By the sweat and labour of the poor.

Once low, now raised up to be great— Think not who gained them their estate; On the labourer look with scowling brow, They want not his assistance now.

And there's another body of note, Mr. Anybody, who all will quote, A queer sort of fellow, he's always found All hours of the day on every ground.

But just ask him the way to direct You in the business you wish to effect; He says, "Anybody will show you the way!" And thus you're often led astray.

And there are bodies who ne'er can find Anything good enough for their mind; And if you ask such to do good With their possessions—which they should—

You'll soon find out you've made a mistake, No trouble for others these persons will take; Anybody may do it for what they care, Still of the credit they'll take a large share. If you ask their alms in any good cause, They ahem! and ha! and make a great pause And tell you they'll not be able to live, If always to everyone something they give.

They seem to say with pride all elate,
"We are now become men of wealthy estate,
We've a right to tyrannise over others,
To treat with oppression our poorer brothers."

But thanks, now, education hath shown Man is not a slave, on him is bestown Great culture of mind, which he can display, Such as oppressors can not take away.

In learning's pursuit we seldom are slow,
The germs of improvement do rapidly grow;
And though some may think we're poor and
look mean,

We steady keep on, never heeding their spleen.

And in spite of all their jeering and scoff, The taxes on knowledge are nearly all off; A tax on intelligence never would pass Without strong opposition from every class.

A moral purpose I have here to serve, And thus from the right I never will swerve; Some men there are, and those not a few, To whom much praise is justly their due.

They speak the best they can of us all, Dispensing the honey and sparing the gall; At sunken humanity they never will sneer, But do all they can the poor creatures to cheer.

Good deeds, for slander, they often return, With charity bright their warm bosoms burn; To dwell with such men I always should love— Their principles holy come down from above.

Their presence is like a bright beam of light, Dispersing the darkness and shadows of night, And when they depart to their heavenly home, They're for ever at rest, no longer to roam.

Let us think we are links, all of one chain,
Our mission is peace, to lessen all pain;
Thus each should endeavour his mind to improve—

And show forth to all the power of true love.

I hope I have made this moral quite clear, To do good as a duty whilst sojourning here; Despising nobody, whoever they be, But love all mankind, sincerely and free.





A Tale of Fondon Life.

OOR Hannah Southgate told her griefs
To little Fanny More,
One Monday night, as Fanny stood
Beside her mother's door.

Her face was pale, her cheeks were wan, Her eyes seemed weak and sore, Her shivering limbs so thinly clad, For she was very poor.

In touching accents spake the child, With sense beyond her years, I overheard each word she said, Her eyes were filled with tears.

Yet Hannah was a thoughtful child, All free from sin and guile, Her countenance was always sad, It never wore a smile; And no complaining passed her lips.

In hope she seemed to dwell,

Though hard her lot, her sorrows keen,

She bore her burden well.

Her little friend had often asked What made her always so, And strove to cheer her drooping heart And chase away her woe.

This night her little face assumed
An almost ghastly hue;
The gaslight burning in the street
A pallor o'er her threw.

- "O, Fanny, dear, did you but know What cause I have to fret, The dreadful sights I see at home, You never would forget.
- "That poisonous, foul, accursed drink Brings all our want and pain, Makes father like a madman rave, And wholly turns his brain.
- "All yesterday my father toiled, My mother did the same, Though 'twas God's holy Sabbath day; Now, was it not a shame?
- "And I was dirty all the day;
 Not like you, Fanny, dear,
 Your parents love the house of God,
 My life is always drear.

"No comfort is there in my life, With blows and kicks beside; I often wish I'd gone to heaven When brother Jemmy died.

"At night, all unwashed, as they worked,
They went across the road,
Got quarrelling at the gin-shop bar,
While we were wanting food.

"A cry of murder then was raised,
A crowd drew round the door;
I ran, and saw my mother lie
All bleeding on the floor.

"'Twas now the gin-shop's closing time,
There rose a general shout,
'Midst which the landlord, bawling, cried—
'Come, turn these drunkards out!'

"Her eyes were blackened, and her face Was fearful to behold,
Which showed the landlord how accursed
The poison that he sold."

Said little Fanny, "Hannah, dear,"
While tears ran down her cheek,
And sobbing choked her utterance,
Till she could scarcely speak.

"I am so grieved, I cannot tell,
A cruel fate, indeed,
To see a tender heart like yours
So sorely made to bleed.

"A lady will be here to-day,
I'll tell her of your case,
She is a pious Christian soul,
And blessed with mercy's grace.

"She knows, and works hard for a home Where children are received, Brought up in truth and cleanliness, And all their wants relieved."

Said Hannah, while her eyes grew bright, "Pray, Fanny, speak for me,
If I could only live in peace,
How grateful I should be!"

The lady came, her case was told, And she to school was sent; Her parents kept on drinking still, And all their money spent.

The father died a maniac,
The mother's corpse was found
One winter's morn, all stiff and cold,
Half naked, on the ground.





On the Beath of my Parnot.

Y favourite parrot, I mourn thee now lost,

Many hours I miss thee, and know thou art

dead;

A dear feathered friend, as I know to my cost,
While tears of true sympathy o'er thee I shed.
Whene'er from my labours I entered my home,
She well knew the sound of my footsteps and voice,
Would call out my name as I entered the room—
Whenever she saw me she'd laugh and rejoice.

O, death, how relentless! and couldst thou not find A creature less faithful to strike with thy hand? It e'er seemed her pleasure to gladden my mind, To perch on my shoulder, my arm, or my hand. But on my poor Polly must thou lay thy claw, And take her away from my kindly embrace, To fill thy most dread and insatiate maw, And rob me of one of the best of her race!

On the Death of my Parrot.

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How she would rejoice when released from her cage,
She would perch on my shoulder and chuckle with
glee,

Then pull at my whiskers my smile to engage,
Kiss my face like a child, for so loving was she.
Then fondly she'd nestle, and whistle when done,
And talk in my ear, too, like some faithful friend;
But death has stepped in and our friendship is done,
Her joys and her sorrows for ever must end.

But not so with us—we for ever shall live,
And every act of our lives shall be weighed;
Our account at God's bar very strict we must give—
Solemn thought! that of sinning should make us

But many there'll be at the great judgment day, Who talents had here, but they were so abused, In their day of probation did waste them away, For ever they'll wish their talents they'd used.





On the Talk of Unvasion.

WHERE is the man so bold as to dare
Intrude on our shores, so free and so fair,
With hostile intent 'gainst Britons so brave,
Who would fight to the death to protect and to save
Their homes and their children, their parents and wives,

For whom they would gladly endanger their lives.

The sons of old England will conquer or die,
And never were known to shrink or to fly;
On sea and on land they've long held the palm,
And shielded our country from terror and harm;
When war's crimson banner they've ever unfurled,
A terror they've proved, and astonished the world.

Against them, at Agincourt, were three to one,
And yet soon the victory nobly they won:
King Henry the Fifth, the hero that day,
Addressing his army, thus bravely did say—
"Is there one single man in my army afraid?
Then let him go home—let his passport be made"

Not one of that valiant and disciplined band But scorned to return to his fair native land; Like lions they fought on that fierce battle field, Till the army of France was forced there to yield; By Britain's sons beaten, some few fled away, And thousands were slain in that glorious affray.

And long o'er the sea England's sceptre has swayed,
Extending her commerce, religion and trade;
Trafalgar and Nile show the fame of her sons,
When they conquered their fleets and silenced their
guns;

The history of Britain most plainly doth show, No reason has she to fear any foe.

And Waterloo showed how well they could fight,
How the legions of France they soon put to flight;
How nobly the victory there they did gain;
And the British flag waving o'er every plain,
Throughout every land—then, who is afraid
That foes will attempt our soil to invade?

But if they are bold enough, then let them come, They soon will be glad to return to their home; With hundreds and thousands of riflemen brave In England we'd hurry them soon to the grave; If ever a foe should land on our shore, He'd soon be destroyed, and heard of no more.



The Rose and the Thorn.

PON a fine bright sunny day,
In the flowery month of May,
A rose tree in a garden found,
Breathing its fragrance all around,
Seem'd to invite to slumber sweet
Within its odorous retreat.

Two lovers, wandering this way,
Slowly into the garden stray;
They sat beside the fair rose tree,
Happy as lovers e'er could be,
And talking over subjects deep,
They soon were overcome with sleep.

Young Cupid, ever on the scent, And upon mischief now intent, Into the garden having strayed, Beheld the youth and lovely maid; And as they lay in sweet repose He fixed a thorn into the rose. But lest the thorn should soon be shown,
And lest its nature be made known,
The flower around with moss he covers,
Thus to deceive the fair young lovers,
And so its character disguise
From curious and admiring eyes.

The lovers woke by song of bird,
Which through the garden now was heard;
Up they rose, and hand in hand,
A mark for Cupid's dart, they stand;
They each resolve to pluck a flower
From the rose tree of the bower.

Attracted by the rose so sweet,
Whose fragrance now their senses greet,
To grasp the flower they ready stand,
With eager look and lifted hand;
The tree they've of its beauty shorn,
But in their hands they've run a thorn.

Thus Cupid does each one beguile, Ever radiant with his smile. Those who, following in his way, Thinking life's like flowers in May, Soon, soon, alas! will find it true— Thorns mingle with the rose's hue.

There is a Rose the world adorns, Whose head for you was crowned with thorns; Here the loveliest flower behold, The Rose of Sharon, tipped with gold, A lily of the valley fair, With Him no flower can e'er compare.

O, Rose of Sharon! born for me, Let me thy radiant beauty see; Fairest of thousands to my soul, Master and Lord, possess me whole; And O, when Paradise I see, For ever I shall dwell with Thee.

On me the grace divine bestow,
To make me useful here below.
Help me to think, while onward borne,
In every rose there lurks a thorn,
That I may pluck with utmost care,
Avoid and turn from every snare.

And let the angel who shall guide
My weary spirit to Thy side
Be round my path in life's short day,
To stop my sleeping on the way,
That when my pilgrimage is o'er
My soul may reach the heavenly shore.





To Miss Sayah Stoddart Willis.

ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

EAR maid, to thee I try my muse again, In lines of poetry my song will make; Thy natal day in friendship's joyous strain, Shall be the subject of my mind to take.

Sixteen years have rolled their annual round,
And thus to thee each birthday fully brought;
Though shade and sunshine many times hath found,
As after happiness thou hast often sought.

How oft in infancy, thy mother, kind,

Has like a guardian angel watched her child,

And as thou'st grown in years informed thy mind

Of holy things in accents soft and mild.

How oft thy light elastic step rejoiced

Thy parents' hearts; they have been glad to see
Thy merry gambols, as thy happy voice
Sounded through the house in cheerful glee.

Thy parents round thy path with kindly care
From dangers thee have saved, by watchful love,
They looked with pride upon their daughter fair,
To see her 'midst the youthful circle move.

Thy father's care how oft has been bestowed—
To his loved child how many gifts he's made—
As she advanced, how many symptoms showed
His love in various ways would be repaid.

She fondly loves her parents, for she sees

They have been guardians of her infant years;

Had it not been for such kind friends as these,

Her rising path might have been strewn with tears.

And may the spring of life thus happy prove, In virtue's path may'st thou for ever tread; And all thy friends around have cause to love, And pray for blessings on thy youthful head.

And when thy youth is, like a sunbeam, flown,
And age, like summer, follows after spring—
May buds of early life in fruit be shown,
And to old age its virtuous comforts bring.

And as old Time keeps on its annual race,
Thy birthday, ever joyous, still increase,;
May fond affection, twined with every grace,
E'er lead thee on in virtue's path of peace.

And when, beloved by all, old age may come,
While round thee friends in number still increase,
May happiness be written on each page,
And after life have everlasting peace.



To Miss Scott,

A BLIND YOUNG LADY, ON HEARING HER PLAY THE PIANO.

EAR maid! and is thy sight for ever fled?

To seeing hast thou bid a last farewell?

Is naught but memory left to thee instead?

In darkness now art thou destined to dwell?

No sun again can ever cheer thine eyes, Or nature's chaste and beautiful array; Not once again shall bright meridian skies Their brilliant glories to thy sight display.

Ne'er more beneath the radiant beams of dawn Thy bosom warm with ecstacy shall heave; Farewell to all the blushes of the morn, And silent twilight of the lingering eve.

Farewell the sweet and opening buds of spring,
And nature robed in mantle pure of green;
The blooming flowers their fragrance sweet will bring,
But for thee they'll pass away unseen.

Thy friends with wrinkles may wax full and old,
And all their former beauty withered be;
But all such changes thou wilt ne'er behold,
And age will still be beautiful to thee.

Yet with thy fingers gentle sound can wake
The glowing music dwelling in our souls;
When the piano's tuneful note you shake
In lovely melody thy sweet voice rolls.

May time, thus pleasing gently pass away,
The approach of age upon thee softly steal;
May'st thou ne'er feel the wane of life's decay,
Be ever blessed with holy joy and weal.

And may the sun that guilds thy memory's field
Dispense to thee a bright perpetual day;
The springs of roaming fancy never yield
To dreary winter's cold and barren sway.

And may the flowers that once so bright appeared Long live within thy memory's early bloom, And those thy musing fancy since hath reared Gild all thy pathway onward to the tomb.

And may thy life like one short fleeting dream, When closed in death's cold earthly night, Expand and reach the bright eternal stream, And wake to lustrous brilliant heavenly light.

When heaven's high beauties spread thou shalt behold What glorious wonders then shall meet thy gaze; Rich beauties dazzling shall that time unfold—May'st thou rejoice for ever in its rays.

Those things to us our Saviour will explain With which our souls were often here opprest; Than we shall shout with loud and rapturous strain, And tell that God hath done all for the best.

Death of My. David Hamblin,

AT MADRAS, JUNE 30TH, 1858.

LAS! your husband for ever now is gone, His spirit's fled away to happier spheres; His mortal course at last on earth is run-His helpmate's fate we mourn with bitter tears.

In a foreign land your dear beloved died, Far, far away from all the friends he loved: At Madras, life waned in its ebbing tide-His soul has mounted up to joys above.

His wife, with kindly hand, could not attend The partner of her life, nor wipe his brow Of the cold sweat that told full well his end-In a strange land his head in death to bow. No monumental marble marks his grave,

O'er his remains perchance some wild flowers

bloom.

And show were rests in peace the sailor brave, Waving with wild luxuriance o'er his tomb.

That tomb, all lonely in a foreign clime,
A waymark there, to weary travellers given,
Reminds us here we tread the sands of time,
And all is fleeting, save the hope of heaven.

Borne far away by strangers to his rest,
Who paid to him the last sad funeral rite,
As the sun's bright rays sunk in the west,
Gilding the earth with beams of golden light.

Should any stranger wander near that spot,
And o'er the dust in pity drop a tear,
His wife and children, from his humble cot,
Would offer up to heaven an earnest prayer.

How little thought he when he left his home.

The town of Ipswich, his dear native place,
That back from India he would never come,
His wife and children fold in fond embrace,

But as his vacant chair now meets our view,
Where oft he sat in cheerful happy mood,
It causes tears of love to flow anew;
But all things work together for our good.

O, Hamblin, how we sorrow for thy fate!

And friendship mourns thy sad and early doom;

The deep regret of all, although too late,

That thou shouldst go so far away from home.

His children, as they mark their mother's tears, Say, "Will our father never come again?" Widow and fatherless, chase away those fears, The loved and dear one roams the heavenly plain.

The wind God tempers to the new-shorn lamb, Husband to the widow, and Father to the child; Then put your trust in Him and love His name, And find in Him a friend both good and mild.

And could his voice be heard by those who love,
In gentle accents it would seem to say.

"I sing with cherubim and seraphim above, Dear wife and children, haste, and join the lay."

The time will come when they shall hear that voice,
And see again that form they loved when here,
Shall join with angels, and with saints rejoice.
And chant the praises of their Saviour dear

Rochesten Castle.

N the banks of the Medway there stands
A Castle decaying and old,
And ofttimes within it were bands
Of the yeomen of Kent so bold.

These brave men have oft in this place,
With a valour and courage most true,
Upheld the name of their race,
And showed what true Kent men could do.

All honour to the brave old men,
Who in freedom's good cause have fought,
And proved by their powers again and again,
How dearly true liberty's bought.

But old Time with his hand sweeps away
The structures erected by man;
Cathedrals and castles decay—
Destruction's inscribed on each plan.

In viewing this fine ancient place,
What thoughts seem to crowd in the mind,
The deeds of our fathers we trace,
Men of worth we in history find.

And in such fine thoughts there's a power
To stir the emotions of soul,
And implant a desire this hour,
To copy, to follow, control.

Ancient stories of history tell,
Of soldiers, of priests, and of kings,
Who in this old Castle did well,
And of these the poet now sings.

Here were lords and their ladies so gay,
Who revelled and danced with glee,
On fantastic toe tripped away,
And were joyous as ever could be.

But when the great siege was tried, And Odo, the great warrior priest, All the soldiers of King John defied, And scorned him to do what was best.

They could not get over the stream,

For the bridge o'er the Medway was down;

So the Commander-in-Chief did deem

It was wise to depart from the town.

'Twas beseiged by Hastings, the Dane, And its noble wall partly destroyed; Of Rochester Castle he was the bane, And the tenants were greatly annoyed.

William, the Conqueror, built it again, And made it both roomy and strong; Restored that destroyed by the Dane, And held it in custody long.

But where are the ancients who bled?

And where are the workmen who built;
They sleep, and the earth is their bed,
And the clods of the valley their guilt.

Time tries all the labours of man,

No matter how great they may be:

And that no human power can

From decay or from death set us free.

Many try to be great but they fail,
All the grandeur that man can obtain
Is wrecked and destroyed in life's gale,
And his pleasures oft endeth in pain.

But history with laurels doth crown

The memory of men who were brave,

And with honour their names handeth down

To successors on life's rolling wave.

The old Castle in ruin now stands,
With its mossy and time tried walls,
And the roar of the tempest is heard on all hands,
As it rushes through its old halls.

How.vain then are human displays
Unless we employ them for good
Though man may devise yet oft are his ways
By others not quite understood.

Mans wisdom is oftentimes found

The weakness of poor human might

And his boasting a vain empty sound

Till he comes to the Saviour for light.

What castles men build in the air
They anticipate many long years
And all at last endeth in trouble and care
In sickness in sorrow and tears.

He may tell his poor soul to be glad

To eat and to drink to its full

But there's nothing on earth to be had

His spiritual thirst to annul.

For when he concludes he's secure

The pale horse comes followed by death

And the life which he thought would endure

He endeth resigning his breath.

O let us then use our short day, Obedient to Jesus's will, So that when death calls us away, We may have no forbodings of ill.

How the winds now moan through the trees,
The voice of the Zephyr so mild,
But oft the tempestuous breeze
I have heard when it bloweth so wild.

The moon is now rising to show,
Its silvery light and to chase
The darkness from mortals below,
And to fill its accustomed old place.

Let all that is earthly decay;
Old castles may crumble to dust;
But Christ is my rock and my stay,
I am safe while on Him I can trust.

For on Him my salvation's secure, I can cast upon Him every care, This foundation will ever endure, So to Him I now offer my prayer.

To Him chiefly I offer my love

For the mercies which to me is given,
And hope soon to meet Him above,

In the castle erected in heaven.



The Sea.

AIL, mighty ocean, how wonderful art thou, What stormy waves are rolling on thy brow? Ah, what a rate thou'rt travelling through space-How many vessels sail upon thy face? Thou art the offspring of the Infinite, Nor can we ever comprehend thy might. Sometimes thou art unruffled, calm, serene, At other times thine angry waves are seen; None can control thee, bid thine anger cease, But Him who made thee, Christ the Prince of Peace. Thou mighty great unfathomable sea, The love of Christ it representeth thee: And as sometimes thy depth cannot be found, So in His love our comprehension's drowned. Its height, its depth, its length, mysterious thought, Incomprehensible, our pardon bought; Our voyage on earth is o'er life's mighty sea, The harbour heaven, where each one hopes to be. Christ is our pilot, and His word our chart, Our anchor hope, with it we cannot part: We'll onward sail until from earth we're free, And dwell for ever where there's no more sea.



The Rosh of Ages.

ROCK of ages, I can find in thee
A sure foundation, one just fit for me;
One upon which my spirit can rely,
When I am called to pass away and die.

Thou art blest rock, a shelter for the weak, Beneath thy shade the pilgrims shelter seek; And here the penitent may safely hide, Pursued by justice and may here abide.

A rock, indeed, for every time and age, Rock of defence against infernal rage; A rock from which the healing fountains rise To cleanse the soul from all its maladies.

A rock from whence the living waters flow To quench the thirst and cleanse us here below; A wondrous rock, thy stream shall ever roll, To raise my faint and cheer my drooping soul. Thou rock of ages, Thou art still the same,
In Thee I hide my guilt, my sin and shame;
Behold me now, unto the rock I come,
Here may I build my hope for heaven my home.

Upon this rock, O Lord, I take my stand,
Secure from sin and death on either hand;
I feel my safety, therefore I hold fast,
Clinging to Jesus to the very last.

Contentment.

HE general providence of God has placed me in this land,

Where He dispenses gifts abroad with good and liberal hand;

Grateful to Him I now enjoy with thanks my present store,

My talents in His cause employ and trust Him still for more.

Let pomp and pride and riches, too, be the best lot of them

Who only study earthlyness and empty fleeting fame;

Who often find much pain and grief amid proud courts of state,

Who're courting much unhappiness because they will be great.

Refulgent gold and jewels, too, may decorate the proud,

And they may seek to be admired by all the gazing crowd;

Amidst this vain and gaudy show there is no solid rest, By love to God and all His laws alone is peace posessed.

All pleasures and enjoyments are imperfect here below, For they are mixed with sins and cares which gives us all to know

That on this earth cannot be found a true enduring bliss

For here no mortal can attain to perfect happiness.

Our purest joys they often prove inconstant as the wind, They often hasten from our grasp and leave us far behind;

Nor can we trace them if we would, it is God's fixed decree

That all our trust and happiness in Him alone should be.

Then let our minds at once be free from every earthly care,

And let us look to Him alone and all for heaven prepare;

Our lives and souls are in His hand He acts as He sees fit,

And when he speaks we must obey and to His word submit.

Death is a debt which every one doth to Dame Nature owe,

And not an evil but a good, though often counted so; Our toil is done, our race is run, we end this mortal strife,

And to the Christian man it is the entrance into life.

Beng ye one anothers' Burthens

AND SO FULFIL THE LAW OF CHRIST.

HEN sorrows press with heavy hand,
How blessed then united love,
To firmly by each other stand,
And seek a heavenly home above.

For what can sever loving hearts
When to each other fast they cling?
Not Satan with his fiery darts,
Nor sword or any other thing.

Around each other they'll entwine, Life's good or ill together share; In darkest weather or sunshine, Thus they will for each other care.

Though body power in each decay,
Yet they go onward hand in hand;
Through life they for each other pray,
Together reach the heavenly land.

And then in heaven their voices singing
With the blessed choir on high;
"He hath done all things well," they're singing,
Glory be to God on high.

All our sorrows will be ended,
No more burthens shall we bear;
Peace and joy together blended,
We shall all be happy there.

The Christian Pilgrimage.

HE Christian pilgrim now journeying to his home,
With joy looks forward to that world to come;
A home of happiness where all is peace,
Where all our trials will for ever cease,

Where tears are wiped away from every eye,
Where never more is heard the painful sigh;
Where persecution never can molest,
Nor unbelief at all disturb his rest;
But where eternal joys are felt and known
By all the saints who now surround the throne
Thither the Christian pilgrim longs to dwell,
And shout the praises of Emanuel.

By faith he views this as his own abode,
And marches singing on the heavenly road;
His breastplate righteousness and truth his stay,
Shod with the gospel he pursues his way;
Salvation is his helmet, faith his shield,
The word of God the spirit's sword to wield;
Thus accoutred and upheld by sovereign grace,
He runs with gladness in this glorious race,
Fights the good fight of faith endures the cross,
And counts all things beside but useless dross.
From sin and death he longs to be set free,
And live with God in heaven eternally.





Appendix.

'THE SHIP'S CAREER," ETC.

BY GEORGE J. WILLIAMSON, ESQ., F.S.A.

SECRETARY TO THE TOWER AUXILIARY OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY, ETC., ETC.

"WHENEVER Thy presence can banish a sigh, Improve a sad heart—Thou art ever nigh; Like a beam of hope 'midst the sea of despair, Light'ning the burden of sorrow and care."

A FRIEND has favoured us with the loan of an octavo volume bearing the title of *The Ship's Career*; and *Other Poems*, by George Joseph Williamson. The fifth edition of this work has already been issued; and we should be much surprised if many thousands of this singular book are not speedily scattered through the different nations of the world.

We have never had the pleasure of making Mr. Williamson's acquaintance; but it is clearly evident from this volume, that nature, grace, training, and experience, have all combined to make him a USEFUL member of society, as well as a noble PIONEER in the rough and arduous work of Christian Enterprize. This statement which we make with confidence, may be perfectly corroborated by any impartial mind, who will give Mr. Williamson's Ship's Career a careful and unbiased reading.

We have been delighted with the immense variety of subjects, objects, and information, which this volume contains. From whatever point of view you look at this book, you must be led to admire the combination of nature, grace, and art: the unity of some of the best properties of our common humanity with the noblest powers of saving grace, which meet together in the author of this volume.

We were involuntarily carried back to the commencement of the Saviour's public life. Where, in the first place, went our Lord to fetch out of nature's quarry, his disciples? Did He command the sons of the mighty, the heads of the wealthy, or the doctors of the University, to follow Him? Not a bit of it. Nay; He passed by the *elite* of the day of every class, and down He walked by the Sea of Galilee, calling Peter, and Andrew, and James, and John, all of them busy and industrious fishermen; and to these bold and undaunted spirits, the Saviour said—"Follow Me, and I will make

you fishers of men." And, how powerful must have been that command, seeing they left all and followed Him!

We have a little compared George Joseph Williamson, the gifted seaman, and intelligent fiisherman of these modern times, with the first deciples of the Saviour's times. We have asked, which of the first disciples could be the type of this modern Religious Reformer; this present Expounder of the Art and Mystery of the Fishing World? And after some consideration and examination, we have come to the conclusion that at least three of the disciples are, in measure, embodied in, or represented by, this brave man of the seas and of the shores—George Joseph Williamson.

For instance, the zeal and undaunted courage of Peter is here: the practical and stern piety of James is here: the tenderness and kindness, the love and affection of John, are here: if it be not so, we are beside ourselves, but in measure, this is truth. And, if in any man on earth you can find the best features of Peter, James and John combined; and, if unto that three-fold manhood, the Lord hath said, "Follow Me"—come with Me—WORK FOR ME:—GO, and GATHER SINNERS UNTO ME: tell men everywhere the same words that I told Saul of Tarsus: "I AM JESUS WHOM THOU PERSECUTEST." Tell them, My FATHER gave me that name: He said, "Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins." We say, most joyfully, wherever you find such a man, you shall

find a blessed witness for Christ, and a successful worker in winning souls unto the glorious Redeemer. Such a man we believe many have found in Mr. George Joseph Williamson.

In our next issue, these statements shall be confirmed by facts, if the Lord permit.—Christian Echo.

The Ship's Career, and other Poems, by George Joseph Williamson, F.S.A., President of the Mariners' Friend Society. The man who can and will devote time, talents, wealth, heart and soul, to benefit the poor mariners, is a noble patriot, a real friend to society, and one whom the God of the seas and of the land will bless. Such is Mr. G. J. Williamson, the author of this handsome volume. But, is he a Christian? Is he born of God? Is he one that shall crown the Saviour, Lord of all, in the glory kingdom? Let us ask him? He tells his tale briefly. He married. His wife attended the house of God. He accompanied her. For a time, he derived no benefit. He says, "At last, THE LIGHT BURST UPON MY SOUL. I felt myself a sinner. I prayed to be forgiven: but was more miserable. A coastguards man, seeing my distress, enquired the cause; and knowing him to be a good man, I unburdened my heart, he prayed for me, still the load remained, I knelt down in the boat and prayed, 'Our Father.' O, rapture! GOD spake peace to my soul. I arose from my knees, and shouted, 'MY FATHER!' This was the happiest moment of my life. I felt my sins forgiven." From this he proceeded. His first preaching, and writing, and working for the Lord, shall be told in another notice of The Ship's Career .- Standard.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were graciously pleased to accept each a copy.

SANDRINGHAM,

King's Lynn.

SIR,

I AM desired by the Prince and Princess of Wales to inform you, in reply to your letter of the 5th instant, that it will afford their Royal Highnesses much satisfaction to accept a copy of the work written by the President of the Mariners' Friend Society, Mr. Williamson.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient Servant.

FRANCIS KNOLLYS,

Priv. Sec.

REV. ENOS COUCH, M.A.

Marlborough House,

PALL MALL, S.W.

SIR,

In reply to your letter of this day's date, which I have laid before the Prince of Wales, I am desired to inform you that His Royal Highness has no objection to your making the fact public that the

Princess and himself have each accepted a copy of the work which the President of the Mariners' Friend Society has brought out.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

FRANCIS KNOLLYS,

Priv. Sec.

REV. ENOS COUCH, M.A.

My DEAR SIR.

I thank you very heartily for your handsome present, and have perused its pages with sincere pleasure, and my family also.

Surely the Lord hath done great things for you, whereof I know you are glad.

May your valuable life be long spared to be a blessing to thousands more, is the fervent prayer of,

DEAR SIR,

Yours most truly obliged,

JOS. PORTRAY.

Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institute.

COWPER'S COURT,

CORNHILL, E.C.

DEAR SIR.

I beg to return you my sincere thanks, as well as the unanimous thanks of the Old Sailors in

the Institution, for your kind present of the Book— The Ship's Career, and Other Poems. Containing also your Life, which makes it doubly interesting, especially among the old Tyne men, who well know the scene of your labours among the oysters and muscles.

You being an old Rochester man makes it also very interesting to me. My native place, my father a retired naval officer, owned several colliers, who used to unload at his wharf, Hammond Place, Chatham. I was born at St. Margaret's, Bostle Fields, and my school play-ground was against the side of old Rochester Castle.

Will you please send me a few more of those excellent tracts for my office, and I will distribute them with very great pleasure to old Sailors who are constantly calling here about the Institution.

We should all be deeply interested in our Great Captain's cause.

I am, DEAR SIR,

THOS. TREBE.

Secretary.

G. J. WILLIAMSON, Esq.,

124, Lower Thames Street.

Norwich.

My DEAR SIR,

The post this morning brought us your compliments, and some worthy productions of your genius. They were very welcome. We have read

them with great interest; Mrs. B. has performed the music; and with much pleasure we tender you our best thanks.

Your poetic pen seems very prolific. Is there something in the air, or the scenery, or the bustle of Billingsgate to account for this? The Prince and Princess are both worthy subjects of song. You have done them justice. When they read your lines they will doubtless feel themselves indebted to your enthusiastic patriotism and loyalty.

Mrs. B. unites with me in very kind regards to Mrs. W. and yourself.

I am, DEAR SIR,

Yours sincerely,

THOS. BRACKENBURY.

To Mr. G. J. WILLIAMSON.

THE PRECINCT,

ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR,

Accept my warmest and friendly acknowledgments and thanks for your presentation copies of odes to the Prince and Princess of Wales, which are alike creditable to your mental powers and spiritual endowments. Always

DEAR SIR,

Very sincerely Yours,

GEO. ESSELL.

G. J. WILLIAMSON, Esq.

EASUNBOURNE VICARAGE,

GT. CANTERBURY.

My DEAR SIR,

Accept of our united and grateful thanks for your most kind letter and the piece of music and the excellent tracts, we are delighted with them all, and with your beautiful poetry.

May the Lord bless you in all your labors, and long spare you and enable you to do much good in your day and generation. I beg your kind acceptance of the accompanying volume, and believe me to remain

My DEAR SIR,

Gratefully and truly Yours,

J. STEVENSON.

GRAVESEND.

My DEAR MR. WILLIAMSON,

I received your packet of jubilee odes, and have handed them to Mr. Hammond, one of our society stewards, and our Sunday school superintendent, for distribution. I was much pleased with the perusal of the ode. The sentiment is "Gospel," the lines flowing, and your command at rhyme remarkable.

Yours most faithfully,

THOS. THOMPSON.

RECTORY.

My DEAR SIR,

For your kindness in sending me a copy of your Poem and the music on the happy event of the Royal marriage, accept my best thanks.

The words speak the heart-felt loyalty of an English Christian, and the music is very appropriate and sweet.

I remain, Yours truly,

ALEX. Mc CAUL.

MONUMENT YARD, E.C.

DEAR SIR,

Accept my thanks for the volume as well as your various poetic effusions which shall have my earnest attention in their perusal, with every disposition to place the most favorable construction upon your genius, which being directed for the good of our fellow creatures would at once enlist a favourable opinion towards the author.

With every cordial feeling towards you,

Believe me to be, Dear Sir,
Obliged and truly Yours,

HENRY S. KEELING.

RALEIGH HALL,

BRIXTON HILL.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your kind favour of yesterday with your volume of poems, for both of which please accept my best thanks.

I was much pleased with your preface, and also with the sketch of your life which is exceedingly good. Miss Blundell requests me to say that it would afford her much pleasure to have a copy of your book, but she does not like to impose such a tax upon your liberality. She was much interested in the meeting on Wednesday evening, and has been a collector for the mission. Again thanking you for your kind attention,

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

A. W. ARTHUR.

G. J. WILLIAMSON, Esq.

22, WOODFIELD CRESCENT,

HARROW ROAD, W.

Mrs. Nicholls presents her compliments to Mr. Williamson, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his kind present, and she assures him she cannot forget his words or noble work while she has so beautiful a reminder before her. She will value it highly, also the tracts so kindly sent.

BANK OF ENGLAND LIBRARY

AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure to forward to you a copy of a Resolution, passed unanimously at a Meeting of the Committee of the above Association, held this day, viz.:—

"That the best thanks of this Committee be given to G. J. Williamson, Esq., for his donation of the Ship's Career to the Association."

Yours, &c.,

THOS. WHEELER,

Hon. Sec.

G. J. WILLIAMSON, Esq.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT,

OLD BAILEY.

My DEAR MR. WILLIAMSON.

Many thanks for your kind present and also for your verses. I thought those you read on Monday evening very good, and much to the purpose.

Believe me.

My dear Mr. Williamson, Faithfully yours,

JAS. ABBISS.

The Ship's Career and other Poems, by George Joseph Williamson, F.S.A., President of the Mariners' Friend Society. We have great pleasure in noticing this volume, the author of which is a native of Rochester and spent the early years of his life in this city. profits of the book we are informed are entirely devoted to the benefit of the society in connection with which it was published. In the preface to the present edition the author says: "Having in the earlier part of my life ploughed the ocean I feel deeply interested in the men of the sea; and being perfectly satisfied with the integrity and genuineness of the institution with which my name and this book is associated, I lay it down as a sincere sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to God on its behalf. I trust that many seamen may be benefited by this book, and that all who read it may meet me on the shores of immortality and bliss, is the fervent prayer of-George Joseph Williamson." From the same source we gather that the Rev. E. Couch has acted as editor. Before proceeding to comment on the poems themselves, we must pause for a moment to notice the very interesting succinct autobiography with which the writer introduces them. He states in this that he was born of poor parents on the 26th February, 1816, in the city of Rochester. He then gives us an idea of his early life, and passing on to his seafaring days thrills the reader with some hair-breadth escapes which he has had from drowning. The story of his conversion to God is likewise interesting; this change in his spiritual life appears to have been quickly followed by earnest endeavours to benefit the class of men among whom his lot was cast. "I took the Bethel flag," he says, "on board my little vessel, where I held prayer meetings and services. * * I shall never forget the first time I conducted the service. We mustered about 60. My pulpit was an inverted oyster tub, covered with a clean sail; my gown was a Guernsey frock; my congregation were accommodated with baskets and boards for seats. I prayed and expounded the Scriptures, and we sang together, much to our own satisfaction, accompanied by a young man who played the clarionet. Of that congregation one died clinging to Christ, another is a fisherman preacher at Colchester, while others are still members of Christian churches." Mr. Williamson now occupies the position of circuit steward at Southwark Wesleyan Chapel, he is an overseer of his parish, and president of the Mariner's Friend Society. The mode of his starting as a poet was somewhat curious: "A young lady solicited her friends to send her an original poem as a birthday present. I declined at first, never having attempted such a thing, but she persisted, and so I complied and sent her a composition, believing it would cure her of asking for any more. Judge then my surprise when assured that my piece was the best. This encouraged "The Ship's Career" is the first poem in the book, and is one of the longest, but it must not be taken as occupying any large proportion of the entire volume, which includes, we should suppose, nearly 200 poems of greater or less length. As might have been

expected from the author's early association, the pieces generally have reference to the sea. They are carefully written, and although the similes are sometimes rather homely, the rhyme is always good. They seem indeed admirably suited to awaken sympathy for and interest in that most important but somewhat neglected portion of the community, our seafaring countrymen. They are however, by no means entirely confined to maritime subjects. The poem entitled "The Convict before execution," evidences deep feeling and earnest expression, and it points an excellent moral. Here are two stanzas from another poem, "What is death?" which may be taken as a favourable sample of the work:—

"What is death? They say my mother died;
Her form is lifeless on the dry cold bed;
Her soul is gone to take its place beside
The throne of Him who is her Life, her Head.
Why talk of her as dead? She is but gone to rest,
Not lost for ever in the silent tomb;
That mortal shall in immortality be dressed,
And incorruption be the spirit's home.

There is a voice I hear, rich is its tones,

Which makes our hearts thrill with supreme delight;
It dries our tears and hushes all our moans—
It speaks of rapture when our spirits bright,
Shall take possession of the clay restored;
Though once its beauty faded was and gone,
Yet now it shall be like its risen Lord,
And evermore remain a perfect one."

We wish our old townsman every success in his literary career.—Rochester Paper.

MARINERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.



Seamen's Bethels.

OLD GRAVEL LANE, LONDON DOCKS, E.

RATCLIFF HIGHWAY, E.

EVELYN ST., BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF, S. WALES. SUSSEX COAST BRANCH, EAST STREET, WORTHING.

Office.

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EDWARD Moss, Esq., Winchester House, Old Broad St., E.C.

Superintendent & Secretary.

Rev. Enos Couch, M.A., Ph.D., 19, Old Gravel Lane, E.



OBJECTS:-

To Promote the Social, Temporal, and Spiritual Welfare of Seamen, Watermen, Lightermen, Dock Labourers, and their Families.

First—By holding Services on shore, at the Bethels, on Sundays, Morning and Evening; also on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Evenings. The attendance is very encouraging; many in the neighbourhoods who never attended the house of prayer have been induced to come regularly.

Second—The Missionaries conduct Religious Services afloat. Services are regularly held in the London, St. Katherine's, Regents, Commercial, and other Docks and Wharves at the Port of London; also at other Ports on the Coast. The crews are collected from several vessels on board of one, and as soon as a congregation is formed, the Missionary supplies the men with books, so that they be enabled to take part in the service, which consists of praise, prayer, reading the Scriptures, and exhortation.

Third—Ships and Seamen's Lodging Houses are visited. During the past year 3,304 visits were made for the purpose of religious conversation, reading portions of Scripture, and engaging in prayer; while on board ships 261 regular Services have been held, and 404 Services on shore.

Fourth—SUNDAY SCHOOLS are established for Seamen's and Dock Labourers' children, who otherwise would be in the streets violating the Lord's day. Several Ladies and Gentlemen render their gratuitous services as teachers.

Fifth—BANDS OF HOPE—The Members meet once a week; a great many children attend. A number of them in London took part in the Concert at the Crystal Palace on the 21st of July last. Rev. Thos. R. Couch is the conductor. During the past year the Band of Hope work has been carried on with most encouraging success. There were forty-seven meetings at the Bethel, London Docks; nine special deputations attended from the Band of Hope Union. Temperance Societies are also established in London and Cardiff.

Sixth—Bibles and Testaments are supplied to Seamen in different languages. During the past year 242 copies of the Holy Scriptures were distributed to Seamen and others. Religious Tracts in English, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish, and other languages are also distributed; 231,477 were given away last year. 271 vessels were supplied gratuitously with parcels of books for the use of their crews.

MARINERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

This excellent and deserving society, which is doing a wide and charitable work among our poor sailors, employs a chaplain, eight missionaries, and two dayschool teachers. Services are held regularly on shore at the Seamen's Bethel, Wapping, every Sunday morning and evening, and the attendances at the Bethel are very encouraging. Missionaries go on board vessels in the various docks, and hold religious services on board, and seamen's lodging-houses are visited for the purposes of religious conversation, Bible reading, and prayer. A ragged school is established, under the auspices of this society, at Wapping, where education is given to the children of seamen, bargemen, watermen, and dock labourers, and the average attendance is from 80 to 100 daily. Other missionary efforts are carried out, and a large number of Bibles and Testaments in different languages are supplied to seamen during the year. Tracts, written especially for seamen by the president of the society, Mr. G. J. Williamson, are also widely distributed, and have done much good. Yesterday the annual Christmas dinner was given to about 160 children at the Seamen's Bethel and Ragged School, High-street, Wapping, consisting of roast beef and plum pudding, served with no niggard hands. The children, many of them orphans of sailors, and others the offspring of dock labourers, earning miserable pittances, looked remarkably clean and respectable, but it was explained that nearly the whole of them had been clothed by the society. The chaplain (the Rev. Enos Couch) told all

those present who had received clothes or boots from the society to hold up their hands. The majority obeyed the command, and the voracious appetites displayed by the youngsters showed only too plainly how rarely a good dinner fell to their lot. The day school is taught by Miss M. Heyland, assisted by the eldest daughter of the chaplain, Miss Alice Couch, and the intelligent faces, innocent of that preternatural acuteness so painful in young children, beside the narrow tables bore ample witness of the industry and kindness of their teachers. The ages of the children ranged from three to twelve years, and almost without exception they were clean and tidy in honour of the occasion. After a good dinner the children were sent home until tea time, when they again made their appearance to be further regaled on cake and biscuits, washed down by copious draughts of tea. At about seven o'clock a Christmas-tree, of a novel design, gave up its presents to the delighted juveniles. It consisted of a large, full rigged model ship, decorated with the flags of all nations. It was literally covered with dolls, trumpets, tin horses, steam boats on wheels, and multis aliis. When the ship-tree had been despoiled of its cargo, Mr. Williamson, the Rev. R. G. Edwards, the Rev. Enos Couch, and other gentlemen addressed the children.

This "Bethel" is situated on the shore of the Thames in one of the most squalid neighbourhoods of this great metropolis, and the good it is doing under the active and energetic superintendent, the Rev. Enos Couch, is incalculable. Its efforts are heard of in every part of the world, and through its agency a large number of French and German Bibles and Testaments were distributed to Frenchmen and Germans on their way to the terrible war which this time last year was devastating the plains of "fair France." The income of the society amounts to about £700 per annum, but the field it works in is large, and the people it deals with are "the poorest of the poor." The children who attend the ragged school have frequently to be fed and clothed. The money committed by the benevolent public to this society is well spent, and the machinery is not costly. Wapping is not the only place where the society's operations are carried out, as seamen's Bethels and schools are also in full work at Charlton and Shoreham.

—Standard, Jan. 3rd, 1872.

THE MARINERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

The labours of this useful Society are devoted entirely to the religious teaching and temporal welfare of seamen, fishermen, lightermen, dock labourers, and their families, by having services on shore and afloat, by supporting free day and Sunday schools, and distributing the Scriptures, books, and tracts. They have what are called "Seamen's Bethels" and schools at Wapping, New Charlron, Kent, S.E., and Worthing, in Sussex, and employ a chaplain (the Rev. Enos Couch), who also acts as secretary; eight missionaries and agents, a day-school teacher, and six gentlemen give

their services gratis to the society. In addition to all this a school is kept in Old Gravel-lane, St. George'sin-the-East, in the midst of a dense population, where hundreds of the children of mariners and those connected with sea-going operations are educated. Committee have for years past given them an annual treat, and it is scarcely necessary to add that they most heartily enjoyed it. Upwards of 200 of these poor little ones were present, and partook of a most excellent dinner of beef and plum pudding, which they evidently enjoyed as only children of their age-so long subject to privations of every description—can enjoy an unlimited supply of the good things of the season. In addition to this, tea was served out to them at half-past four, and with it an unlimited supply of biscuits, sent gratuitously by Messrs. Hunley and Palmer, the celebrated biscuit manufacturers, of Reading. This society—like so many others in this vast metropolis—is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions and donations from those who take an interest in promoting, as far as it is possible or practicable, the comforts of the children of the poor, and warding off those terrible misfortunes to which their helpless condition exposes them at the very outset of their career in life. A "treat" such as that given in Old Gravel-lane Ragged School will produce a greater effect than the more material enjoyment of the meal; for acts of kindness and generosity to the young are never forgotten, and bring about results that the amiable promoters themselves sometimes do not calculate upon.

G. J. Williamson, Esq., F.R.S.L., F.S.A. (Chairman of the Committee), the Rev. Dr. Renny, the Rev. R. G. Edwards, and other members of the Committee, attended during the dinner, and at tea in the afternoon, rendering those little acts of kindness that are always so flattering and so much appreciated by the children of the poor.

MARINERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—This Society carries on a most important work, distributing the Scriptures in various languages among sailors of all nations, also religious tracts. It supports Mission Stations on the coast as well as in London, at 19, Old Gravel Lane, where about two hundred children receive instruction free. At this place, on Wednesday, 10th inst., a Tea and Public Meeting was held, to present a testimonial and full length oil portrait to G. J. Williamson, Esq., F.R.S.L., F.S.A., the President, Some 200 persons sat down to tea; afterwards the Public Meeting commenced, over which, Rev. Dr. James Renny, presided; the platform was filled with Ministers of various denominations, among whom, we noticed Rev. John Poulton, Rev. Robert Cully, Rev. Mr. Rogerson, Rev. R. G. Edwards, P.W.C.T., of the Mariner's Friend Lodge, I.O.G.T. Rev. A. Lewellen, Rev. Enos Couch, MA., Secretary of the Mariners' Friend Society, W. Jamieson, Esq., President of the Local Preacher's Aid Association, Charles Grey, Esq., an American Brother, who is on a

visit to England, most of whom referred to the life and character of the guest of the evening, who has for many years devoted his wealth and influence to the extension of Christ's Kingdom and the welfare of his fellow men. Several noticed how truly the people carrying on this work might be called the Mariners' Friends, for not only did they try to educate and present the truth, but they endeavoured to remove evil out of the way of seamen; no enemy was so effectual in injuring the sailor as the demon alchohol; there are here a number of true earnest people who are bound together in the bonds of Faith, Hope, and Charity, determined to raise the fallen and save others from falling; several persons were induced to sign the pledge, and give their names to join the Mariners' Friend Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars. Sister Geldard contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by her very excellent singing. This was as pleasant an evening as we have spent for some time, and although the meeting was not called in the interests of Templary, yet much good was effected, and the Order was brought before persons who perhaps otherwise would know nothing of its objects. -English Good Templar.

MARINERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Some twenty years ago was established in the neighbourhood of Wapping a society under the above title, whose object, as the name implies, was to improve the condition, spiritual and social, of seafaring men. That a wide field exists for

the operation of such an institution there can be no doubt: but until a comparatively recent date little was done, owing to the extremely limited support which the the Society received. Four years ago, however, under a new management, of which Mr. G. J. Williamson and the Rev. Enos Couch, M.A., were prominent members, rapid progress, both as regards usefulness and funds, commenced; and at the present time, with an income of about £700 a year, the Society not only continues watchful over the spiritual welfare of seamen of all nations coming into the port of London, but directs its attention to the numerous poor families living in the neighbourhood of Wapping, in special cases relieving immediate distress and educating all poor children who choose to come to the schools. The work is divided into three departments-viz., religious services on shore; the distribution of tracts, &c., in different languages, many of which were composed by Mr. Williamson, the president; and the education of children; in all of which, it appears, the committee have of late been highly successful, and all that is required for a still further extension of so valuable an undertaking is increased pecuniary aid. In the school there are now about 200 children, to whom was given on Tuesday a Christmas treat in the shape of a dinner of beef and pudding, followed by tea and cake, when, as may be supposed there were few absentees. During the evening addresses were delivered by Mr. Williamson, the Rev. Enos Couch, and others; and before the proceedings closed articles of warm clothing and toys were distributed.-Standard.

Ship "Inverness,"

Gravesend.

DEAR SIR.

I now take up my pen to bid you farewell. It might probably be some time before we see each other again, but I do hope the Almighty will help and preserve me until you can hear from or see me again. I have seen a ship to-day floating down the river, which I took to be Brother Cox's. I expect to sail at two o'clock in the morning. The Captain gave us permission to go on shore yesterday, but I was waiting for Millington until it came on to blow a gale, and then it was impossible to go on shore. My regards to Brother Harris and all enquiring friends.

JOHN L. PHILLIPS.

Ship "Inverness,"

Portland Roads.

SIR.

This letter will no doubt astonish you, for owing to contrary winds I have not yet left England. We shall not start until the winds are fair. I would have written you before, but it is so difficult to get a letter on shore. Those tracts and books you gave me come quite handy to me and my shipmates, especially the Gospel Ship. Millington sends you his regards, hoping at the same time you will remember us to the Brothers and Sisters of the Mariners' Friend Society.

JACK PHILLIPS.







